THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

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James Kerney—Ben Ames Williams—Struthers Burt—Alonzo Englebert Taylor
Richard Connell—George Agnew Chamberlain—Hugh Wiley—Holworthy Hall

SLICED PEACHES AND CREAM

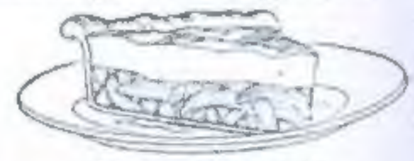
Besides being a tempting dessert, DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches—just as they come from the can—are one of the finest winter breakfast fruits imaginable. Simply serve chilled with cream. Or try them with cereals. They take the place of sugar and cream, combining particularly well with either oatmeal, corn flakes or shredded wheat.

PEACH SHORTCAKE

Mix and sift two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ cup sugar. Cut in 4 tablespoons fat and add ¾ cup milk. Roll out, cut into circles and bake in a hot oven. Split and spread drained DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches between layers and on top. Garnish with whipped cream.

PEACH BETTY

Mix 3 cups soft bread crumbs with ¾ cup syrup drained from DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. Arrange in alternate layers with the drained sliced peaches in greased individual molds, sprinkling each layer of crumbs with sugar and a little cinnamon. Have bottom layer of the peaches. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven, turn out, surround with sliced peaches and garnish with whipped cream.



PEACH CREAM PIE

Drain 1 can DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches and place them in a pastry-lined pie-plate. Mix 2½ tablespoons flour and 2½ tablespoons sugar together, gradually add 1½ cups cream, beat well, pour over peaches, sprinkle ½ teaspoon powdered nutmeg over the top, and bake for 20 to 25 minutes.

-ready to serve in scores of special treats

Just ask your grocer for DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches for a real treat.

They're California's finest Yellow Clings, especially prepared and canned this way for convenience. They are delicious just as they come from the can; for use in all kinds of desserts such as peach betty, peach shortcake or peach pie; and in many other ways.

Packed in three sizes of cans for the convenience of large, medium or small families.

But, be sure you say DEL MONTE to your grocer to ensure the quality you want.

For our free recipe book, address Department 30
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Just say Del Monte to your grocer

201st Street between Webster and Bainbridge Avenues, New York City, N. Y. A Tarvia street since 1910. Photograph taken in 1923 shows the street still in excellent condition.

This car has passed away

—but the street is still good

Tarvia Gives More Miles of Good Roads

THINK back to old motoring days. Floating veils and flapping dusters. Boys shrieking, "Get a Horse." Do you remember it all? The owner of the car pictured does. He used to chug around New York City streets when 201st Street was Tarviated—back in 1910.

That was fourteen years ago—fourteen years of almost continuous motor traffic—and 201st Street is still good.

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Add these facts:

A Tarvia Pavement will not wave, roll or rut.

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On request we will gladly and promptly send you interesting booklets, construction data and specifications.

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Airplane view of the city of Miami, Fla.
International

FROM Indian village to fashion's paradise in 30 years—that is the amazing history of Miami, Florida. During the winter the stately palms and striped awnings of Miami's fashionable beach shelter vacationists from every section of the country. During the summer Miami settles back to the busy commercial and industrial life of a thriving city of 40,000.

The beach at Miami at the height of the season

Florida—Missouri—all America—have built this soap's supremacy

The home of Huckleberry Finn, Mark Twain's famous hero
Frazer Studio

HANNIBAL, Mo., is famous the world over as the home of Mark Twain and his two immortal boy heroes, Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. It is situated on the high banks of the Mississippi, in the center of a thriving agricultural district. The accompanying sketch is taken from a photograph of the old swimming hole where Tom and Huck disported themselves many years ago.

MONEY will buy nice clothes, handsome table-linens, crisp white sheets. But only care and intelligence can keep them *looking* nice. And nothing is so vital to their preservation as proper laundering.

The women of fashionable Miami and busy Hannibal know what "proper laundering" means: those who use P and G The White Naphtha Soap far outnumber the users of any other laundry soap.

And no wonder!

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If you employ a laundress, similar results will show from her lessened efforts—she will be a *better laundress*, if you will take the little added trouble to specify P and G.

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Last Talks With Woodrow Wilson

By JAMES KERNEY

TO THE zero hour Woodrow Wilson regarded himself as the spiritual leader of a cause only temporarily lost. Despite his shattered health, he never completely abandoned the hope that he might again become the standard bearer of his party. Under no circumstance would he permit his intimates to commit him to any other candidacy. And he confidently expected to dictate the paramount issues in the coming presidential campaign, which explains much of the nervous anxiety of the past fall and early winter among Democratic candidates and chieftains, particularly those practical folks who felt that the debacle of 1920 had provided a right decent burial for the League of Nations.

It was my privilege to spend the afternoons of October twenty-third and December seventh last with Mr. Wilson at his Washington home. On the occasion of these visits he made clear his belief that the liberals of the world were looking to him to lead them. Whatever historians may do, there can never be a doubt of his own intense conviction that his place was to fight what he was fond of terming the spiritual battles of humanity and democracy. It was a passion with him. I had suggested that, in view of his physical breakdown, he might find an easy way to emerge from his retirement and give effectual voice to his ideas by standing for the United States Senate from New Jersey—not a particularly new thought.

Outspoken Opinions

WE TALKED the situation over from all angles—the fact that Governor Silzer, strongest vote getter among New Jersey Democrats, did not want to run for senator; the possibility that the independent newspapers and state forces that had put over Wilson's first political program, and stood by him in his later fights, would line up again; the chance that even the solidly intrenched party machine would accept him. At our meeting on October twenty-third he asked me to go to New York and canvass the ground with his two confidential advisers—Bernard M. Baruch and Norman Davis.

But while appearing ready to consider the Senate as a remotely possible outlet for leadership, his thoughts seemed plainly elsewhere. He was bitter in his expressions of contempt for the Senate itself, and at one point he said, with a flash of the old-time vigor, "There is only one place, you know, where I could be sure of effectively asserting that leadership." That was the nearest I ever heard him come to a declaration of candidacy, but he did repeatedly emphasize his determination to prevent any temporizing with his League policies. The Democratic candidate, he declared, would not be agreed upon until the national convention was two or three days old; meanwhile he expected to lay before the delegates a program of principles that would bring vindication at the polls. There was to be no backing down. He was full of hope about giving his views to the world. It was impossible to pin him down to writing anything, however. Frequently he spoke of finding a way of assisting liberal thought; but, aside from the November radio speech, he apparently did nothing.

Upon leaving the S Street home in the afternoon of October twenty-third, I promptly put into written form the substance of what the former President had said. He had been exceedingly generous in his expressions of friendship and declared that he was baring his soul to me.

"I am going to try to look at myself as though I did not exist," he added; "to consider the whole thing in an impersonal way. From the messages I get I realize that I am everywhere regarded as the foremost leader of the liberal thought of the world, and the hopes and aspirations of that liberal thought should find some better place of expression than in the Senate. There is only one place, you know, where I could be sure of effectively asserting that leadership. Outside of the United States, the Senate does not amount to a damn; and inside the United States the Senate is mostly despised; they haven't had a thought down there in fifty years."

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A Typical Portrait of Mr. Wilson as He Appeared in the Doorway of His Washington Residence to Greet Visiting Delegations

Frank Appraisals

"YOU know and I know that I have a temper, and if I was to go to the Senate I should get into a row with that old Lodge, who no longer counts for anything. As I have remarked before of him, I'd rather be a dead dead man than a dead live man. The Senate would hardly provide the place for liberal leadership that the world is seeking so sadly. Think of the people of Poland and of Czecho-Slovakia and the other countries to whom we gave freedom—they know that they owe their very national existence to me, and they are looking to me to lead them. When I think of that fine old fellow, Jan Smuts, for whom I have the greatest affection, and the others of liberal tendencies who are looking to me, I feel that I should do my part. My present political advisers are Bernard Baruch and Norman Davis, and I am going to ask you to see them in New York and talk the situation over and get the benefit of their views. Try to see them together. Perhaps we can yet find some way out."

We talked of many other things. When I entered the library he was seated in a big chair by the fireside. He was most cordial in his words of welcome, but remarked sadly, "I'm helpless, Kerney; this left side is gone." His spirit appeared to be badly shot that day. The morning papers had printed official denials of one of those periodical news-ticker rumors of his death. I think the visit of David Lloyd George, on the previous afternoon, had been a bit of a disappointment too. According to the former President, about all that Lloyd George appeared to want to hear was a repetition of some of the limericks with which Wilson had regaled the European statesmen at Paris and Versailles. When I shifted the conversation to old times in New Jersey, his mood mellowed a bit and he got a smile out of the news that James R. Nugent, master mechanic of the steam roller that had nominated him for governor back in 1910, had once again captured the Essex County Democratic organization.

"Nugent is a strange fellow, and though we had some powerful disagreements I always had a feeling of regard for him," Mr. Wilson declared.

He was keenly interested in the coal and road and public utility fights that Silzer, as governer, had been making in New Jersey.

"Silzer is splendidly equipped for public service; he has vision and courage, and those veto messages of last winter were models," he added.

When it came time for his afternoon automobile ride I took my leave, assuring him that I would go to New York at an early date and talk over the senatorship, as well as the situation in general, with Baruch and Davis.

"I hope God will bless you and your family with good health and every happiness," he said as we shook hands in parting.

During the thirteen years since Wilson had come conspicuously into public life, I had as editor of the Trenton Times—from a friendly seat on the side lines—been given an occasional glimpse of most of the confidential advisers. I doubt if any ever had his complete confidence; it was not the Wilson way. Not that there was no affectionate warmth for those with whom he came into personal relationship. At Princeton he had been both the best loved and best hated member of the faculty. In his public career it was the same.

By nature Wilson was a lonely man, a dreamer, with the type of intellect that found it difficult to tolerate ordinary mortals. His supreme self-confidence was perhaps his biggest handicap, as well as his most outstanding virtue. His habit was to rely upon his own dominating personality and power of persuasion to put things across. It was his lack of flexibility, of accommodation of mind, that led to much of the bitterness and disappointment that came to him in life.

Few, if any, public men thrown into intimate association with Wilson made the whole political distance with him. Harvey, Watterson, Smith, Nugent, House, Lansing—all fell by the wayside. Joseph P. Tumulty, worshipful secretary, seeing no blemish in his idol, retained the favor longest and, outside of the immediate family and one or two old university friends like Cleveland Dodge and Stockton Axson, was best loved. Doctor Grayson of course became a part of the family life.

Tumulty, the play boy, reveling in the dramatics of it all, had given a dozen years of practical political experience, unstinted devotion and joyous laughter to the great mind that so often found itself impatiently battling with a world that would not see freedom the Wilson way. But the ill-starred Tumulty book, about which Wilson appeared to be quite informed even if he had never read it, coupled with the seemingly harmless, if unauthorized, message of felicitation that Tumulty carried to the testimonial dinner to James M. Cox in New York, completely barred all further personal contact. Friends vainly tried to patch it up.

A Good Word for Tumulty

THE thought that the complimentary message might be regarded throughout the country as an indorsement of Cox was too much for Wilson. He was not for Cox, and was very definitely not ready even to appear to be committing himself to any of the candidates for the presidency, although he frankly told me that "Cox was a very brave man to take up the League of Nations fight in 1920." Despite the estrangement, Wilson never lost his admiration for Tumulty's public experience and service. A few days after he had asked me to go to New York and talk with Baruch and Davis about the wisdom of his considering the Senate possibility, I received a letter suggesting Tumulty for the senatorship as a man of exceedingly wide and varied experience in both our state and national political life, and one who would help to make the reactionaries see that we were living in new times and under new conditions.

November first, the day after I received the above-mentioned letter, Mr. Baruch took me to the home of Mr. Davis in New York, where we spent several hours in discussing the whole situation. The feeling of both men was that the former President would be merely hurrying his death in becoming a candidate for any office. That had been my own feeling as I walked downtown from the Wilson home in Washington. It was finally agreed that Baruch and Davis should each write frankly to Wilson, and that, after the lapse of a period of time, I should go back and see him. The suggestion of Tumulty or Daniels had been made, but was not practical. Neither had lived in New Jersey for a decade. President Wilson had named Professor Daniels, a Princeton man, to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

When I went back to see Mr. Wilson, December seventh, he was in excellent spirits. His eye was bright, his mind fairly flashed with sharp things, and altogether he was full of that snap and pep that characterized the earlier days at Trenton and Washington. He reclined on a big steamer chair, wrapped comfortably in a blanket, on the upper sun porch of his home. It was balmy as springtime in Paris and we chatted for nearly an hour. He felt that the reception that had been given his Armistice Day radio speech showed the swing of the pendulum back in his direction—and he did not hesitate to say so. When I reminded him that there was quite an international furor over his radio reference to the "sinister climax" of France and Italy having "made waste paper of the treaty of Versailles," he fired back in a spirited voice, "I should like to see Germany clean up France, and I should like to meet Jusserand and tell him that to his face." He was plainly irritated at the French politicians; none among them, save Loucheur, he felt had told him the entire truth. Stanley Baldwin's defeat was a good thing not only for England but for its effect on Poincaré, "who is a bully," he added.

"His master's voice has spoken," was his breezy comment on President Coolidge's message to Congress.

Democrats Tired of High Taxes

THE message did not breathe one human hope, he said, but it would insure the nomination of Coolidge by the big-business crowd. The American farmer was not going to be fooled again on the European question; the farmer, he felt, was now fully aware that our unsettled foreign relations were playing havoc with business at home.

Of the Administration's World Court idea, he said, "They don't know where they're drifting; Hughes is at sea and they have no program." The Republican stupidity, he declared, would give the Democrats their great chance and he meant to see to it that there was no surrender to "the pocketbook brigade."

He was much disappointed at the enthusiastic way so many Democrats appeared to be abandoning principles and ideals in their anxiety to get their income taxes reduced.

"Wealth has its place," he said; "but it should not be the master; it should be made to serve the same as the rest of us." And he proceeded to express his complete disgust at the public indifference toward low moral standards in Government. He always despised the traffic in prestige by those who had won the great prizes of governmental office. There is no secret about the resentment he felt at officials who resigned before their time was out to go after the big fees. Though such procedure might be within the law, he was strongly opposed to it on ethical grounds. He would not yield even to the pressure of those who felt he might with absolute propriety accept some adequate compensation for his writings, as Roosevelt had done. His prestige was not for sale in any market.

It was an impossible task to pin him down to writing for publication. He did practically none of it after he got into official life. There was a great deal of discussion between us, on that last December afternoon, regarding the method by which he was going to put over his program for political regeneration, but he reached no decision.

And then came the Christmas holidays and the January visit of the national committee—and the end. He never got a chance to find the way of putting into concrete form the great dreams he was dreaming in his closing years. He died fully convinced that the whole world was shifting his way.

For me, who had seen him start so buoyantly on his political career, following his battle to democratize Princeton, the recollection of his cheerful spirit on that December afternoon is especially pleasant. And when the eye of Joe Tumulty falls on this for the first time it will bring pleasure to him.

"That was a very handsome thing, governor, you said about Tumulty in your letter," I told Mr. Wilson after we had discussed the impracticability of his being a candidate himself for the United States senatorship.

"It's the way I felt; Tumulty would make them all sit up and take notice; he could render the country fine service in the Senate," was the gracious reply.

We talked, too, of other days in New Jersey, and he laughingly repeated an oft-expressed belief that anyone who was in politics and couldn't learn all the tricks of the game in short order in New Jersey had better seek some other field of activity.

He was much interested in a recent speech that I had heard Alexander Meiklejohn, former president of Amherst, deliver at the Nassau Club, at Princeton, in which the faculty of his old university got some rather refreshingly frank views on the relationship of alumni and trustees to educators.

"There are many splendid fellows in the Princeton faculty; but they are allowed no freedom of thought," Mr. Wilson remarked with a tone of bitter sadness in his voice. And he added:

"Candidly, Kerney, if I had a son I wouldn't know where to send him for a liberal education in America."

Before I retired he recited a dozen or more limericks. This one of his own, that he had put together to amuse—or perhaps shock—a rather prim woman friend, he repeated with considerable glee:

"There was a young girl from Missouri
Who took her case to the jury;
She said, 'Car ninety-three
Ran over my knee.'
But the jury said, 'We're from Missouri!'"

And he got a lot of fun out of repeating the revised version of the old Massachusetts limerick about where the "Lodges speak only to Cabots and the Cabots speak only to God."

"You recall," he said, "how that family of Kabotskis in Philadelphia tried to change the name to Cabot, and how the Cabots went to court for an injunction, and so the limerick had to be made over."

And then, with a merry twinkle, he repeated the revision:

"Here's to Massachusetts,
The land of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lodges can't speak to the Cabots
Because the Cabots speak Yiddish, begob!"

There was some yarning, and when I rose to go he cordially urged me to "come back soon." It was my good fortune to have enjoyed a most happy relationship with him from the beginning. His letters always had a great charm of expression, and in matters of etiquette he was most punctilious.

Mr. Wilson in Seclusion

THOUGH his mind never appeared to dim, he was necessarily a cloistered shut-in during the last years of his life. His days were prolonged by the devoted sheltering from the public provided by Mrs. Wilson and her brother, John Randolph Bolling, who gave up his personal business to act as secretary. Everything was done to guard Woodrow Wilson against the least possible irritation or annoyance, and to conserve his strength. No man ever ended his days in more considerate and loving surroundings.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has requested us not to publish letters signed by the former President, which our newspaper advertisements announced would form a part of this article by Mr. Kerney. The request was made, not because Mrs. Wilson found anything objectionable in the letters, or in Mr. Kerney's use of them, but to establish her right to control or to prohibit their reproduction. To this request we acceded willingly and immediately out of deference to the desires of Mrs. Wilson.

A portion of this edition containing the first of Mr. Kerney's articles was in the mails at the time the request was received, and these copies contained reproductions of several personal letters of no unusual interest or significance, written by Mr. Wilson to Mr. Kerney, but in compliance with Mrs. Wilson's desires the letters have been eliminated from the bulk of this edition.

THE RATIONAL HIND

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

UP BEHIND the Bartlett Woods, where they lie like a black shadow along the slope of the ridge, there is a small bog thickly grown with alders and swamp cedar. The ground itself is full of water, and springs must feed the place, for in the hottest summer it is never even relatively dry. About the middle of the bog, well hidden by cedars and almost inaccessible to man, a small patch of open water, black as ink and full of weeds and mold, mirrors day by day the blue or the white or the gray sky overhead. The outlet of this pond, beginning as a seepage through the grass roots, becomes a chuckling little trickle, acquiring cleanly habits of its own, and winds its way through the Bartlett Woods, and through a notch in the ridge and down the slope until it emerges into the open at the upper end of the pasture on the old Dillard farm. Other little brooklets—this slope is full of springs—have fed it full; it is hereabouts a considerable stream, where trout may be taken. Cattle stand in the pools, knee-deep, meditatively switching at the flies and the mosquitoes; the brook swirls about their legs, shakes itself in the shallows below as though to be rid of contamination and, bright and clean again, dives into the cool shadow under the wooden bridge west of the Dillard house, to emerge into Marshall's Meadows, below the road.

Leon One Morning Loaded the Plow on the Cart and Drove Around by the Road and Up to the Spot He Had Chosen

Here it is known as Marshall Brook. Perhaps a mile of its course still remains to it before it empties into a deservedly anonymous body of water to the eastward, a pond not a quarter mile across in any direction, shallow and stagnant and surrounded by quagmires, where moose like to browse.

About a dozen rods below the bridge the brook's course, which has been easterly, curves to the north; and on the inner side of this curve the bank falls away, leaving a pool of water shaped roughly like the head of a whaler's toggle iron, its single barb turned backward. Within this barb there is a slow eddy; it is a backwater, untouched by the main stream. Upon a warm summer's afternoon, when the trout do not respond to your invitation, it is pleasant to sit in the shelter of a young clump of gray birch beside the pool and idly watch the behavior of the drift in this backwater. There are always little bits of wood afloat in it; there is apt to be a thin sheet of foamy scum. At first glance this seems to be altogether without movement, except that the disturbance of the passing stream sends faint ripples which make the drift and the dirty foam sluggishly rise and fall. There is no apparent current at all; it is necessary to take sights along a grass blade or against a pebble on the opposite bank before you can be sure that there is indeed a slow rotary movement of the water, even in this backwater; the drift does indolently revolve upon itself. It is seldom that any of it escapes into the flow of the stream; a single twig, conspicuous by reason of some eccentricity of shape, will sometimes be found here day after day until it becomes waterlogged and sinks, to rot away upon the bottom, already thickly carpeted with oozy mold. Once in a while a traveling muskrat turns into this peaceful corner; the effect is like a convulsion. The foam is torn; drift which has been here for days is dislodged and caught by the current and swept away; minutes after the creature has departed traces of his visit still persist in the disturbed and disordered surface of the eddy. But in the course of time the twigs and chips and all the drift fall into their ordered places once more and resume their slow revolutions, till of their own weight they sink and rot away.

There are such backwaters a little aside from the great stream of life. Sometimes a whole community, sometimes a neighborhood, sometimes a single house assumes these characteristics; the people who dwell therein draw imperceptibly apart from the stream; the ripples wakened by the outer current faintly disturb them without dislodging them; they revolve upon themselves, content with themselves, ignoring the world. In the huge scheme of things it is ordained that men and women thus withdrawn from life must free themselves from their seclusion—or slowly rot and die.

The old Dillard house stands on a little knoll above the road, on the lower slopes of the ridge which is topped by Bartlett's Woods. A Nathan Dillard built it, in the heart of the broad lands granted him by General Knox, under whom he had served gallantly in the Revolutionary War. The brick in the ends of the house and in the chimney were painfully imported from England; likewise the weatherboards. Hand-hewed pegs held the massive frame; hand-forged nails pinned the boards in their places. Save for a certain mellowing which it has acquired with years, it stands today unchanged, stout and staunch and strong.

The house is, for its locality, a large one. Between Fraternity and East Harbor, and rather nearer the former, it lifts an impressive bulk, bright against the dark shadow of the woods upon the ridge. Late afternoon suns gild its white flanks warmly. The brick ends of the house are painted like the weatherboarding; there are no blinds upon the windows; the structure is starkly square and uncompromising, only the huge chimney rising above the ridgepole to break the boxlike outlines. On the west side a one-story woodshed, likewise painted white, connects with the barn. This has of late years been shingled over the siding, and the shingles have been permitted to weather to a dark gray tone, broken by streaks of rusty brown. The barn is not so large as the house; and you may measure the size of the house by this fact; for about Fraternity a man's house is usually small and all compacted, his barn vast and roomy, to accommodate a six months' store of hay.

This is a house with a backbone. The chimney is its spine. This chimney, some ten or twelve feet square, is in the middle of the house, and the rooms are grouped about it as a center. On the side toward the road the front door admits the visitor to a small hall where cramped stairs climb anglingly. To the right is the heart of the house, the huge kitchen. Half its east wall is occupied by the chimney, the old ovens built in at one side, the fireplace long since sheathed out of sight, when a stove replaced more primitive methods of cooking. Afternoon suns pour into this room; it is in winter bright and warm and gay. The bare scrubbed floor has a raw cleanliness about it, broken only by braided or hooked rugs here and there. Meals are served upon a small table, which, between whiles, is pushed against the wall and covered with a red flowered cloth. In the rear of the house is a more formal dining room. An old mahogany table and cane-seated mahogany chairs brought from England by that ancient Nathan Dillard stand here in lonely state. They are polished till they shine, day by day; but it is seldom that any use profanes them. The front parlor, in the east end of the house and on the side toward the road, is likewise a sanctuary. It contains an old organ, a haircloth rocking-chair, a more modern yellow-oak rocker, an ancient secretary, and a couch of velvet-warm veneer. The floor is covered by a hideous carpet, tacked down snugly to the

very baseboards. There are two crayon enlargements on the walls, and an oil painting of a wide willow tree which used to stand at the foot of the driveway by the road.

There are four bedrooms on the second floor of the big house. The west room, in front, was always occupied by the head of the family. Its high-canopied bed with the turned posts of a mellow golden tone has an air of state about it; the bureaus are of mahogany rich as old leather; the chairs fit to delight an antiquary's eye. Hooked or braided rugs made by the Dillard women lend warmth to the floor. The east room in front is equally a thing of beauty; but the two smaller rooms in the rear are more modern in their furnishings.

This house, standing on the eastern border of the town of Fraternity, long ago became a local tradition. The reigning Dillard was inevitably the leading citizen; was usually chairman of selectmen and went to the legislature if he chose. The house itself, the oldest house in town, is rich in background; it has depth; it wears a fine bouquet of age and long respectability and honest pride. So many generations of Dillards, able and honorable men, have dwelt therein that they have left their mark upon the place, as it has left its mark on them. Fraternity folk speak of the house in proprietary tones, as though it were one of their possessions; it is indeed a part of the town's heritage, a peg on which to hang the local pride.

Such fine old homes inevitably mold and modify the lives of those who dwell in them. It has been so with this one. Fraternity used to say that you would know a Dillard anywhere.

II

ETHAN DILLARD sat in his old painted rocking-chair with the padded cushion in the seat, beside the kitchen window that looked down across the road toward where Marshall's Meadows lay broad and smiling in the sun. The fresh green of the new grass there was just pricking through the dead stubble of the year before, and Ethan's eyes rested on the meadows lovingly. The light from outside was reflected in a shining spot on his bald head; the strong lines of his heavy chin, curiously slackened of late years, were silhouetted against the window. His daughter Esther was washing the breakfast dishes in the pantry at his back; as she wiped them she came out into the kitchen to put them away in the cupboard near his chair. She was talking steadily, her voice flowing smoothly and without interruption. She was in her fortieth year, but her hair was glossy and dark as it had always been, and her cheeks, though faintly lined, were red. Esther was the gentlest-mannered woman that ever ruled a household with a rod of iron. Once she stooped over her father to adjust his leg, which was outstretched before him and pillowed on another chair. A few days before, coming down through the pasture from Bartlett's Woods, he had tripped upon a juniper branch and fallen, his knee striking a stone. Young Doctor Crapo had forbidden his walking till the bruise should heal, for he was an old man, almost seventy, and even trivial mishaps were serious.

Esther was talking about her brother Leon. A letter had come from him the day before, postmarked Manila. He was coming home. "It's a mercy they didn't send him to Cuba!" she exclaimed in a high clear voice pitched to reach her father's failing ears. Esther's tones were usually so mild and low she seemed to whisper. "He was always such a helpless man; the Spaniards would have killed him, I know. It's a blessing he's coming home. It will be a comfort to have another man to help Caleb; there's so much to do, and it costs so to hire help, and then they don't do any work." Her flowing words were punctuated by the clatter of the dishes; her voice was faintly muffled when she retreated into the pantry, came more clearly each time she emerged into the big kitchen. "I wish he was here now, to tell you all the things he's seen, and everything, while you have to sit still all the time. I expect it's just driving you wild to have to sit there."

Her father said mildly, "It's kind of a rest, Esther. I've been tired."

"Well, I declare it's no wonder," she assented. "The work that has to be done."

She went back into the pantry, still talking. A few minutes later, emerging with half a dozen plates in her hand, she looked toward her father and saw that his chin had settled on his chest.

She thought he was asleep, and smiled in a bright way; then some intangible slackness in his posture alarmed her,

Esther Was Brave; She Came and Stood in the Open Door

and she spoke to him. When he did not answer she crossed to his side; beneath her hand his shoulder lay lax and unresponsive.

Thus peacefully the man came to his end. "I've been tired," he murmured, and died. He was sixty-nine years old.

"He'd been getting old for three or four years," Esther told Aunt Mary Howe a few days later. "He began to get hard of hearing before Leon enlisted and went away; and being deaf seemed to make him feel kind of helpless and uncertain. He had a little way of smiling."

Aunt Mary, almost as old as Ethan himself had been, was a thin little woman with coal-black hair, who dressed in black and spoke in a sparing fashion.

"Yes, he was one to work," she agreed.

"He liked doing," Esther explained. "He loved the place so."

Ethan had indeed loved his broad acres. His feet were set in the soil. His grandfather had built the great house, and he and his neighbors had cleared all the countryside; the lands went under cultivation, and the deer and the moose—with no adequate cover left to shelter them—withdrew northward, where still the forests lay. Fraternity thrived and prospered in those days; seventy years ago there were sixteen hundred people in the town as against a scant six hundred today.

When this first Dillard died his holdings were shared among his sons; the wide domain was divided. To Ethan's father came the home farm and the house; and he prospered and bought back land from his brothers to widen his own acreage. He married young and lustily; had three wives before he died. Husbands in those days were apt to outlive their wives, and usually—since women were needed on the farms—they remarried. The result was a complicated intermingling of blood strains; it was inevitable that the community, already isolated from the outer world, should become closely bred. Ethan, whose share of the estate of his father had included two hundred acres of land and the house, married but once; his wife was a Howe, and there was a remote blood kinship between them. During the years of his strength he made some mark in his own part of the world; he served two terms in the legislature at Augusta; and at home he widened his boundaries till he owned some four hundred acres of land. The home farm was good for little but pasturage and hay; but the Bartlett Woods on the ridge above furnished lumber and firewood; and the Howe farm and the Mason place had soil which better repaid cultivation.

Marshall's Meadows, across the road from the house, he had bought with hired money, assuming a debt which held him for years in bondage. When that was paid he bought the Pond lot, good for little except the white birch and cedar which grew there. A vigorous man in his prime, but for a dozen years his energies had failed; now he was dead in his chair, where he had loved to sit and look out across those meadowlands which he had acquired with so much toil and which he always loved. There was, year by year, a stout crop of hay upon these meadows; they were steaming now in the warm spring sun and stirring everywhere with the swelling and bursting forth of new growth. That he must leave them behind him must have been his great grief when he died, had the end not come so suddenly as to leave him no time for grieving.

But he left grief behind him. Esther had loved him with a proud affection. Dora, her younger sister, a stout woman of thirty-five, wept for him in her room, and her eyes were red and raw for days. Caleb, the brother, a stooping, doubtful man, sat beside his father's body with a puzzled grimace upon his twitching countenance. Caleb was thirty years old, but he seemed older; he had never seemed young. Life wearied him; he did as he was bid. Leon, gone to the wars these two years past, had found pleasure in the soil; he was a farmer born. But Caleb lacked the robust gusto, the impassible patience and the indomitable fortitude demanded of a husbandman in this northern land. It was arduous toil for him, and nothing more.

The funeral was an occasion. The town attended, and scores of Ethan's relatives came from miles away. Aunt Mary Howe, his wife's sister, at Esther's invitation stayed on. There was a spiritual kinship between these two women, for Mary Howe was a spinster, and Esther would never marry. Fraternity folk said she had never had a chance, but Esther herself was unmoved by their tongues.

"Any woman can marry," she used to say, "but she's a fool if she does." And sometimes she added, with something like a shudder, "I don't see how they ever endure the thought of it."

She had been the actual head of the family for a number of years; her father had submitted to her gentle tyranny, kept his thoughts to himself and accepted what comfort could be got out of life. His wife had borne him seven children, of whom only these four survived; there had been years when he watched for the coming of love into their lives, when he expected the girls to marry, when he joked with his sons because they brought home no brides. But in the end he had accepted disappointment, had decided that Esther would never marry, nor Caleb. Of Dora and Arthur Tuck he was not so sure, and Leon, he sometimes thought, might find himself a wife. Such a consummation would have pleased the old man; but now he was dead and past all earthly pleasing.

Aunt Mary and Esther, in the days after the funeral, fell into the habit of making the beds together in the morning. They had so many things to talk about; their words were punctuated by the flapping of shaken sheets, the thump of fist on pillow.

One day they had been speaking of Ethan's purchase of Marshall's Meadows, and Esther remarked, "We have over four hundred acres of land now."

"I remember how proud Ethan was when he bought the meadows. Even before they was paid for," Aunt Mary commented.

"I think he'd have given the rest of the farm for them," Esther agreed. "He used to say they'd be a fine heritage for us."

"I don't expect he left much else," Aunt Mary commented, with an edge of curiosity in her tones. "Ethan wasn't one to put by."

"Oh, we'll have plenty," Esther assured her noncommittally. She added a moment later, "Even if there wasn't anything but the farm, with Leon and Caleb to do things we'd be all right."

"Leon may have other notions when he comes home," the older woman reminded her. "He's been away a spell. I expect he's changed."

Esther smiled and said confidently, "Leon won't ever change. He always liked farming. Caleb doesn't take to it. I've heard father say that if Caleb planted a hill of beans frost was sure to kill them, or something."

"Your father never gave Caleb credit," Aunt Mary reminded her with soft severity. They were finishing the last bed. "When does Leon get home? I'm going to stay till he comes. I'd like to see him."

"Soon," Esther replied. "I don't exactly know. His letter just said he was coming sometime this month." She readjusted the last pillow. "There, that's done. I've got pies in the oven. Let's go downstairs."

Twenty-four hours after the funeral they had settled into routine once more. Caleb worked all day, preparing for the planting that must be done as soon as the ground was fit to work. In the evening, grouped about a single lamp set on the table in the big kitchen, the three women talked and talked while he slept softly in his chair. They spoke more and more of Leon. They expected they would be mighty glad to see him.

On the eighth day after his father died he came. He had been gone two years; they had accustomed themselves to his absence, and his return was like the advent of a stranger.

III

LEON DILLARD had been from boyhood used to accept the dominance of his sister Esther; the family all recognized that within that soft-voiced woman dwelt an iron will, and they yielded to it as the easier course. Yet it would be hard to say how Esther enforced her authority. She never scolded; she never argued; she never seemed to insist. But on the other hand her opinions were always firm and formed and unchangeable; she never changed her mind; she knew exactly what she wanted done and did not hesitate to express her wishes. She had decision; perhaps this fact was in itself sufficient to give her the position of leader in the household. It was she who said when a meadow needed reseeding; it was she who formed the policy of the farm and chose the land that should be planted and announced what should be planted in that land.

Old Ethan's failing powers leaned upon her; Caleb and Dora were willing to be led and ruled; Leon had found her already well established in authority before he put his teens behind him and it had not occurred to him to rebel.

But Leon had been two years gone and the world had worked upon him. He had taken orders; but also he had learned to give them. He had rubbed shoulders with men in whose brains were germinating colossal plans, immense constructive ideas; he had had a minor part in the organization of anarchy into government, of barbarism into thrifty husbandry. And he had seen ships and great cities, and wide horizons across which rippled, as far as the eye could reach, the ripening golden wheat. He had seen an automobile! They saw, at once, a change in him.

It was true that physically he had altered but little. He had been a lean, loose-jointed young man with a hawk face and a long jaw; he still wore these features. But his shoulders were a little more broad, they held themselves more squarely; and deep in the shadows of his eyes—his eyes were blue—there lay a quality not easily identified. His speech, which had been slow and unready, was as slow and unready as it had always been; his smile had the same quality of wistful apology; but the set of his head and the deeps of his eyes each spoke in its own way of the beginnings of a change.

By the time he had been a week at home they began to accept the fact that he would not talk about the things he had seen. Their questions he answered briefly or not at all. Yes, he had seen some fighting; no battles, but a skirmish or two. Yes, he had seen dead men. Seen men killed? Well, probably. Was it true that the American troops butchered Filipino women and little children? He knew nothing about it. Were the soldiers abused by their officers? He had not been abused. Sometimes, groping for an answer, he would protest, "You can't understand anyhow. This here is all you know."

Only one phase of his experiences had made sufficient impression to render him vocal. He told them about the vast farming country of the Middle West, as he had glimpsed it from the windows of his train. On Sunday, when Arthur Tuck had come to dinner, Leon's enthusiasm carried him into a flood of speech.

"Far as you could see," he cried. "And mile after mile. Farms, fields, all full of wheat and corn and things growing; and fat cattle, and hogs. I only been gone from here two years, but it seems like I can see where folks have quit trying around here. The Huntoon place is shut up."

"Dave's gone to Waterville to work in a mill," Arthur Tuck explained.

Leon nodded, little regarding this explanation. "And the Jeffers house, the windows all boarded up and the yard full of weeds," he went on. "And the Jardine farm all growing up to birch and alders. There's three since I've been gone, and just in two years."

"Will Jeffers' wife died," Esther told him softly. "She'd bore him seven children, poor woman. He's gone to live with his oldest girl in Augusta. And that Jardine girl ran away with a fellow that works in the pants factory in East Harbor."

"I walked up on the hill back of the woods yesterday," Leon pursued. "Why, I can remember when I was a boy you could see cleared land all down the valley from there. Now there ain't twenty tons of hay cut along there anywhere. It's just a pa'tridge cover. This land here will grow anything you'll plant too. It don't need half the working, once you get the stones out. That high land up on the Howe farm will grow strawberries and cantaloupes, or anything. I was up there yesterday."

"You can't hire help," Caleb explained defensively. "It's more than a man can do to tend the chores around the barn."

Leon nodded. "You never was much to farm, anyhow, Caleb. But you can take care of things around here, and I'll farm the Howe place this year. That orchard up there can be made to bear; and I'll grow some stuff that will surprise folks around here. We can ship it to Boston, easy enough."

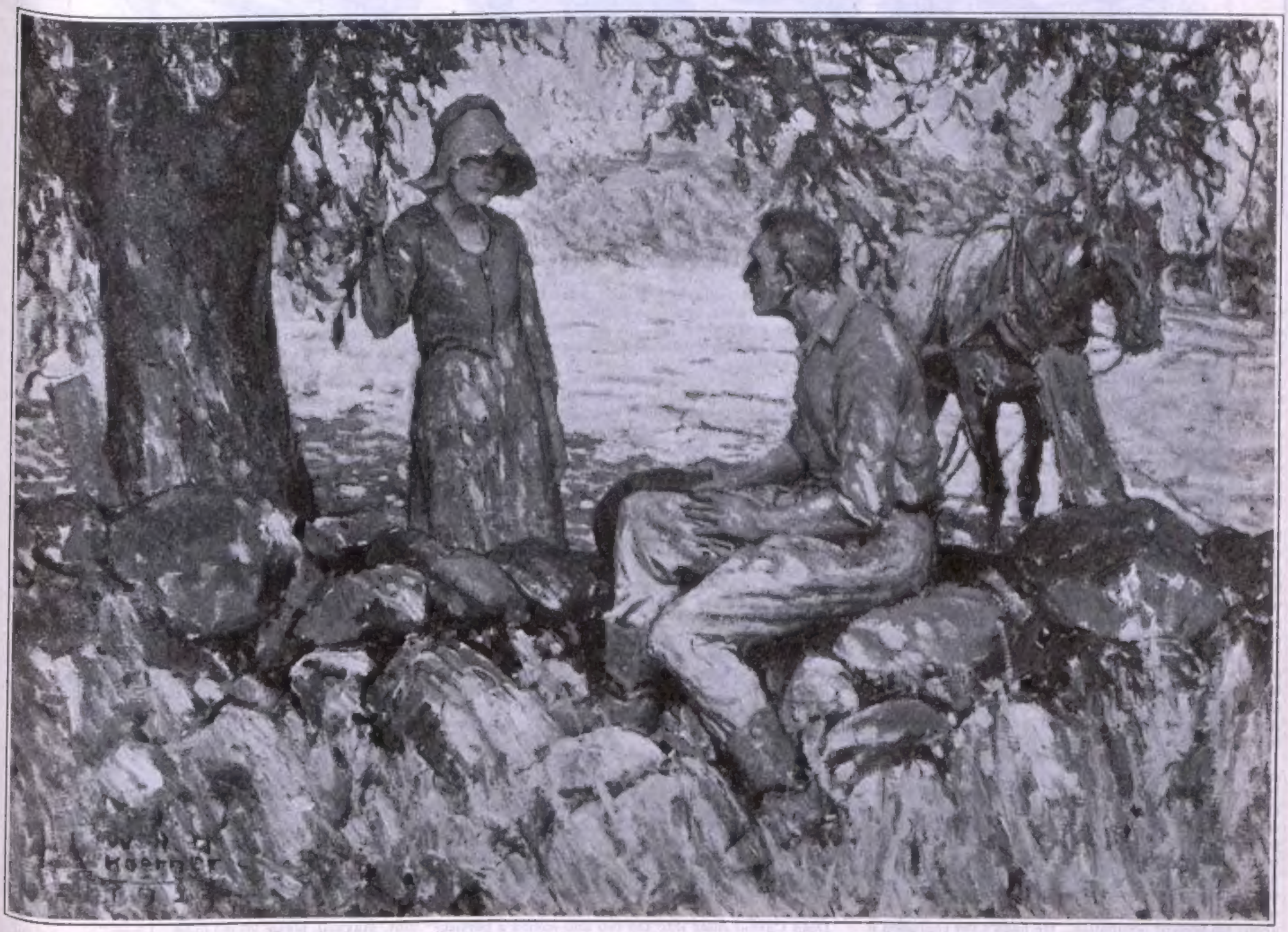
Esther said in her slow, positive tones, "Your father thought it best to just cut the hay on the Howe farm, Leon. I feel sure he knew the wisest thing to do."

"Father was old," Leon argued.

And Dora looked at him and at Esther with startled eyes. No one ever argued with Esther; Dora vaguely expected some sensational result from this retort of Leon's. Esther must have been surprised; must have felt his words as an assault upon her position.

But if she did she made no sign; only replied, "Yes, he was old; and the years do bring wisdom, Leon. You're the youngest of us all."

(Continued on Page 119)



"He Was Over by the Stone Wall, Talking to Jennie Weir"

COMMENCEMENT

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"Well, I Suppose It Was a Long Journey—Just for a Diploma!"

PROVIDENTIALLY, a fresh wind had arisen, so that there was much rustling of leaves and the occasional banging of a near-by shutter. This was pure velvet, for Eddie Maxwell—whom the gang called Susie—had expected to labor under the handicap of a still night. Furthermore, the moon, which until twelve o'clock had been all too radiant, was now blindfolded by clouds. Susie grinned, and from his pocket he brought out a carefully folded sheet of fly paper. Having undoubled it and pressed the sticky side against the window, he spanked the paper smartly with his flat palm. A section of the pane dissolved in fragments; but there was no crash, because the fragments were glued fast to the flypaper. Susie reached through the opening, unfastened the window catch, noiselessly raised the sash and climbed over the sill.

From many reconnaissances he was almost as sure of himself as though the room were ablaze with light. Nevertheless, he had brought a little vial of phosphorescent compound. Held aloft, it gave off just enough glow to guide his footsteps without being noticeable from outside. But when he came to the precious portrait which was his objective he put away the vial and proceeded, by sense of touch, to cut the canvas out of its frame.

In spite of his danger he was very happy. In fact, his mood was so idyllic that it slightly delayed his work. To be sure, he was taking extreme care not to spoil the painting; but more than that, he was dreaming about a kiss. And for a man engaged in criminal pursuits woolgathering is both unprofessional and foolhardy.

Now ordinarily, in Susie's sphere of life, a kiss was of small importance; but this one was different, because Brownie Carroll was different. She was adorable beyond challenge and the friendliest friend imaginable, but she simply wouldn't be pawed or embraced. Certain of Susie's pals had tried it and repented. Six months ago Susie had tried it himself and been properly told off; but tonight she had melted into his arms, wherefore he was filled with all the toxins of the spring and thinking vaguely of matrimony. At the same time he wondered what she would say about his present occupation. He hadn't yet confessed it to her; but if he succeeded in pulling off this job tonight he would lay all before her and trust in her broadmindedness.

With the portrait rolled tightly under his coat, Susie swung himself down to the lawn—thirty seconds too late. His dream had undone him. A timorous constable had spotted the broken window and scampered for reënforcements, and it was an ambush of four to one.

Susie attempted to run for it, but he was tripped. He fought like a wildcat, but he was overpowered. His captors, blowing for breath, hauled him under the nearest arc light. If they had all been constables he might have bribed them into letting him go; but one of them was a proctor, and it was the proctor who exclaimed, "Maxwell! Susie Maxwell! Good Lord, man, do you know what this means?"

Susie nodded. "Sure," he said grimly. "It means I get fired out of college."

Joyce Carroll's father was handsome and dynamic; he was six feet tall, with snapping black eyes and a black mustache; he had an air of consequence and dressed the part. In Indianapolis, or even in Chicago, he could have passed for a banker, a trial lawyer or a business executive; and yet for twenty-five years he had specialized in the Attic, Doric and Ionic dialects. He was one of the last men in the world that you would ever have supposed to be a dean and a professor of Greek; and at a jerkwater college in the Wheat Belt, at that. But the undergraduates were very grateful for him.

In the opinion of his students he was a prince, net; and if now and then they wondered why such a perfect marvel hadn't gone out and taken the universe by the horns instead of vegetating at Eliot—why, some people have the golf habit and some have the Greek habit, and you might as well criticize the one as the other. They idolized him just as he stood, and heretofore Susie Maxwell had joined in the chorus. But when, at high noon, a deputy sheriff announced to Susie that the dean was calling on him, Susie froze.

Dean Carroll came into the cell and smiled a particularly dry smile.

"What was it, Maxwell? Initiation to the Coffin Club?"

"Yes, sir," said Susie pugnaciously.

The dean chewed his mustache.

"Most damnable nonsense! For thirty years we've had it to contend with. Regularly, every spring, a flock of you otherwise intelligent young men go out to qualify for this asinine outfit by doing something for which you could be expelled from college or prosecuted at law or both. The highest undergraduate honor? Rot! Have you even got a clubroom? I doubt it. What does it amount to then—except to put a fictitious value on the thing by making it hazardous. And look at the damage it's done! Oh, very likely it's all been mischance. But leave out the minor idiocies; just take the high lights. In '96, when somebody dynamited the old pump, the concussion ruined the Memorial Statue. In '85, when they burned down the old wooden carriage sheds, the library went, too, with a hundred thousand volumes. It's a loss we'll never replace—never! In '98, when they tried to shut off the water mains, they flooded Rand Hall and the repairs cost us seven thousand dollars. And now you break into the chapel and rip up the founder's portrait! Maxwell, I'm amazed and disgusted!"

Susie cleared his throat. His nickname, by the way, contained no hint of effeminacy; it was a reminiscence of his sophomore show, in which he had burlesqued a singing soubrette until, as he reached for his highest note, his corsets had burst.

"Am I kicked out, Dean Carroll?"

"Yes, automatically. But ——"

Susie interrupted:

"Have you sent word to my father?"

"I'm sorry—I had to. He's on his way. But, Maxwell, I ——"

"Is the college going to prosecute me?"

"No; not if you pay for restoring the portrait. The faculty feels that for a man of your standing—football, baseball, senior marshal, and two months before you'd have had your degree—the disgrace of expulsion is enough. But, Maxwell, please let me finish. I ——"

Susie interrupted him once more:

"Excuse me, Dean Carroll, but when do I get out of this jug?"

"In an hour or two. But don't you care to hear what I had to say?"

Susie laughed bitterly.

"I guess I don't. I've had an earful already. I'm the only Coffin Club man that ever got caught, so I'm the goat. That's all right. I knew what I was doing. The C. C. never intends damage to property. It's just to show your nerve. If accidents happen—well, it's too bad, that's all. I'm proud I was elected. You'd have had the silly picture back in a couple of weeks without a scratch. All right, you've canned me. And I can get along quite nicely without any sermons. Let it go at that."

The dean sighed profoundly.

"Maxwell, you've been a frequent and a welcome visitor in my house. You ought to know me, I should think. When you've had time to get a perspective on this, won't you come to me and let me talk to you?"

Maxwell didn't reply, and presently the dean went away

He was released at four, and at dusk his father arrived from New Albany. And his father, who was a sourly upright coal merchant and a hard-shell Baptist, harangued him until midnight, flayed him, disowned him, gave him three hundred dollars and told him to go to the devil as fast as he conveniently could.

Before going, however, Susie wrote an impassioned note to Brownie Carroll. She had been born and brought up in Eliot, and he hoped that, regardless of the dean, she was still young enough and imaginative enough to consider the Coffin Club as he had himself considered it—the supreme distinction; seven seniors out of seventy. She must know that there was no idea of destruction; the initiation was just to prove that you weren't yellow. But in thirty years he alone had failed in his initiation and been pinched. Consequently, he was an outcast; publicly degraded. Could she bear that?

He wrote that his life was ruined, but that he would slave to redeem it if only she would wait. In the meantime he hadn't the nerve to come to see her until he knew how she felt about it. If she wanted him to come—if she were ready to forgive him she must send him a message to that effect at once. If she didn't care to see him—why, she needn't bother to send a message.

But he mailed this note, which had no formal beginning and no signature, in such a mental turmoil that he neglected to write anything on the envelope; so that it went to the Dead Letter Office in Washington, and obviously Susie had no answer.

A block from the railroad station he met Dean Carroll.

"What? Are you going, Maxwell—without coming up to the house?"

"I've had enough good advice to last me a thousand years," said Susie doggedly. "But I always liked you. Will you shake hands?"

"But you haven't even said good-by to Joyce! Haven't you some word that I can take back to her?"

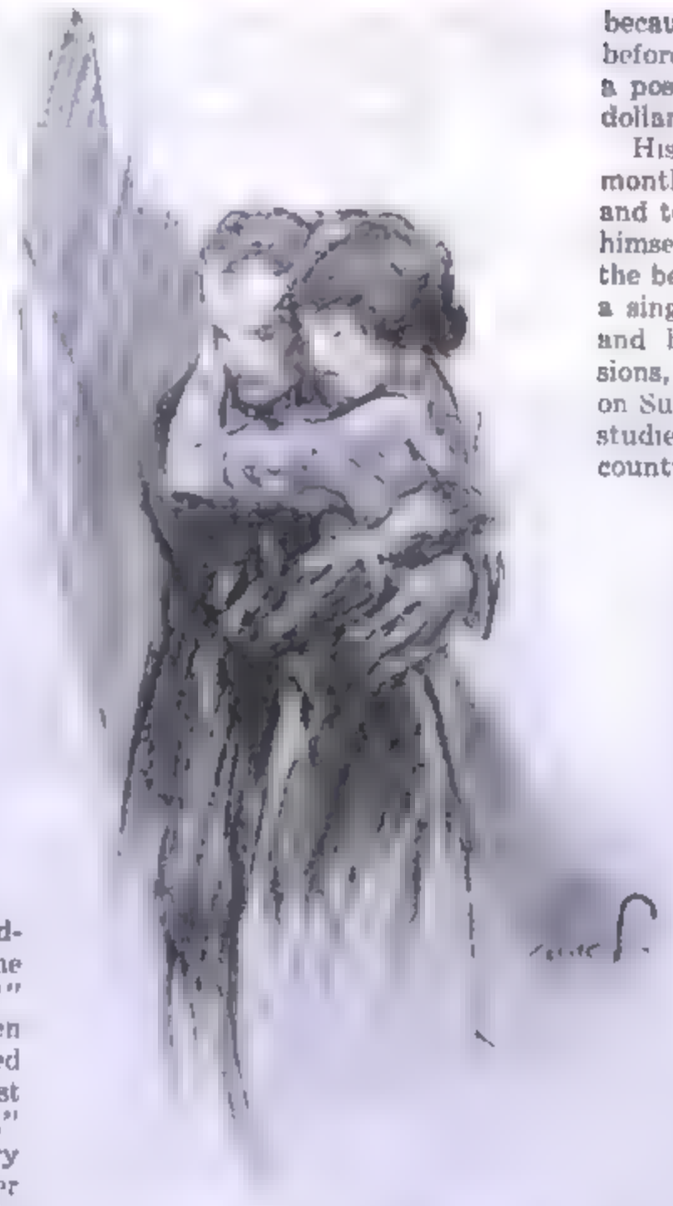
"Yes," said Susie, with a broken heart. "Tell Brownie I enjoyed the practice, anyway. Tell her just exactly that. She'll understand."

And with the burning memory of that kiss from a fair-weather friend, he went to New York, chiefly because it was so far from Indiana. Just before his capital was exhausted he found a position as bank messenger at twelve dollars a week.

His main purpose for the first few months was to deaden his recollections and to drug his regrets. Fortunately for himself, he discovered that hard work was the best opiate. He allowed himself not a single idle moment for introspection; and because he couldn't afford diversions, this meant that every evening, and on Sundays and Saturday afternoons, he studied secondhand text books on accounting and finance. He told himself savagely that he would not permit his whole career to be poisoned by the margin of thirty seconds. For if he had been more dextrous by only half a minute he would now be with his father.

In the bank there were some very nice girl clerks who scanned him with approval; but Susie had been vaccinated successfully against feminine attraction. And if ever he found himself sleepless, reflecting upon Brownie, the untrue, he sternly set himself problems in foreign exchange and figured huge transactions in francs, marks, sterling, lire, kronen and milreis. Within three or four months he had become a lightning calculator.

(Continued on Page 65)



He Was Thinking Vaguely of Matrimony

"Maxwell! Susie Maxwell! Good Lord, Man, Do You Know What This Means?"

COUNTERFEIT SHODDY

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

TRUMPER BROMLEIGH sat before a pigeonholed mahogany desk and stared at it as if it were something alive. He knew it to be old-fashioned, hopelessly out of date, but it had belonged to his father, even to his father's father, and aside from the appeal of family tradition in the male line it exactly suited Trumper's method of attending strictly to his own affairs. He leased a large safe-deposit box, which guarded his actual securities, at one of the city's foremost mausoleums of riches; but the pigeonholes before him, indexed alphabetically, contained besides the list of his holdings a mass of relative information, kept up to the minute by his personal industry.

This docket of printed matter, typed sheets and hand-written memoranda, perpetually in flux, would have repelled a burglar and received scant courtesy from a ragman, and yet it was invaluable to Trumper; it was the deep moat he had dug between himself as the heir to the Bromleigh millions and the ancient adage regarding a fool and his money. Incidentally it protected him from worry. Nothing short of inherited instinct could have endowed him early in life with a valuable bit of knowledge for lack of which many a rich man has blown out his brains under the illusion that he was poor. This intuitive learning can be summed up in the following words: It's what you don't know that makes you worry.

"She Never Saw a Pool of Blood in Her Life. What She Needs, Alexandra, Is Something She Never Had—a Good Spanking"

It must not be supposed, however, that Trumper was a cook-general and maid of all work combined. Nothing of the sort, for he was surrounded by office equipment, and expert help of the spick-and-span category. For instance, secretaries, more or less human, were all right in their place, and he employed an excellent one, but without ever letting her or himself forget that her place was just outside the periphery of the indispensable.

At the moment now under review he was rejoicing over this self-imposed limitation in a negative, apathetic manner, for Miss Benton had just given him a week's notice and a casual invitation to her wedding.

"Marriage!" thought Trumper, his eyes lingering on the compartment which housed data on the gilt-edge bonds that guaranteed a comfortable income to his wife, whose calling cards had now read for some time "Mrs. Janet Schermerhorn Clayton Bromleigh," as if he, J. Trumper Bromleigh, no longer lived! He recalled vividly to mind the scene they had had over the telephone on the occasion when one of those cards had first come to his attention and moved him to enter a violent protest against so terse a method of announcing their separation to the world.

"But why?" Janet had countered coolly. "My friends and even the papers have got nothing out of me except what the card says. Not a word. Aren't you grateful for that?"

Well, the question was a poser. He had been and still was grateful without knowing exactly why—perhaps because Janet, in spite of amazing mental irregularities, had established her own private brand of dignity. No one could tell when, why or in what measure she ever told the truth; no one could detect cause and effect behind and before any one of a thousand of her actions; no one could predict in any given case what she would do; but anyone with an atom of sense could name a dozen things she would not do under any circumstances. Putting it mildly, the lady had a will of her own—a sort of will-o'-the-wisp!

"Yes, I am grateful," Trumper had answered testily, handicapped by the realization that at his fervent insistence she had good-naturedly surrendered what to her seemed a playful conceit—namely, the introduction of a first divorce into the Bromleigh annals. "But I don't like it," he had continued weakly. "I don't like it simply because it's a sort of a lie."

"Oh, indeed!" Janet had retorted briskly. "Well, that happens to be the very reason why I do like it." With those last words she had concluded the conversation.

Trumper's eyes, each containing the immortal placard "Women are queer," followed Miss Benton's trim purposeful figure as she went about her duties in the impersonal manner of a well-regulated automaton. He reflected that no one had ever needed to teach Miss Benton the art of attending to her own personal business, so much so that after three years in contact it had come to him as a shock that she had private affairs—interests, ambitions, emotions, affections, and now the culminating illusion of love. He had thought of her abstractedly as something handsome but unkissed. Now, in all probability, she was a kissed woman, and yet she looked just the same, proving that intimate cataclysms do not necessarily leave a mark.

"Miss Benton," he murmured, arousing himself from speculative reverie, "please arrange for your successor. File our usual advertisement, dismiss the ineligibles, and show me only the most promising of the applicants."

Trumper, having entered by his private door, was scarcely settled at his desk on the following morning when he heard a flurried scurry of feet in the outer office. Immediately thereafter he was conscious of a presence in the room. He turned and gasped inwardly at the astonishing sight which met his eyes. A young girl was walking toward him with the inane gait—toe to heel, pause, smile; toe to heel, pause, smile—of the chorus brand, direct descendant of the languorous grapevine walk of the ladies of the extinct Yoshiwara of Tokio. She wore exceptionally high heels, sheer hose, hip-revealing skirts, carmine on her lips, rouge on her cheeks, belladonna in her eyes, and a tiny ball of mascara hanging at the tip of each eyelash under a drooping hat.

"Holy sunfish!" thought Trumper. "How could it have wandered so far out of its element, downtown and into the heart of this sacred office!" He realized slowly and dumbly that he was witnessing one of two things—a miracle or an apparition.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply.

"I'm answering the advertisement for a secretary," murmured the girl in a tone which was so surprisingly pleasing that he forced himself to take another look. He started to ask her how on earth she had passed the guard of the outer office, but owing to the timbre of her voice and a gradually growing yet vague impression that, if she were scraped, beauty of no mean order might be disclosed, he changed his question. "How old are you?"

"I'm in my eighteenth year," she replied with the naïveté of youth striving to add a cubit to its stature.

At this point Miss Benton entered suddenly without knocking, stared at the stranger and gasped, not inwardly but aloud—a horrified rasping gasp. Trumper perceived that his outgoing secretary was no longer a calm automaton. She was more than flustered; she was in a towering and speechless rage. The longer she looked at the painted apparition the glassier grew her eyes, the redder her cheeks, and even her carefully done hair seemed to rise here and there in disordered bunches.

"Well, Miss Benton?" he asked, striving to preserve his own dignity against an overwhelming inclination to laugh.

"This—this person," began Miss Benton after several gulps in rapid succession, "threw open the door of the outer office, came in staggering, with her hat hiding her face, gripped the rail of the barrier, and sobbed 'There's a great pool of blood in the hallway, and more is dripping from the ceiling.' We all rushed out."

"Yes?" prompted Trumper, his eyes enlarging.

"There was no pool of blood in the hall," concluded Miss Benton in a voice as cold and hot as liquid fire, "and needless to say, no more was dripping from the ceiling."

"Well, young lady," demanded Trumper, turning toward the intruder, "what have you to say?"

"I dislike waiting," replied the person addressed.

He waited for the explanation to continue, but it did not. Apparently from the speaker's standpoint it was complete; there was nothing more to say to understanding minds. He was dumfounded—torn between such conflicting impulses as had not assailed him in months. He recognized some of them as they flashed by in the red whirl of his mental vision; the urge toward amazement, Gargantuan mirth, rage, admiration, censure, were all engaged in mortal conflict within him. Which would prove the victor? He did not know. Meantime he calmed himself enough to say "Since you dislike waiting you may go at once."

The girl paused until he raised his eyes to hers preparatory to telling her in unmistakable language what would happen if she did not immediately accept his suggestion; then she said, "Oh, please, not through the outer office. Isn't there some other way out?"

The voice she used was not that of a brazen huzzy; it was a tone full of hints at such familiar things as fright, extreme youth, regret, supplication and dismay. It did

not depict these things; it only suggested them mistily and yet so convincingly that Trumper felt as though he sat within a haze which would rapidly thicken to a fog should he not succeed in submerging promptly all but his judicial self. How would he feel should the stranger take him at his word, depart promptly, and leave a question to buzz in his mind unanswered for the rest of life as to whether she had been child or harridan, dove or harpy, paint-and-clothes rack or flesh and blood of an exceptionally human strain? His eyes hardened; the impulse to burst into laughter, rage or ejaculations of admiration passed. There remained a sense of duty even more powerful than the craving for enlightenment. He turned to Miss Benton.

"You may go; and close the door behind you."

She gave him a startled scornful glance, and obeyed, leaving him faintly exasperated, not with her but with himself. How unnecessary to tell her to close the door! She always closed the door. Why had he said that? Were men doomed to give their intentions away to women before they knew they had them? Especially when there was every reason not to? He felt like gnashing his teeth and running his fingers through his hair. Instead he leaned back in his chair, closed his jaws firmly, crossed his knees, set his fingers tip to tip, and eyed the cause of disturbance from egret to toe and back again. The girl made him think of curly maple under six coats of cheap paint, and immediately the instincts of a collector of museum pieces were aroused. Was it possible that he was on the verge of making a major find?

"Sit down," he ordered.

The girl obeyed; she more than obeyed. She settled back in an armchair, crossed her knees, set her fingers tip to tip, and solemnly gave him glare for glare. "What eyes!" thought Trumper, unconscious for the moment of her mimicry of his pose. Such eyes alone had more than once made a fortune overnight.

"What's your name?"

"Eglantine Buck."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Trumper commiseratingly. "If I were you I'd change it to Aubergine."

To his amazement she appeared to blush, not with her cheeks, for that was well-nigh impossible, but with the just visible tips of her ears. Was it credible that she understood the French for eggplant? He dismissed the improbability with a wave of one hand. "What time are you due for rehearsal?" was his next question.

"I'm not due at all," she replied. "I haven't a job. That's why I thought I'd be your secretary."

"My secretary!" cried Trumper, restraining himself with difficulty from wincing. "Why, if I should be so mad as to engage you for a secretary, do you know what would happen?"

"No," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"This is what would happen," he persisted cruelly. "The earth would stop short and start revolving the other way; every building in the world would be razed flat before you could blink one eye."

"My!" she exclaimed, her lips breaking into a smile which revealed a startlingly perfect set of small teeth. "That will be exciting."

"You have gathered part of my meaning," said Trumper grimly. "I intended to convey the idea of the acme of excitement. There is no chance whatever of your ever becoming my secretary. On the other hand, I can't understand your being out of a job. Just as you are, if you should go to any one of half a dozen producers, you would have difficulty in persuading him you hadn't been on his pay roll for weeks."

For an instant she stared blankly at him, then her expression brightened. "You mean I look like a chorus girl?"

"Look like one!" exclaimed Trumper. "I mean you are one. Chorus girls are born, not made. Others creep into the second row, owing to temporary shortage in Nature's supply; still others pause on the road to being prima donnas, but your true chorus girl is as one and indivisible as the saccharine frosting on a cake, and tastes like it."

Miss Buck looked genuinely surprised. "You don't like frosting?" she asked.

Trumper discerned unmistakable youth in the artless question—the same brand of youth which feels older and therefore more important when it says it is in its eighteenth year. Again there came over him a sense of duty, as if he owed it to himself and to the world to rescue a bit of curly maple from the oblivion of paint. After all, the colors she wore were false; perhaps they were not yet dyed into her moral skin. Perhaps there was something in her—something as elemental as the hidden beauty by which he had once lifted a certain Loretta out of pony peonage or as sweet as the gay heart which had carried Betty Bannon up from heaven.

The problem, of course, was different. In those two cases he had been the prestidigitator who by a wave of the magic wand of imagination had dispelled the dampening and blinding fogs which too often descend on personality, obscuring it from the view of the multitude. Here he had to deal with a clear-cut opposite. Obvious beauty, he reasoned, is the cheapest thing in the world, and for that reason if for no other it is always served wholesale and in bulk. One pretty face with nothing behind it always inclines man to wink if the policeman is not looking; one beautiful face accompanied by a lovely woman inclines him to kneel mentally in the middle of the pavement and worship. Miss Buck was obvious, and had made herself painfully more so. Could the defect be remedied, or was he more right than he cared to be at the moment about the born chorus girl? The question was interesting, and to his active mind anything interesting in this drab world merited investigation.

"I am going to engage you, Miss Buck; not here but at my studio. I shall pay you fifty dollars a week. The only conditions are that you may be discharged without notice, but while in my employ you shall do exactly as I say. Also, you may leave whenever you feel like it."

"You want me for a model," declared the girl, her jaw settling into lines of determination even while her eyes looked a bit dismayed.

"Not in the sense you infer," replied Trumper gravely. "I do not wish to copy you so much as to make something out of you—something that neither of us need be ashamed of. In a way it might be called modeling. Success depends entirely on whether you yourself are still plastic."

"I suppose you don't expect to succeed altogether," she said after a slight pause, "but where do I get if we succeed halfway?"

"There will be no halfway," declared Trumper. "If we don't succeed entirely you will certainly be as you were. But if we do ——" A flush mounted to his cheeks.

"Yes?" prompted Miss Buck eagerly.

"If we do," concluded Trumper, "New York will revolve around you for nine nights; you will be a flame smothered in moths."

"How nice!"

"From now on," he continued, "I shall call you Mary—Mary Thistle."

"Why Thistle? It sounds so funny."

"Not at all," said Trumper, scribbling his studio address on a piece of paper. "It's a perfectly good and respectable name. I chose it subconsciously, I suppose, as continuing the botanical strain of Aubergine out of Eglantine. However that may be, Mary, here's your waybill. Report at four."

After ushering her out through his private entrance he was so intent on catching up with the market and otherwise making up for lost time that he did not give her another thought until he was on his way uptown. Then he realized that he would have to think to some purpose if he was to have a plan ready by the time she arrived. He had received many odd individuals in the studio, but none quite so startling as this Mary Thistle. It scarcely seemed possible that she was as flamboyant as recollection painted her, but if she really was, he hoped sincerely that no one, seeing her enter the street door, would connect her with the lessee of the top floor. Well, the way to correct that was to treat her as a museum piece bought in the grimy rough—scrape her a little at a time with an eye out for renovations. Such was the extent of his plan when the girl arrived and stepped full into the searching north light. Flamboyant? The word paled into a wan ghost of itself; one could only gasp and wonder that she had not been arrested.

"I'm glad you got here," said Trumper hastily. "Shed your gloves, hat and coat, go into the little room behind the screen and scrub your face, not forgetting your lips. Use soap, hot water and a hard towel. Hurry, now. Someone might come in at any moment."

"Why not lock the door?"

"I never lock the door," replied Trumper promptly; "I know better. Are you going to do as I say, or is our contract concluded?"

The girl stared before her; distinctly not at him. Her eyes widened so that he wondered what she was seeing.

"I don't want to take anything off," she murmured.

"Don't be silly," said Trumper. "I'm not asking you to undress; all I want you to do is to get clean or ——"

"That's it," she explained in the feminine manner so blinding to men without a sixth sense.

"—or get out," concluded Trumper; not because he still wished to say the words but because he was too dazed to stop himself. Did she indeed mean that she would rather shed clothes than her war paint?

"Oh, well!"

She made a gesture as of surrender of a point against her better judgment, raised her hands, lifted

(Continued on Page 70)

"Once I Saw a Great Pool of Blood. I—I Have Never Forgotten It"

Only Three Hundred Dollars

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

TURN to page 101 of the Senior Class Album of Dexter College for 1904. Behold the picture of a young man. He is a large and strikingly handsome young man, very serious of brow. See the confidence in that jaw. Note the noble resolve in those eyes. Anyone might well say, "Here is a young man who will make his mark in the world." Those purposeful lips, were they to speak, would doubtless say, "Step aside, you doddering old business men of fifty and you senile magnates of fifty-five. Make place for youth!"

Read the words beneath the picture:

Stewart Kenneth Byington "Stew" - A. B.

Home Address, Green Valley, Virginia.

College Honors: Captain varsity football team, president class of '04; president Delta Sigma Sigma Fraternity—Omega Chapter; president Student Council, chairman Lincoln-Webster Debating Society, high bowl bearer, Bowl and Spoon Club; Varsity Dramatic Club, leading man three years, Varsity Glee Club, bass soloist; winner of the Henry P. McCreevy Medal for Oratory; was voted the man in his class most likely to succeed; will enter Wall Street.

Stewart Kenneth Byington, Dexter, '04, had not the least doubt at all that he would find Wall Street as easy an oyster to swallow as he had found Dexter College. True, Dexter, with its three hundred students, was a small puddle of a place, and he had found himself a tremendously big frog there with but little effort. Still, there was no essential difference that he could discern between the undergraduate world, where he had been so important a figure, and the world into which he was about to launch himself. New York held no terrors for him as he swung off the train there three days after graduation, the cheers of the student body still echoing in his ears. He approached Wall Street without trepidation. Was it not merely a larger puddle than the one he had just left? Were not bankers and brokers simply college boys with paunches?

"Don't forget, Stewart," his father had said to him when he first left home to go to college, "that the world pays tribute to presence, personality and force; and you have them, my boy. Don't talk much. Say little, but make that little important. Be dignified; the others will respect you. Above all, don't forget you are a Byington."

"And a Wilcox," added his mother. She was a Wilcox herself.

That is the sort of people his parents were. To them, Stewart, an only child, was the only child. To them he was a species of miracle; they did not try to keep their belief from him. That, at twenty, he believed himself to be a man of destiny was entirely natural. From his tenderest years he had daily been taught so to regard himself. His earliest memory was hearing his father say, on one occasion when Stewart had wished to play with the son of a neighborhood butcher, "You mustn't, Stewart. That is beneath the dignity of a Byington."

"And," his mother added, "a Wilcox."

Thus are twigs bent.

Nature had given Stewart Byington a tall, big-chested body, a well-molded chin, a straight nose, wide-set blue eyes and any amount of hair. His parents' training had given him poise.

The combination had swept all before it at college; had made him the big man of the campus.

It was with easy confidence that young Mr. Byington mounted the steps of the marble mausoleum in Wall Street that housed the great banking firm of J. G. V. Harlan & Co. that June morning. Partnership at twenty-five, retirement with a fortune at forty—that was his plan. He smiled to himself. He could see the announcement in the newspapers a few years hence:

J. G. V. HARLAN & CO. ANNOUNCE THAT
MR. STEWART KENNETH BYINGTON
HAS THIS DAY BEEN ADMITTED TO PARTNERSHIP

A functionary stopped him, asking crisply, "Who juh wanna see?"

In the bass voice that had made fraternity neophytes quake, Stewart Byington said, "Mr. Harlan; personally, and at once."

The functionary eyed him dubiously.

"Got an appointment?"

"No, I made no appointment." Young Mr. Byington's manner implied that he never did such a thing. "My business is personal—and important."

"What name?"

"Just tell him Stewart Kenneth Byington is here—Byington, of Dexter."

He did not, however, see Mr. Harlan that day. Instead he was inspected by a sharp-nosed minor official, who ran over Stewart's frame and face with the eyes of a frozen codfish. After reading a laudatory letter from the president of Dexter the sharp-nosed one said, "We'll give you a trial. Report to Crosbie; he's in charge of the bench. We start college boys at eight dollars a week."

Stewart Byington did not like the way the fellow said "college boys." However, "the bench" sounded reassuring; there was a suggestion of judicial dignity about the word. The bench, however, proved to be a shock to Stewart. It made him distinctly uncomfortable to sit there, not in an office at all but in what was nothing more than a corridor, with half a dozen other recent college graduates, who, unlike him, were exhibiting nervousness, self-consciousness and a desperate anxiety to please. At the end of a day of errand-running his feeling burst into words.

"Why," he said to the fledgling banker next to him, "we're little better than office boys!"

"Not so good," grinned the other; "they get ten a week."

"Of course," said Stewart, "in a few days we will be given real work to do."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Not likely," he said. "Mr. Linthwaite, who's just been taken into the firm, sat on this very bench six months. I guess they figure that a fellow ought to learn to creep before he learns to run."

"Oh, do they?" said Stewart coldly.

For four days Stewart Byington licked stamps and ran errands. On the fifth a vice president, working under pressure, called to him:

"Run out and get me a cup of coffee and a sandwich—in a hurry," and tossed a coin toward the best fullback Dexter ever had. The coin jingled, uncaught, to the stone floor.

"You go to the devil," said Stewart Byington, and marched out of the offices of J. G. V. Harlan & Co.

He left Amory, Ames & Chichester because the office manager reprimanded him for being late. He quit abruptly after five months with Fuller & Fisher because he felt he was not being advanced as rapidly as he deserved. He quit the Universal Bank for the same reason. He was making headway at the European-American Investing Co., and was learning a bit about the complexities of bond selling when an efficiency expert installed a buzzer system so the sales manager could save considerable time by buzzing for his junior salesmen. Stewart stated that he did not propose to be buzzed for like an elevator, which caused the sales manager to rejoin, "You compel me to coin a simile—as useless as a graduated fullback." Stewart gave him a look that should have withered him, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

It was while he was selling railroad equipment that he let Alice McAllister marry him. She was private secretary to the president of one of the railroads he called on; and, considering her sex, was doing well, Stewart thought. She'd even saved some money. She was pretty, in a quiet dark way; and she adored him. He vetoed her idea of continuing to work after they were married. What sort of a man did she take him for? he demanded. A wonderful man, she replied, and resigned her position. Nine months

He Did Look About for More Suitable Work Eventually; for Months He Was Always Just on the Point of Landing Something Big, Something Suited to a Man of His Caliber

after they were married the president of Stewart's company saw fit to send Stewart a note suggesting that Stewart's sales, though good, were not so good as they might be. It was a friendly and temperate note, but Stewart's reply was neither.

"I suppose we'll have to let Byington go," sighed the president to the general manager. "I hate to do it too. He has possibilities. With his front, he can get in to see anybody, and he can make them listen to him too."

"Yes," said the general manager dryly, "he's a marvelous salesman in every way but one."

"What's that?"

"He can't make sales."

"But he hasn't done so badly."

"Oh, he lands the easy ones," the general manager admitted. "But if the hard ones argue back at him young Byington puts on the high hat and gets huffy and walks out."

So Stewart Byington tried selling expensive motor cars for a time He had words with the sales manager and resigned. He became a salesman of optical goods, of jute, of shoes—always wholesale, of course.

One day after more than a year of shoe selling he came home, slumped into a chair, sat there glowering.

"I hate this job," he exploded to his wife. "I hate the whole tribe of shoe dealers. Just because I do business with them, they think they can slap me on the back and call me Stew. I'm glad my parents are dead. It would hurt their pride to see their son a shoe peddler."

"But, Stewart dear, you're not," Alice demurred. "Your company is a big one and of the highest standing, and you have an excellent chance to get ahead."

"Stop, Alice, please. You don't understand me. The company doesn't understand me. I hate the wretched business, I tell you. I'm sick and tired of it."

"Perhaps you need a rest, dear," she said soothingly. "You do look a little run down. Why don't you take a rest and then look round for more suitable work?"

He took the rest. He prolonged it. He did look about for more suitable work eventually; for months he was always just on the point of landing something big, something suited to a man of his caliber. But he did not plunge back into the world. Instead, as the time went by, he built up a world of his own—a world that grew more real to him than the workaday world in which his body moved. In the small cosmos of his own creation, Stewart Byington was still a man of destiny, a success.

The front parlor full of boarders at Mrs. Byington's Select Boarding House in West Eighty-first Street grew silent, expectant. Mr. Byington spoke from out his evening paper

"I see," he remarked in his round, oracular voice—"like a cathedral organ," Miss Hickey had said of it—"that Federated Zinc has gone up half a point."

No one spoke. They would as soon have spoken out loud in church as interrupt Mr. Byington. He scanned the stock-market quotation with narrowed eyes.

"Ah," he observed, patently gratified, "Peruvian Oil touched 197 today."

At forty, Mr. Byington was massive without being fat. His distinguished shoulders were incased in impeccable broadcloth. In some ways he appeared but little older than Fullback Byington who had saved the day for Dexter against Virginia Agricultural College by a fifty-yard run. In other ways time had marked him. The gray of intense living showed at his temples, adding the final touch of authority to his strong, maturely handsome features. Anyone seeing him striding firmly forward along Fifth Avenue, in top hat and cutaway coat, would have been entirely justified in uttering the opinion, "There goes a bank president, or a big business man, or somebody who is somebody in Wall Street."

Mr. Byington laid aside the paper. This was Miss Hickey's cue to venture, "And how was Wall Street today, Mr. Byington?"

Gravely he considered the question for a full minute. They all leaned forward so as not to miss a word. Only his small, silent wife in her corner did not look up; she was darning a sock.

"Well," he said judicially, "the Street was—between ourselves—quietly agitated. Not bullish, mind you; and yet, not bearish; and yet, in a sense, more bullish than bearish. Perhaps I might say it was bullish-bearish, if you gather my meaning."

They didn't; but they listened, fascinated, impressed.

He pondered, then spoke:

"Rails were active early in the day, but grew more tranquil. Oils flurried, but steadied. The foreign-exchange situation—I speak in strict confidence, of course—was considered a bit dubious by the more conservative financiers. Steel wabbled, but crude rubber, on the other hand, was firm. Pig iron showed strength and wheat was erratic. Money, however, was distinctly easier."

They all looked relieved. They were mostly clerks and school-teachers, these boarders at Mrs. Byington's; it was good news to them that money was easier.

"Well," remarked Mr. Byington, "I think I shall stroll down to the club."

He rose. To even so commonplace an action as standing up he brought a certain dignity. In the course of his progress from the room he stopped at the corner where his busy-fingered wife was darning.

"*Au revoir*, Alice, my dear," he said, and kissed her on the brow.

She looked up at him.

"Now don't stay too late," she said, "at the club."

The boarders, talking among themselves, often wondered what he saw in this small, silent woman. Miss Hickey voiced the consensus of opinion when she said, "I think it's so fine of Mr. Byington to let her have a career."

When Mr. Byington was outside the brownstone house he walked in stately manner toward Central Park. At a tiny news stand he stopped and went through the nightly ceremony of purchasing a cigar.

"Have you a good mild cigar? Mild, mind you."

"Yes, sir."

"Just for fun I think I'll try one."

The news vender produced his only cigar box and Mr. Byington, with cautious nonchalance, selected a cigar. It amused him considerably to learn that the price was five cents. He tossed a nickel to the man

"Hate to have to cut out my regular brand," said Mr. Byington. "But I have to. Doctor's orders, you know. Those big strong Havanas aren't good for a man like me."

The news vender nodded, as always, sympathetically Mr. Byington strolled on, puffing serenely. He entered Central Park, found a secluded bench, sat down, gazed upward at the star-sprinkled heavens, lost himself in reverie. At ten o'clock he strolled back home. Before retiring, he looked into the parlor, where the boarders read or played mah-jongg.

"Ah," he said, beaming on them, "enjoying yourselves? That's right. Well, good night. There's nothing like a good sleep to prepare one for a hard day."

He mounted the stairs with the air of a king.

This was Mr. Byington's day: Each morning at 8:30 he breakfasted, just as the others finished a process less like breakfasting than coaling. Time clocks and Subway tides wait for no man. By quarter past nine Mr. Byington, without undue haste, had possessed himself of the contents of three eggshells and one daily paper. At 9:30 he issued forth, top hatted, cutaway coated, shaved, powdered, magnificent. At the corner he permitted his shoes to be shined and submitted to an elaborate whiskbrooming. To the bootblack Mr. Byington presented a quarter, and on getting back fifteen cents in change he tipped the man a

Continued on Page 105

"Forgot My Check Book," He Muttered. "And I Don't Seem to Have That Amount in Cash With Me Today. Suppose I Stop in Tomorrow ——"

COULD YOU SELL OUT?

By J. R. Sprague

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

I USED to have a friend who was in the retail merchandise business in one of the larger Texas cities, and when he was getting on toward fifty years of age he thought he would retire. His stock invoiced something more than sixty thousand dollars and he had few debts; he figured that he ought to get out of business with at least fifty thousand dollars cash; and his ambition was to invest part of his capital in a farm, put the rest of it out at interest, and have a good time the rest of his life.

He made some discreet inquiries around town among the other retailers in his line to see if any of them would be interested in buying him out, but none were. Failing in this, he put an advertisement in one of his trade journals, not divulging his name or precise location, but stating that the business he wished to sell was long established, on a paying basis, and would be a splendid investment for the right party. This advertisement brought numbers of inquiries of various sorts.

Several correspondents were owners of retail stores in other parts of the country and wanted to trade. Half a dozen professional buyers of stocks wrote to state that they were prepared to pay spot cash in any amount. Other professionals offered to conduct a closing-out sale on a percentage basis, and submitted references from merchants in various sections where they had conducted sales. A number of inquiries came from palpable curiosity seekers who had no other idea than a little free amusement.

Three or four letters were from men who evidently meant real business. Even these did not bring the results the merchant wanted. Two of them lost interest when they found the business was located in such a far-away state as Texas, and another gave up when he learned the amount of money it would take to swing the deal. One man was sufficiently interested to make a trip and look the proposition over in person, and he made a bona-fide offer. This man did not have enough cash to pay the whole amount down, but he had the backing of an important wholesale house, so the merchant might have been safe enough to accept notes for a part of the purchase price; but the deal fell through. The best the man would offer was eighty cents on the dollar for the business as it stood, stock, fixtures and other equipment. The merchant held out for full invoice price.

This proved to be the only offer the merchant received that he could even think of accepting. When he began dickering with the professional stock buyers the average offer was around fifty cents on the dollar for the stock and nothing for the fixtures. The propositions from the individuals who wanted to put on a closing-out sale for him proved still less attractive on investigation. They held out glittering promises of getting full invoice price for the stock and even more; but none were willing to put up a guaranty for actual fulfillment. Meanwhile the man who had made the bona-fide offer bought a business elsewhere.

The Philosophy of Merchandising

THEN the merchant, fixed in his idea that he would take nothing less than dollar for dollar for his enterprise, made a deal with a local land speculator. This speculator, who knew the merchant was desirous of getting out of business, made him a proposition to trade a large tract of land for his store, and offered to take everything as it stood at full invoice price. He had documents to prove that the land was worth fully as much as the merchant asked for his business, and a trade was consummated on even terms.

The speculator-turned-merchant wasted no time, but closed out the stock by circus methods, putting in quantities of shoddy goods, which were sold to the public on the merchant's reputation, and in a couple of months he had turned his trade into cash; no one ever knew exactly how much, but he expressed himself as satisfied. The merchant-turned-farmer was not so lucky, and for obvious reasons. It seems the speculator had been preparing himself for a possible victim for some time. A couple of years previously he had sold the land to his brother; this brother in turn sold it to an uncle; and the uncle sold it back to the speculator; each transfer being made at an increased price. No money was passed in any of these transactions, and the entire performance had been put on to make the land appear vastly more valuable than it really was. After a couple of years' struggle the merchant turned the property for what it would bring and went back to town to open a side-street store and try to build up his fortunes once more.

I have told this discouraging tale entirely without frills and precisely as I knew it from personal acquaintance with the merchant himself. His mistake lay in trying too hard to get what he thought his enterprise was worth. And this brings up some questions that are of vital interest to every man who buys and sells for a living. How much is a stock of merchandise worth when sold in bulk? How is a man to get out of business without losing a good share of what he has worked to accumulate?

Not long ago I heard a merchant say a great deal in a few words. I was talking with him in the rear of his chinaware store, and a porter was opening a box of bulky merchandise close by. He unwrapped a fancy lamp and put it on the counter. The merchant pointed to it.

"That lamp," he said, "cost me ten dollars. But the minute I put it in my stock it is worth less than ten dollars. If I am a skillful merchant I can probably find a customer and make him want it hard enough to pay me a profit for it. If I haven't that skill it is simply a piece of merchandise and worth what it will bring at forced sale, which would probably be five or six dollars."

So far as I know there are no records to show the average price that is received for stocks of merchandise thrown on the open market. During the boom period of 1920 I knew of one case where a professional buyer paid eighty-five cents on the dollar for a large stock in bulk, but that was largely because of the scarcity of goods and the then rising market. The best record I know of during normal times was in connection with a stock of shoes in a Western city, the business being closed out to settle the estate of the deceased proprietor. A young traveling man who had had retail-shoe-store experience was put in charge and succeeded in a ten weeks' sale in netting eighty cents on the dollar for the entire stock after paying sale expenses. I believe it would be safe to say, however, that the average merchant who tries to get out of business by the public-sale route will have a hard time to realize more than sixty or seventy cents on the dollar.

I know this may seem a pessimistic figure, but it is borne out by the experiences of many merchants I have known. A man who has only recently finished closing out his retail business in a New York State city told me how it worked out in his case.

"The business had been established a long time," he said; "in fact it came to me from my father. I suppose I could have sold it out to someone as a going concern, but there was a little sentiment about it that made me dislike to see the place operated by some stranger, and my own outside interests prevented me from continuing it personally.

"I believe I ran the closing-out sale as well as it could be done. Our average stock amounted to around fifty thousand dollars; but six months before I announced my projected retirement I stopped buying goods except for necessary filling-in purposes, and when the time came to put on the big sale the stock was down to about thirty thousand dollars. I announced the event by full-page advertisements in both the daily newspapers, covered the show windows with big cloth signs, and closed the store three days to make the final preparations. Naturally I wanted to come out as near even as possible, and in marking the closing-out prices we set the figures at a little above actual wholesale cost. This, I figured, would give the public good enough bargains to make the selling brisk, and the little margin above cost would pay the expenses of the sale.

"When we opened the doors for business it seemed as though the whole town was on hand. Everyone who knew the reputation of the store realized it was a real closing-out event; it took several policemen to keep the sidewalk clear, and we let the people in the front door by relays, shunting them out the rear door after they had finished their buying. During the first week we took in more than ten thousand dollars in cash, the little margin above cost fully paying expenses; so I actually realized one hundred cents on the dollar for everything sold."

A Short Stock and Short Prices

"BY THIS time I was feeling pretty good and figured I was going to get out of business with hardly any loss. But the second week slackened up a little. We didn't need any policemen and we could keep the front door open all the time without overcrowding. The stock, too, had become picked over considerably, and in order to keep up the volume of business I had to make greater reductions in many lines. It was necessary also to increase the newspaper advertising, and that ran into money with space at around a dollar an inch. The week ended up with satisfactory volume, but what with lower prices and increased expenses, I figured I had netted only about eighty-five cents on the dollar.

"Toward the end of the third week the real pull began. By that time every line in the house was badly broken and half the people who came in went out again without buying because they could not find what they wanted. About the only way to get any volume of business was to put the prices so low on odds and ends that people could hardly refuse to buy, and also to keep up the slam-bang advertising. At that, the receipts fell to the point where it cost practically forty cents to sell each dollar's worth of merchandise. One day when things were in this state one of my competitors came into the store, and after looking around a few minutes walked back to the office where I was sitting.

"'Looks like you were having a sale,' he remarked. I was in no frame of mind to respond very cordially to his joking, but he went on. 'I guess you'd be glad of an offer for the balance of the junk,' he said. 'How would twenty-five cents on the dollar suit you?'

"I told him that such a price wouldn't interest me at all; that when I got ready to give the stuff away I would let him know. Then he became serious.

"'You'd better take your pencil and do a little figuring,' he said. 'You know what it's costing you to do business under present conditions, and it's going to become worse instead of better. With your lines so broken, your only chance to do much further business will be to buy new stuff to fill in, and then what will be the result? You will sell the new stuff at ruinous prices, most of your old stuff will be left, and in the end you'll have a lot of bills to pay. Better think it over.'

"Before he could get to the door I had thought it over. I called him back. 'You've bought a stock of goods,' I said.

"That night we took stock and found there was left about twelve thousand dollars' worth of merchandise, for which I got three thousand dollars. Altogether, after paying the expenses of the entire closing-out sale, I found I had

(Continued on Page 114)

THE REALTY BROKER

By Felix Isman

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

I AM a realty broker. I am idly watching the crowds in the street below from the fifteenth-story window of an office building facing the library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. I haven't anything pressing to be done, because the real-estate market is very busy. That is the time, my experience has taught me, when a broker upon whom clients rely to invest their money safely may take a long vacation. Property is right to buy when sellers are looking for you and money is scarce.

Nothing very exciting in our business? Under the surface there is interest hidden everywhere. Thought waves that may suddenly fire thousands of men to act simultaneously at the most unexpected time.

Very little of interest in the realty business? Klondike in the form of a new business section may be uncovered at any moment, and the rush may commence.

Very little mystery in the real-estate business? The representative of a transcontinental railroad has just left me, after stating that his company must purchase three hundred separate but adjoining properties for a terminal, and not one of the three hundred owners must know what the property is to be used for; the sales must not be traced to any single individual.

Not much drama in the real-estate business? The panic of 1907 burst from a clear sky. A contract of sale for a very large property which had been made a month prior thereto, with the thought in mind that a mortgage for a normal amount could be placed, has not been met, so the money paid on account is a complete loss, with additional liability on the agreement.

The Shocks and Thrills of the Business

NO SUDDEN shock or thrill in the real-estate business? A world war suddenly blazes across the Atlantic, and a two-million-dollar mortgage upon a four-million-dollar property cannot be replaced. Puff! and two millions of solid gold dollars, by reason of abnormal conditions, are gone.

No hint of life's tragedy in the real-estate business? It is a hard winter. Impossible to get coal on account of a strike. Water must be turned off or the pipes will freeze.

Modern palatial apartment houses, monuments to proud achievement and patient study, are worse than medieval jails. The tenants, necessarily many old men and women and babies, are suddenly exposed to conditions thought banished by civilization. Nothing interesting ever happens in the real-estate business.

I am looking idly out of the fifteenth-story window of an office building at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.

Unless a man can define transportation, I entertain no hope of great success for him as a railroad executive. A banker's definition of credit fixes his limitations in the world of finance. Likewise a realty broker's definition of value determines whether he follows a profession, a trade or is merely a day laborer at his profession.

"He shall be as a god to me who can rightly divide and define," said Plato. He was, of course, discussing the universe, but for that very reason his statement applies with equal force to real estate, investments, transportation, banking and every other human endeavor.

Far be it from me, however, to assume to lead the reader's mind to the thought of a realty broker being a god of any description, but let the realty broker learn to divide and define and he stands upon high Olympus, watching the current of human activities play about the basic granite of unchanging laws. Once able to divide and define, he sees humanity creating values through the operation of fundamental laws that, like blindfolded Justice, give decisions regardless of who suffers the pain or gathers the profit. Realty operations then cease to be a dull, drab business entangled in monotonous red tape; on the contrary, they pulsate with every human emotion.

Many years ago Henry W. Grady, the great orator and leader of Reconstruction times immediately succeeding the Civil War, wrote the best real-estate story, to my mind, ever published: A young man and a young woman became squatters outside of the city limits of Chicago, on a piece of ground much below grade. Almost the entire lives of the couple were devoted to acquiring title to the land and filling it in. Meanwhile the city expanded and the ground became very valuable. Years passed, and the old man, putting in the last load of earth, his hand in his wife's, retrospectively said, looking back on their past lives, "It is finished."

That story taught me that realty in its usage runs the gamut of all human emotion.

The broker must realize that shelter is paramount; that is what home means—shelter. It is a necessity. It bespeaks civilization. The degrees of comfort may vary in a home, but fundamentally the great necessity of life is shelter. The United States Government, in a recent publication, states that more than 45 per cent of our population own their homes, but I sense that this percentage is not right.

My feeling in the matter is that the Government has computed in its average a great number of people who own more than one house, and rated each holding as an individual. I believe not more than 10 per cent of the families of the United States own their own homes. People generally provide for the future in this respect on a plan very much like six-day bicycle races; the riders pedal for six days and six nights, and at the end of that time they are still in Madison Square Garden.

Unquestionably the most important of all present problems in the real-estate field is housing. The realty broker worthy of that title must realize that he is dealing with a matter surcharged with emotion when he undertakes to assist Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who want a house—no, not a house, a home. They have talked it over day after day and night after night. It haunts their waking hours, sits with them at meals and invades their slumber. They have saved—and how they have saved! They have skimped and denied and deprived themselves of all luxuries, including many necessities which in their zeal they called luxuries. The aim of their lives is to become financially able to purchase a home. Naturally they expect a sympathetic interest in this business proposition so tremendously important—to them—and they are entitled to it. The realty broker who approaches their problem without realization of these human factors is unworthy. He must help them to protect themselves against adverse factors, and not only investigate but show them how to investigate. Experience has taught him to name the unfavorable conditions they must avoid. He ought to know most of them by rote as he knows his multiplication tables.

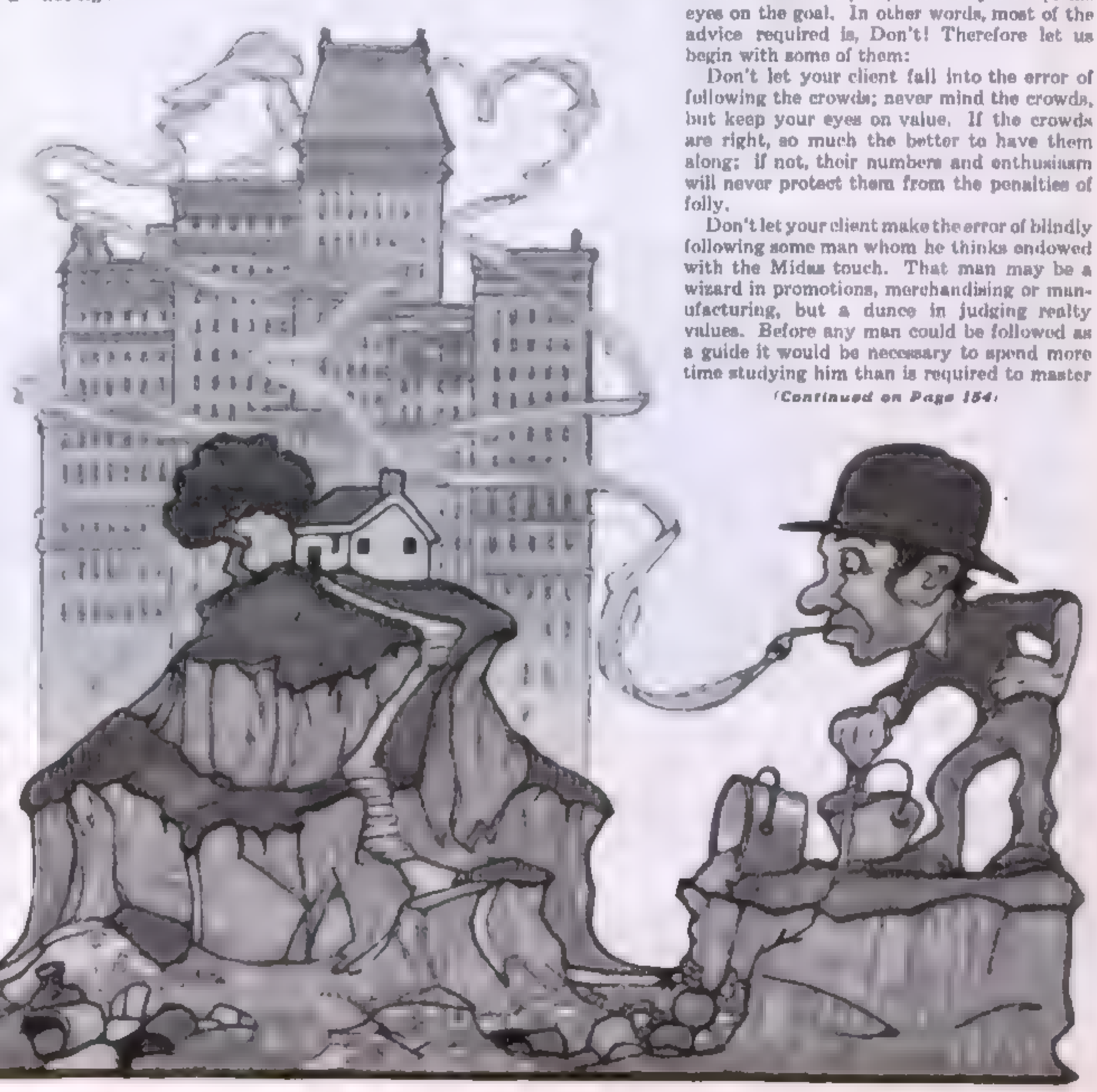
Don'ts for Real Estate Buyers

THE home seeker needs expert advice perhaps more than any other realty purchaser, because his consideration is usually given completely to visualizing what he wants without much thought about the things he must avoid. The expert will understand this and proceed at once to furnish that missing element of caution. His function is to run the interference while the prospective buyer keeps his eyes on the goal. In other words, most of the advice required is, Don't! Therefore let us begin with some of them:

Don't let your client fall into the error of following the crowds; never mind the crowds, but keep your eyes on value. If the crowds are right, so much the better to have them along; if not, their numbers and enthusiasm will never protect them from the penalties of folly.

Don't let your client make the error of blindly following some man whom he thinks endowed with the Midas touch. That man may be a wizard in promotions, merchandising or manufacturing, but a dunce in judging realty values. Before any man could be followed as a guide it would be necessary to spend more time studying him than is required to master

(Continued on Page 154)



WHAT IS RIGHT?

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

JONATHAN CLAIBORNE was an extreme individualist. He did not call himself that, nor did his friends and neighbors. They said "pigheaded," and "Satan's own temper." Their wives added that they didn't wonder Mary Claiborne died, for she never had a chance to call her soul her own, and that they didn't see how Annie Claiborne stood it, and if she'd the spirit of a mouse she'd go off and learn millinery or work in a factory and leave the old man flat. Then he'd see, for he'd never get a housekeeper who'd put up with him and do for him the way Annie did.

Sometimes, at church or Grange meeting, the bolder-tongued suggested this to Annie. She was a big strapping girl, with a fair brow and blue eyes, coils of shining brown hair and controlled lips that looked as if they were forever closing over protests she could not or would not make. Everyone liked Annie Claiborne, even though they thought she had no gumption to endure old Jonty Claiborne's queer whims and sour temper.

"That's Blasphemy," Said Unc' George. "That's Real Blasphemy, Jonty. Setting Yourself Up to Judge Others, and Quoting Scripture to Uphold Yourself"

Annie listened to what they had to say and made colorless answer, always the same: "He's my father and it's right for me to stick by him." She did not attempt to defend her father, or say that he wasn't queer, or that he had a better disposition than people thought. Not at all. If the well-meaning adviser continued, Annie looked away, under the brim of her battered old hat, and changed the subject, asked how the potatoes were doing and whether there was any truth that there was an outbreak of hog cholera down in the Fifth District.

"Annie Claiborne's dumb," more than one baffled benefactor would declare later, with righteous wrath. They missed entirely the little flicker of pain in Annie's blue eyes, the little resigned lift of her shoulders.

For Annie Claiborne was not dumb. She knew her father's failings perfectly—why not? Wasn't she the one who suffered most for them? Perhaps not, she decided, after long thought. It was he, himself, who was their chief victim.

She worked this out in her mind during her long days of work—cooking, preserving, cleaning, sewing, churning, feeding pigs and chickens, milking, making and tending garden, helping in the fields. While her strong young body and capable hands went on with these endlessly repeated tasks, her mind was free—her mind and her spirit.

She turned the simple material of her life over and over, looking at it from every angle. Here was her father and herself. Here were the facts of their poverty, their toil. Here was their land, but poorly fertile to their tilling—a hundred acres, fringed with dusky pine woods, sloping to a silver river. Here was their small old house, where four generations of Claibornes had lived and died; a decent white frame dwelling, with a little apron of green grass before it and a glorious red maple on either side, giving it in summer a cool dark curtain of shade. And two miles down the road were town and railroad, church and stores, lumberyard and moving-picture house—all of them full of lively interest and color to Annie in spite of the fact that the place was, to the casual eye, nothing but an insignificant village of some three thousand souls.

Annie thought of all these things in every detail. She thought, too, of the protests she had made at first, before she had learned better, of how difficult it had been to submit to her father's arbitrary rule. She remembered the tears she had cried before she had won that calm which onlookers pronounced dumbness, the protests she had made before she accepted the fact that protests were unavailing. For it seemed as though Jonathan Claiborne was magicked with contrariness. There was the matter of his crops.

"Why don't you plant tomatoes this year, pa? They say the packers are going to give a real good price," Annie had ventured to ask.

"Yes, I know what kind of price they're going to give. I know only too well. Didn't I plant tomatoes two years ago, and ain't I still paying on my fertilizer bills? The packers? Bloodsuckers, that's what they are. No, they learned me my lesson and I ain't going to fergit it."

"But, pa, this year they're going to guarantee ——"

"Annie, you ain't got the sense you was born with. Anybody'd take you in. Their guaranty ain't worth a tinker's dam, and you know it. I'll stick to corn and wheat."

That was the year that all the county made huge sums out of their tomato fields, and the bottom dropped clear out of the wheat market, and Jonathan Claiborne had more fertilizer bills hanging over him.

It was the same way every year that Annie could remember. If he decided to keep his calves over the summer, young cattle brought no price at all in the fall. If the other farmers round built a coöperative storage house for sweet potatoes, Jonathan Claiborne alone would not join with them, but stored his own, and two-thirds were rotted into waste. He clung to his flail and his scythe long after everyone else had discarded such tools. Even the land was unfriendly to him, warred against him, would not yield because he was so harsh and ugly with it.

His everlasting, unremitting toil saved him from utter failure. He was barely fifty years old, but he looked sixty-five, gray and gnarled and gaunt with work and failure. Only his eyes, black, cold, proud, told of the unconquerable devil within him. His poverty could not kill that devil, or scotch him. And he was poor.

Aunt Millie Thomas once asked Annie to make a cake for a church festival.

"I don't know if I can," said Annie doubtfully. "I never made but one."

Imagine this in a community where every woman's Saturday baking included a frosted loaf and a layer cake and a jar of cookies at least!

Aunt Millie had been tactful.

"I don't know but we've got too many cakes coming, anyway. Why don't you let us have a batch of beat biscuit, honey, or a loaf of light bread for sandwiches?"

"All right, Aunt Millie, whichever you say," Annie had agreed, apparently not disturbed by the revelation of the Claiborne poverty.

There was no least pretense about Annie, and no false pride. Doing without things desirable was her life. She did without affection, ease, leisure and appreciation. She never had anything but cheap, common clothes. All the same, she was well shaped and good-looking, and she didn't lack for suitors, in spite of her faded calico and wretched old Sunday hat. There was something in those big blue eyes of hers that drew a man, even if his whole family connection might laugh at his sparking up to such a rag bag as Annie Claiborne.

The one big obstacle to her marrying and marrying well was old Jonty Claiborne's flinty face set against it. Over and over again he told her: "I don't purpose to be left in my old age by my only child. It's your duty to stay by me and do for me whatsoever I wish, and till you're twenty-one I can forbid you gittin' married, anyways. After that, if so be you're fool enough to do it, you're no child of mine, and I'll disown you flat and you can never set foot in this house again. None of these fresh young Ikes with their tobaccer and their liquor's going to be able to claim kin to me."

Annie knew that he meant it and would do it. He usually delivered these diatribes on Sunday, at dinnertime, from the head of the table, where he sat alone and erect while Annie waited on him. She was not allowed to eat until he had finished. He would halt her as she went out to the kitchen to fill his coffee cup.

"Who was that spoke to you as we came out of meeting this morning?"

His hair was snow-white, but his eyebrows were still startlingly black, and so were the eyes beneath them. He looked, with big bony torso and long arms, his white beard and those dark burning eyes, like one of the more vehement and unpleasant of the minor prophets.

"That was John Ringley," Annie would say; or maybe it was Phil Blades, or Andrew Sladen, or Ed Pascoe from down in Talbot.

"What did he say?" The tone grew colder, more portentous.

"Asked me if I would go buggy riding this evening."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him no, I couldn't."

"Lucky thing for you, miss, you did."

Then would come the usual I-don't-purpose-to-be-left speech. Annie listened in silence. When he had finished, she would sometimes go on and fill the coffee cup without reply, but once she answered him, in a tone troubled yet firm and gentle.

"I aim to do what's right by you, pa," she said.

The old man had been snarling on, venomous and sour, and her statement checked him.

"What do you mean by that, miss?" he demanded.

"Well, right's right and wrong's wrong. I reckon you know that. And I aim to do what's right by you."

He could detect no flaw in this, but he wasn't satisfied. It might be a dutiful speech, but he wanted it guaranteed.

"I'm the judge of what's right and wrong in this house. You remember that. And you're to do as I say, and no back talk."

His hectoring would have stung to revolt a being of another mold. Annie's color deepened a little and those firm lips of hers drew ever so little more straight. That was all.

As for the various young men who approached her with the appropriate gestures of incipient courtship, she cared nothing for any of them, so there was no reason for her to hurl defiance at her father's tyranny on that subject. She had long ago discovered that hard words did not actually hurt her if she willed that they should not.

"He can't help talking thataway, pa can't," she told herself, "and I needn't mind."

Only occasionally, when she heard him ranting against some inoffensive neighbor, or hard conditions which were his own making, but which he was pleased to blame on others, did she wince.

"I do wisht he wouldn't," she would murmur, and the eager, dumb apology in her eyes, their appeal, won him

forgiveness many times from those who otherwise would have become his real enemies.

"You never can get real mad at the old snake when Annie's around," was the neighborhood verdict. It would have sent Jonathan Claiborne into a paroxysm of rage had he heard and understood.

Annie was thinking of one of these recent encounters as she made butter on a Monday morning in April. The spring sunshine was warm and she had taken her churn out to the back porch for the pleasure of the air and the soft golden heat. It was a heavy stone churn—the cows were fresh now and they had plenty of cream—but Annie lifted it and set it down on the porch lightly, seized the dasher with one hand and started it going the even jogging tempo that is the quickest way to make butter come.

The day before she and her father had walked to church, as was their custom every Sunday. They did not drive because the horses were exhausted with the spring work. So were they, but that did not matter. They had tramped the two miles and listened to a sermon full of unctuous conventionalities by the new presiding elder of the district on the text of "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." It was a pretty sermon, ornamented with flowers of speech and decorative optimism, sugary platitudes. The presiding elder was a comfortably stout and sleek man, well fed, comfortable in girth, with fattish white hands and a dramatic wave of snowy hair over a round and ruddy countenance. Jonathan Claiborne's rebel spirit had instantly hated the appearance of the man and rejected his discourse. After the service he had engaged in rancorous argument with Uncle George Thomas, his long-time friend and one of the leading men of the church. Annie lingered painfully on the vivid recollection.

"Well, Jonty, what did you think of 'im?" asked Unc' George, directing a nod of his head where the elder stood among a group of twittering, flattering women.

"Not much of Jesus Christ and Him crucified in that sermon," said Jonathan Claiborne balefully. "What does he know about sowing and reaping—him with his fat belly and his soft hands? He never done an honest man's work in his life. The church is far gone when it puts up a jelly bowl like that to preach salvation."

"Hi, not so fast, and not so loud!" said Unc' George uncomfortably. "He's accounted a mighty fine preacher, and he's got a great reputation for building churches. He don't dwell so much on fire and brimstone as some, but that's gone out of fashion, anyway."

"Fashions—fashions—what have fashions got to do with religion, George? You and your fashions! Are there fashions in the Kingdom, I wonder? I tell you there was more piety in old Elder Baines' little finger than there is in this man's whole body. Look at him! I could find a dozen like him under any rotten log in the woods—white, fat, blind grubs."

"It's not decent to talk thataway of a man in authority in the church, no matter how you feel, Jonty."

The voices had attracted a little knot of listeners, and others chimed in and upheld Unc' George. In a spasm of anger Claiborne lifted his hand and denounced them.

"Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites! My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

"That's blasphemy," said Unc' George. "That's real blasphemy, Jonty. Setting yourself up to judge others, and quoting Scripture to uphold yourself. Look out that you ain't punished fer this."

"Look out that you ain't punished fer hypocrisy," retorted Jonathan Claiborne. "Come on, Annie, let's go home. This is no place fer a true Christian." With which final taunt he flung away.

Annie had followed him, disturbed to the depth of her soul. Unc' George Thomas was very dear to her, and so was his wife, Aunt Millie. They had borne with much, but an insult to their religion might be too hard even for their benevolence. And then the way her father had talked about the church and the presiding elder had hurt and shocked her sense of propriety. She listened to him mumble and growl all the way home, and said nothing, but she was sorely troubled. Something basic and sound in her protested.

"It was a dumb sermon, but so are lots of sermons," she thought. "And what's the difference? You can join in the hymns and the prayers and think about God, and not pay much attention to the sermon. Some folks likes that kind."

She voiced none of this to her father, for she could see that he, too, was disturbed far beyond his wont. On the way home he had gone over and over the outrage he had endured, but once at home he fell into a dour and brooding silence that was a pall in the house. All afternoon he sat reading his Bible in this furious black silence, and he ate a meager supper without speaking once. When he went out to do his evening chores Annie sighed with relief. Perhaps he would find a little peace in tending to the dumb animals; sometimes, she knew, he did.

But no. He stalked back, still grim, bitter, stormy. He had gone early to bed, but Annie knew he had not slept, for she herself had not, and she could hear him tossing restlessly, now and then muttering. And in the morning he had risen early, still in his spleen.

Annie, too, got up at dawn and went to work. But now breakfast was over, the milking done, the house clean, the chickens fed and let out, the wash on the line, and she was churning, and it was no later than mid-morning. She should have been content and pleased to accomplish so much. Instead she was troubled and uneasy, worried vaguely by nameless fears. The sunshine she had sought could not warm her chill anxiety, nor did the singing green of April leaves lift her heart.

She wished that her father was working where she could see him; but he was plowing in a far field, beyond the apple orchard. At last she could not endure the strain of thinking of him any longer, and she did something unprecedented in the whole annals of her life. She left her churning right in the middle of it and ran down the lane to see what he was doing and how he was getting on. Even as she ran she rebuked herself.

"If he catches me peeking at him he'll be worse than ever. It's nothing but a fool's errand, I know. All the same——"

She peered cautiously through the orchard trees, and at last she caught sight of the plow. Queer—it was alone and still, oddly tipped over, and the horses had dropped their heads as if they had been standing a long time. Maybe her father had gone to the spring in the grove to get a drink—he did sometimes. She kept on, breathlessly, looking all about to see him. What was that queer thing on the ground there, a little beyond the plow? A bundle of clothes—a fallen scarecrow—a—— She ran now with all her might, calling in a panic-stricken shrill voice, "Oh, pa, pa, where are you? What's the matter, pa?"

He did not answer. He could not. She ran up beside him, caught him in her strong young arms, tore open his shirt, listened to his heart, which she could barely hear because her own beat so loud and thumpingly. He was alive, but unconscious, breathing stertorously, slowly. His color was livid.

"I must get him up to the house," she cried aloud. "Oh, my goodness, how am I going to do it? I never can carry him that far."

She laid him down again, trying to straighten him, make him more at ease. She ran to the horses and tore the simple harness off them. She spoke to them as if they could understand, and perhaps they did, for they were docile and good.

"You got to help me," she told them. "You got to help me, for there's nobody else."

She led one of them over beside her father and somehow lifted his heavy, inert body so that it lay across the horse's broad back, while she supported his head and shoulders. Then she started the horse and guided it out to the lane. It was rough going, and Jonathan Claiborne shifted and slipped dangerously, but the horse was sensible and checked its step, and even stopped to let Annie get a better hold. Nevertheless, it was a terribly difficult thing to do, and took all her strength and endurance. At last she got him to the house, and first bringing out a blanket and a pillow to the back porch, she lifted him in her arms and by a supreme effort carried him up the three steps and laid him on these things beside her forgotten churn.

He was perfectly still, in this same heavy unconsciousness in which she had found him. She wiped his face with cold water, she held ammonia to his nostrils, she chafed his hands in frantic, hurried fear.

But he did not rouse.

At last she realized that she must have help. They had no telephone—that was an unthinkable expense to Jonathan Claiborne—but Unc' George Thomas had, and he would not hold any grudge for the dispute of yesterday. The horse that had helped her bring her father home was

(Continued on Page 88)

"When You're Done Bedding Down," Said Annie, "Come Along Up to Supper"

THE OUTCAST

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

On Their Feet Now, the Pair Held Out Their Hands in a Solemn Compact, Silent Under the Emotion of High Resolve

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

WHEN in the curse of humane events a boy's meal ticket moves he moves with it. To Hillburg, on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi, below St. Louis, came Elmer Holt. He carried some visible baggage on the journey, but the greatest burden was a mental problem which left him frowning through irregular periods of argument with his father concerning the relative advantages of taking up a wild, free rôle on some distant corner of life's stage or of going to school in search of a so-called education. The arguments were largely advanced by education's threatened victim. They were met by Elmer's father with a stubborn resistance, disappointing in a parent from whom might be expected an open mind instead of plain bull-headed perversity.

In vain Elmer called to his father's attention the success of numerous great characters who had not enjoyed the advantages of a high-school education. The end of the argument found Elmer in school. He was seventeen years old when he was sentenced to the Hillburg High School, and, little as he suspected it, his education was in spots still incomplete.

With the flexibility of youth, adaptable as a starfish to the contours and conditions of his new environment, Elmer reached his exploring tentacles toward two new groups of friends. The ready comradeship of the pool-room gang whose idle hours were spent in the tobacco-laden air of the establishment run by Fat Conlon claimed him for a while; and then, subjected to another attack of parental bull-headedness, Elmer permitted a better influence to have its day in court; after which, to his surprise, with young George Webster and some other substantial companions, the newcomer allied himself against the pool-room gang.

George Webster's father owned the single newspaper of the town, the Hillburg Bugle, and from Elmer's friendship with the newspaper owner's son he derived a healthy ambition, with extravagant visions, toward winning the worldly acclaim accorded to Shakspere and Byron and several other poets who enjoyed membership in the big league of literature.

Fired by dreams of spiritual splendor, Elmer lived in a new mood of philosophical tranquillity, fevered only by overindulgence of his hunger for letters, throughout a term of happiness which ran for twenty-seven days before he fell in love with a young heartbreaker operating under the name of Lucille Scott.

The girl was beautiful, and in his judgment of her charm Elmer had made no mistake. He confirmed his opinion of Lucille Scott's beauty in various devious ways, not trusting himself, and fearing that his judgment in such matters might be one with a general personal imperfection which he had but lately come to realize.

Love brought to Elmer an extra bath each week and choked his neck with high white collars. His prominent Adam's apple had been free before love came. Under the spell of love the searching eye of conscience detected his plug of chewing tobacco and after that this secret indulgence was no more.

Love lured him into the finer shades of grammar and fired him with new ambitions in the matter of education, for Lucille Scott, in spite of her beauty, was addicted to perfection in history and botany and other branches of learning which, until love claimed him, Elmer had considered mere trivial barnacles that restricted the voyager on the sea of life.

The victim, sorrowing at the fleeting quality of man's performance on this earthly stage, sought for some spectacular method whereby his cause might be advanced. The gold fields, with their fabulous overnight fortunes; explorations in the African jungles, with contingent newspaper notoriety; a passenger-train hold-up, with forgiveness and the subsequent public acclaim accorded to a lone hero, were each and severally discarded for reasons of obvious impracticability. He considered suicide and an eleventh-hour declaration of his love; but this in its success would bring an end to earthly conquest, and he was not quite ready to stake his present life on a bet to win love in a cottage in paradise.

Meshed in a yielding prison web of circumstance when the pressure of his emotion reached the bursting point, he selected George Webster as his safety valve, blowing off an indirect steam of sentiment which served to cloud the sharp outlines of love's problem with a fog of condensed conversation.

"Omar knew what he was talking about when he said to take the cash and let the credit go."

"He sure did. Look how the artists live in the Latin Quarter in Paris, France. They are happy all the time, and probably never get a square meal from one year's end to another."

"How old does a man have to be in Illinois before he can get married?" Elmer realized the irrelevance of his question. "I mean how old do these artists get married in Paris?" he amended.

"They never get married." George Webster knew his Paris

"Well, of course, that isn't moral."

"Who made the laws, God or man?"

"You're right. Of course, the laws are different in those foreign countries. Take Africa, for instance—probably there are no laws in the wilds of Africa about getting married."

"If we went into the wilds of Africa we would take our laws with us."

"Yes, that's the white man's burden. It makes me shudder to think, George, of two civilized people such as Americans being together alone without any more laws than savages. What would become of the family hearth?" He contemplated the sanctity of various institutions of civilization; and then—"Just like Omar said, we are nothing but snow on the desert's face and doomed to rot in the grave before happiness gets to a man."

George Webster frowned.

"It all awaits the inevitable hour—the path of glory leads but to the grave."

The two explorers contemplated the subject of graves, funerals, eternal life and the high mental-anguish cost of living. The long pause was broken by a heavy sigh coming from the depths of Elmer's being.

"The finest picture I ever saw was a skull with a motto under it, What's the Use? It made me shudder, George."

"That certainly is a wonderful theme. The skull represents the end of the human race and the motto represents everything that the human race has learned. That's a

solemn thing if nothing else, but it's too refined for the masses. For instance, if you put it on the wall down at Fat Conlon's pool room back of the stove the first thing somebody would do in that gang down there would be to put the word hell in the motto, or something. The average people are canaille."

George Webster pronounced it to rime with "mill." Elmer was a little doubtful as to the meaning of the word.

"I remember once I drew an allegorical cartoon of the Vampire and hung it in Fat Conlon's pool room," the pessimist continued. "It was a picture of a woman beckoning to a man, leading him over the hill to a cemetery, and somebody there wrote on it, 'Hurry up, supper is ready.' That's all the fine feelings the vulgar masses have."

"Probably not one of them know the grand passion, such as being hopelessly in love," Elmer returned. "Women drive a man crazy. For a long time now I have realized how wise the old monks were in going to monasteries where they could get away from woman's clutches."

"The whole country needs simplicity and culture."

The pair smoked in silence for a little while, and then Elmer was conscious of a new ambition which had suddenly formed in the nebulous vapors of his mind. He longed to devote his life to the finer things and to write poems and essays for the uplift of the human race. George Webster was engaged with a similar reverie.

"They all tell me that I have a genius for art," he announced. "Do you know what influence Nast had in ending the Civil War with his cartoons?"

Elmer grunted a neutral reply.

"A cartoon can sway a nation," George elaborated. "My father told me the last time we elected Congressman James Aurelius Whalen that my drawing of Justice with the sword raised and her eyes blinded swung a lot of votes with the farmers. The pen is mightier than the sword."

Elmer was converted to action.

"I am going right home now and prepare a den, George. I'm going to have a desk in it like in your studio, and carry all my books up out of the front room, and from now on every minute I have to spare is going to be devoted to poetry and literature and essays. To hell with women!"

George Webster took a long look into the future before he replied.

"Ten or twenty years from now, when we have reformed the canaille, we will still be poor," he predicted. "That will be time enough for us to choose some faithful mate In the meantime my life is consecrated to art."

The literary crusader devoted his next two evenings to the work of rigging up a literary den in the attic of his father's house. He constructed a desk from a packing box and made for himself a chair out of a smaller box. Above the desk he nailed two shelves on which he stacked a collection of books

The most important-looking volume in the collection was a table of seven-place logarithms. Against this sober volume was a leather-paneled atrocity equal in size, but shameless in its exhibition of gilt. The book was a combined Sunday supplement and encyclopedia. It was equipped with a presentation page and it had been brought home by Elmer's father as a peace offering following a Saturday evening, years past, which had been devoted to the attempted annihilation of the demon rum. A philosophical work, a volume on international law, a report of the Secretary of War dated in the early '80's, a veterinary treatise and Byron's poems ranged halfway along the lower shelf. The rest of the shelf was occupied by a collection of rocks, the skull of some long-jawed animal and the interior department of two or three alarm clocks.

This was the scene of the campaign whose results would lift the masses to a higher plane of better things – an appreciation of the good, the true, the beautiful.

The art equipment in George Webster's house was more elaborate. George Webster had given a good many of his idle hours to the pursuit of art and the walls of his room were covered with the results of his efforts. Some of the figures, except for strangely distorted hands and feet and faces, were passable to the critical eye of one who combined anatomical ignorance with his equipment for criticism.

In the editorial office of the Hillburg Bugle, on an evening later in the week, the artist was seated at his father's desk and Elmer was slouched in a chair near by The editor's son reached over the desk and picked up a sample copy of a small magazine bound in brown paper.

"This magazine is one of the greatest things I have ever seen. There is no telling what effect its influence will have on the masses."

George Webster handed the reform publication across the desk to Elmer. Elmer opened the thin periodical and liked it from the first platitude.

"'Be yourself and men will recognize you,'" he read. "That certainly is the truth," he decided; and then "Listen here, George. It says, 'If a man has faith in himself the world will believe in him'"

"I know," George Webster nodded with enthusiasm. "Everything the man says who wrote it is good. He says in there some place that time vindicates every honest act, no matter what the martyr's fate may be."

Elmer devoted the next fifteen minutes to an intensive study of the publication before him. In his quick inspection he culled the more spectacular phrases from its sloganized philosophy. He looked up.

"If everybody in the world could read this there would be a new nation within ten years. That's the best piece of general literature that I have ever seen. This is the last straw, George. This convinces me like nothing else that I have read that the higher life is the only life to lead. Love affairs with girls are nothing. This running around with the vulgar bunch at Fat Conlon's pool room is nothing. I'm through with this Lucille Scott, and as far as the Fat Conlon pool-room gang goes, I am never going to go near the place again. . . . With your art, George, and with my literature, why couldn't we get out a magazine like this for the good of the local masses?"

The two earnest workers looked at each other. George Webster could recognize a solemn moment when he saw one. Here was the birth of a great idea.

"With my powerful cartoons and your reform articles, there is no telling what effect we could have on the vulgar population."

"And every week and every month we could see the country improving!"

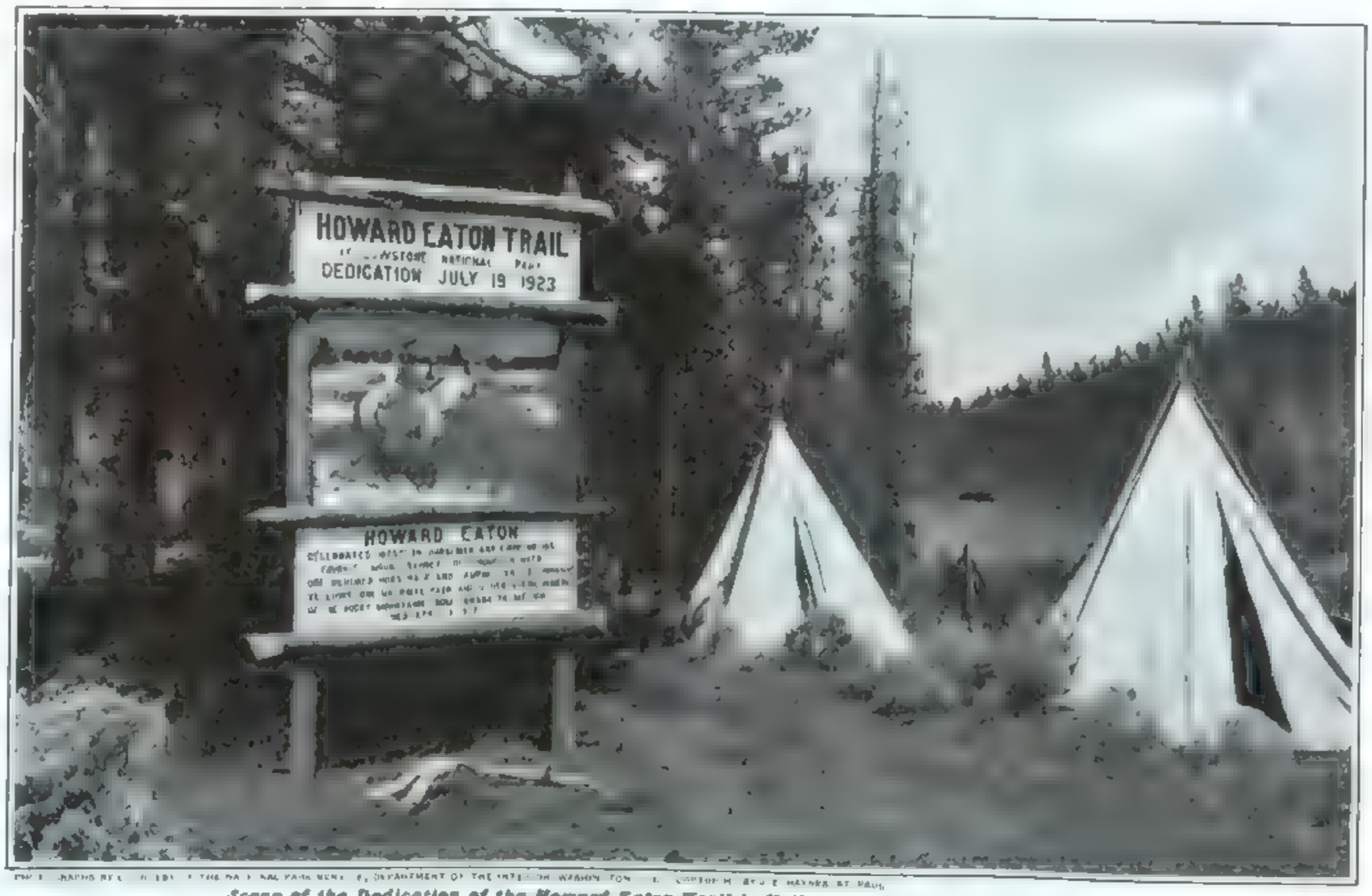
Further conversation at the moment would have interrupted the dreams of a limitless crusade. On their feet now, the pair held out their hands in a solemn compact, silent under the emotion of high resolve. When their handclasp had ended Elmer reached for a sheet of paper and dipped his impatient fountain pen into the editorial ink At the top of the sheet of paper he wrote, "Life and the Brave, by Elmer Holt." He looked up for a moment, then

(Continued on Page 134)

Coming Out of His Personal Fog, Elmer Realized That Four Bearers Were Carrying Him to the Drinking Fountain

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

By STRUTHERS BURT



Scene of the Dedication of the Howard Eaton Trail in Yellowstone National Park, July, 1923

THE dude business is about thirty years old, but it wasn't until fifteen years ago that it amounted to anything at all; and it wasn't until about five years ago that it really came into its own, or that you could write the words "dude," or "dude wrangler," or "dude business" without quotation marks. Pretty soon you will be able to write them as single words, in the same way cowpuncher or cattleman or sheepman is written, for the dude business—the tourist business in general—is becoming perhaps the most important business of all in the states in question.

In the beginning the dude wrangler was looked upon with suspicion; there was a tendency to laugh at his products—Easterners—and his motives were questioned. It didn't seem a real business to the cattleman or sheepman, or even that lowly creature, the dry farmer; and since it was part of the dude man's job to protect game and preserve beauty—in other words, to use foresight—he was regarded as a reactionary and an impediment to progress. Progress being written with a large P and the sole possession of that body of citizens who call themselves boosters. The dude wranglers were, as a matter of fact, the first men to realize clearly as a class the potential values of the Far West, partly from clear-sighted selfishness, partly because most of them are educated men—in the majority of cases Easterners to begin with.

The People Who Hate Him

I KNOW of no successful dude ranch on which there is not one Easterner at least who is a very important spoke in the wheel; for with all his virtues, the native son does not know what an Easterner or Middle Westerner wants, or why he wants it. The best type of dude wrangler is an educated Eastern man with a great deal of Western experience. And it is because of this, because most dude wranglers are men of this class, or rather because most dude ranches have a man of this class high up in their councils, that the dude wrangler has consistently stood for intelligent legislation and intelligent conservation.

The crooked water-power man and the crooked land-development man hate him; the poacher and the game hog hate him. He is largely responsible for the increasing interest in Far Western things and their survival. He says to the cowpuncher, not actually, but by his methods:

"Look here! You're still a cowpuncher; to all intents and purposes you lead exactly the same life that your father and grandfather led before you, and your son is going to lead after you. Their customs and their clothes were the results of long experience and much selection. These customs and clothes are practical and picturesque. Keep on following them and using them." And then he adds, with just a hint of the lowering of an eyelid necessary to a dude wrangler: "And they will make you money; people will come a long way to see them."

There you have it. The dude wrangler knows a dude ranch is not a cow ranch; he knows that when Eastern damsels put on overalls and wear egregious scarfs they don't look in the least like cowgirls; but he encourages them to do these things because it is good for their souls, and because it adds color to a business that is not imitative but just as autochthonous as the cattle business itself. In other words, if you wish to sum up the dude business in a sentence, it consists in giving people homemade bedsteads but forty-pound mattresses; consists of an appearance of wildness—and real wildness—coupled with actual comfort; of an opportunity to do dangerous things under—save in the case of people of experience—the most careful supervision. If for one moment the dude wrangler tried to give most of his dudes the actual life of a cattle ranch, or allowed them to participate in the actual hazards of a cowpuncher's daily routine, he would have a small-sized rebellion on his hands. It is something, except where a certain percentage of wiser and nobler dudes are concerned, like the old adage about marriage—"Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough and don't tell 'em anything." The "rough," of course, being qualified; each dude being a problem in himself or herself. Some respond gallantly to roughness, others to gentleness. They are on the whole like horses, only more imaginative.

At all events, the cattleman and the sheepman and the dry farmer were wrong when they thought the dude business wasn't a real business. They know better now. And it happens to be about as real a business as can be. For downright hard work and excitement and action, a dude ranch has any other kind of ranch throttled and gasping.

After all, there is nothing more delightful than when business and beauty can be combined; although, if you look into it carefully enough, this is usually the case in any business that has a basis of permanency. No really legitimate business has ever been able in the long run to afford ugliness in manners or acts or intentions. The penny-wise man is on the side of ugliness; the pound-wise man is on the side of beauty. Fortunately the pound-wise man, despite the fact that he is always in the minority, exercises an individual power out of proportion to his numbers. And the dude man and those who agree with him are, I believe, beginning at last to win their fight.

Our One National Costume

THE real lover of the Far West knows that it is a country by itself; that it is quite impossible, and always will be, for the high mountain sections of the Rockies, save in a few favored localities, to compete on equal terms with the East or Middle West or Pacific Coast along the lines these latter sections do best; but on the other hand, he knows the high mountain regions have inapproachable distinctions of their own, distinctions it will do well for the rest of the country to help to preserve, and distinctions that will prove eventually gold mines to the states possessing them. It isn't even silly, as I have hinted, to consider the cowboy regalia as one of these distinctions and business assets. It is the one national costume we have, and a most beautiful and marvelous one at that, Spanish in derivation, American in adaptation—big spurs, high-heeled boots covered with fancy stitching, chaps of leather or wool, flannel shirt, neck handkerchief and sombrero.

There is no doubt that the dude wrangler has grown in power. It is not impossible that some day there will be in Congress a dude wranglers' bloc—God save the mark!—although it will probably be there under another name. Already the dude wrangler is organizing locally so that his just desires and complaints may be heard. By mere force of circumstances his numbers are increasing yearly.

A Party of Boys on a Yellowstone Trail

The vast majority of the Rocky Mountain ranches today, no matter what their fundamental business may be—cattle, horses, sheep—take a dude or two during the summer, or at the least guide a hunting party in the autumn; and from being a somewhat despised creature, the dude wrangler has become one of the most influential, and certainly one of the most solvent, of Far Western citizens. His predictions have been fulfilled; beauty has been proved to be a business asset; game need never disappear; neither need an intelligently controlled and restricted wilderness; and tourists have been shown to be the biggest future the high sections of the Rocky Mountain states have; and fate, playing its curious hand, has helped the dude wrangler.

The Yellowstone Park, Where Game Abounds

The Open Hillsides are the Range of the Elk Herds

The proud barons of the war and the year after, the cattleman and sheepman, have become very humble persons, indeed, heavily in debt, impossibly mortgaged, many of them on the point of bankruptcy. The dude man meanwhile has gone serenely on his way; making no great fortune, to be sure, but keeping his affairs well in hand and with the prospect of a growing future.

Kind But Patronizing

THERE is a good friend of mine who until recently was a governor—a romantic and typical-looking governor, six feet tall, and slim, with perfectly fitting riding clothes and a sombrero. He was just what a Far Western governor should be—the son of a cattle baron, brought up half a cowpuncher and half the product of an Eastern preparatory school and university. I hope some day he will be governor again. But when he first came to my ranch he was patronizing and kindly, forgiving me for being a dude rancher because of his personal friendship for me; he spoke of "ranches" and "rawn-ches." Toward the end of his term, after he had come to know my outfit better, and the score or more of big and powerful similar outfits scattered over his huge state, he wasn't a bit patronizing. There are a great many other people like the governor.

So far I have taken it for granted that everyone knows just what a dude ranch is. Fifteen years ago I wouldn't have taken this for granted, for those were the days when young women asked, with a complete lack of interest in their usually eager eyes, if Wyoming wasn't somewhere up near the Canadian border. Well, it is; but there's a large state—Montana—in between. Since then, however, the cowpuncher has become an international figure, and among the wealthier classes there are more people who have seen the West than those who haven't. The Rocky Mountains are overlaid with the echoes of the blithe accents of strangely dressed Eastern youth, and there is hardly a cow pony except the bad ones—who has not at one time or another felt the appalling burden of the older generation. Yet there may be some people who still do not know what a dude ranch is, and so I suppose that here and now I should describe one. A dude ranch is not a summer hotel, nor is it a summer boarding house, much as it may seem like one or the other to the ignorant. Physically, it is an ordinary ranch amplified; in some sections of the country, the buildings made out of logs; in others, out of adobe, or frame, or even brick

The Modern Dude Ranch

THERE is usually a large central ranch house containing sitting rooms, a dining room, kitchens, storehouses, and so on; and, scattered about the grounds, smaller cabins or houses, holding from one to four people, used as sleeping quarters. There is also invariably a great variety of other buildings ice houses, saddle sheds, blacksmith shops, camp storehouses, frequently a store and post office, and almost always an extra-large cabin that can be used for dancing. As a rule, unless the ranch is an old ranch turned into a dude ranch, the dude wrangler has picked his location for its beauty; and if he is a wise dude wrangler he has so disposed his buildings through the trees that there is no effect of crowding or size. You must

Continued on Page 78

A Saddle-Horse Party. The Gallatin Mountains are in the Background. In the Oval—A Yellowstone Guide

MANHANDLED

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

V

IT'S sure sourin' my disposition," proclaimed Pinkie Doran a few mornings later, "tryin' to be a perfec' lady to these lonjery hounds. It's more like presidin' over a cat fight than a big-store counter. Yes, maddum, the goods is color fast. No wonder you kicked to Mista Moysey about bein' kept down here below the water line. But don't fall for that line o' his about likin' you so much he's goin' to keep you in his own little nest. He's sore because you went over his head and made that holler to old man Haydon. It ain't done, dearie. And I miss my guess if it don't anchor you in this subway of ours until the spring flowers is bloomin' again. No, maddum, nothin' on approval and no exchanges. We may be cellar rats but we've sure gotta live. I may lose tone when I park my lid in the locker every mornin', but I can still step out at night. And say, birdie, how about comin' over to the Hokey-Pokey dance at Durkin's Hall tonight? There'll be a bunch o' the upstairs boys and some mean jazz breakin' loose."

Hazel's eyes were thoughtful as she refolded a much-handled charmeuse petticoat. The paths of her aspiration did not lead toward Durkin's Hall and a crowd of rowdy store clerks. She remembered that Gibbie Thornhill, the day before, had sent her a ridiculously large box of American Beauties and that the next day she was to dine with Carl Garretson. It seemed to count more, in some way, to go into places where the plush ropes were solemnly put down and your friend could call the head waiter by his first name.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I've got to stay in and do some sewing tonight."

Pinkie nodded her approval.

"You're right, kid. A girl's gotta queen up, no matter what it costs. And it's some battle for an eighteen-a-weeker to rattle in like a three-year-old tin lizzie in a coat o' pipe enamel!"

If there was a barb in Pinkie's proclamation Hazel could not afford to resent it. For she was staying at home that night to transform the chinchilla of her old Marysville muff into dress edgings. And Donn had promised to bring over a razor blade and help her cut the best of the fur into strips.

But Donn, when he brought over his blade that evening, was not so companionable as Hazel had hoped to find him. He sat with his morose and clouded eyes fixed on her face as she deftly plied her needle back and forth.

"You seem quiet, Donn," she said as she looked up from her work.

"I guess I'm not the one who's changed," was his slightly delayed retort.

"Then you think I am?" she asked as she shook out her stock-model velvet frock and inspected the enriching chinchilla about its hem.

"You used to be interested in something besides clothes," he accused, his hostile eye on the divorcing black velvet she held up between them.

"But clothes seem to mean so much, in our world," she reminded him.

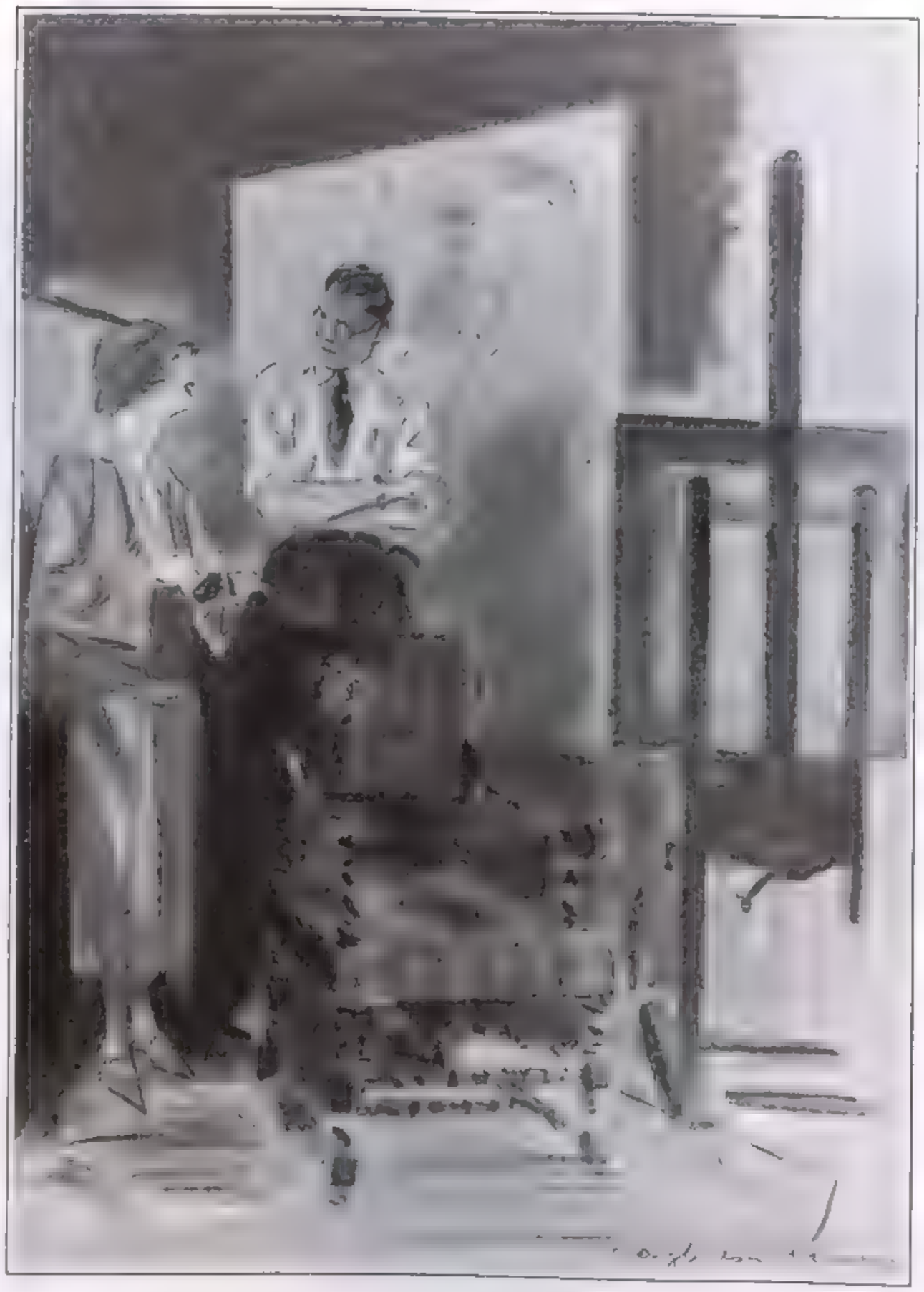
"Especially when you're out with the high rollers," he amended.

"Do you mean that as an attack on my friends?" she asked. "On the friends who may sometime help you as well as me?"

"I don't want their help," flung back the other. "What I'd attack is their character. And some day you'll wake up and find you can't play with pitch without getting your fingers blackened."

Her effort to remain patient was obvious.

"But I'm not playing with pitch, as you put it," she quietly contended. "All I'm trying to do is to get something out of life, to get east of Eighth Avenue and out of a store basement."



"Would You Marry Me?" She Asked, Compelling Her Gaze to Meet His

"You're trying to get too much out of life," was his resentful retort. "This town's gone to your head and you're hitching on to anything that will bring you a bigger dose of it."

"Then what do you want me to do?" she asked with a dangerous coolness.

"I want to see you get down to earth again," he said with a heat that did not appear reasonable.

"Well, unkindness will never bring me there," she reminded him, studying his face with her narrowed eyes.

Yet she thought about what he had said to her much more than she would have been willing to admit. She thought about it as she sat across the table from Carl Garretson at Leon's the next night and watched the listless-eyed novelist complain to the summoned chef that there was no Chablis in the *bouillabaisse* and that the bread ought to be *pain riche* in flutes. She even asked Garretson, after he wearily explained that he had finished up a novel that morning, if the modern girl couldn't meet men on their own ground and make it a give-and-take friendship without the old-fashioned complicating results.

"Why worry, Little Peterkin?" parried the sad-eyed Laodicean across the table from her. "Don't smash your goods to kill a rat."

"I don't quite understand that," objected Hazel.

"Life is short, so why shadow it? We men, Apple Blossom, only give good advice when we're too old to set a bad example. And my idea of heaven would be kissing you to the sound of trumpets."

"That doesn't answer my question," persisted the thoughtful-eyed girl, wondering why these older men merely nibbled at love about the same as girls nibbled at chocolates.

"It's a sign of mediocrity, my dear, to nurse settled opinions on unsettled subjects," was Garretson's apathetic complaint. "And since our elixir of life so often turns out to be embalming fluid, let's see if these Hawaiian croquettes have fresh cocoanut in them."

"You may be a man of thought," asserted Hazel, "but most of it seems to go below your belt line."

Her companion laughed quite without enmity.

"Yet I've noticed that flappers with dreamy eyes don't necessarily have dreamy minds," he said as she declined his proffered cigarettes.

"You don't think I'm hard?" she objected.

"No, not hard," he retorted, "but unawakened. The forest is too thick yet for you to see the trees. But you're on your way through. And sellers in a brisk market don't stop to wash mud from their turnips."

"That may be clever," protested the other, "but it doesn't mean much to me."

"It will, later on," asserted the listless-eyed philosophizer, who still refused to take her seriously.

And she retaliated with a touch of the same flippant aloofness when he held her hand going home in the taxi.

But a new seriousness crept into her moments of thought. She even surprised Gibbie Thornhill, a few days later, by declining to dine with him alone. She would make the promised trip out to Westbury, she explained, but she would go only on condition that he took a third person along.

When that essential third person took the form of a tired-looking music critic named Gilliard, who smoked incensive Turkish cigarettes and exhaled an odor of gin, she felt that Thornhill had met her terms in a somewhat qualified manner. But she enjoyed the ride out into the country and she enjoyed the color and movement of the unexpectedly pretentious inn, where she found a table reserved for them. She declined to participate in the synthetized cocktails which Gilliard poured from a voluminous silver pocket flask, and danced with him once and once only, when he held her unnecessarily close to his attenuated body and breathed alcoholic endearments into her ear.

She was relieved, in fact, when he withdrew from the scene. She found something reassuring in Gibbie Thornhill's thoughtful sobriety, in the ease and discretion with which he danced, in the courtly if slightly mocking respect with which he treated her. He was equally quiet and self-absorbed when he suggested, after she had complained that the music was beginning to make her head ache, that they run on to Spring Harbor for supper.

He did not argue with her when she objected that it was too late for that, but climbed into the seat beside her and tucked her up in a motor rug. A vague sense of escape took possession of her as they sped cityward through the starlit night, threading their way through light-spangled towns and stretches of open country given over to dewy shadows and silences. It was not until he stopped in a tree-hung side road and turned off both his engine and his lights that she realized the flimsy foundation on which her feeling of security had rested.

"Can't you be kind to me, dearest?" he said with a deeper note of feeling in his voice.

"I don't quite understand what I'm to be kind about," she retorted in a singularly quiet voice.

"You know it's you I want," he protested, with his arm tightening about her.

"But what are you offering me?" she demanded, with the point of her elbow, like a spearhead, holding him off.

"Everything," he cried, "everything to make life happier and lovelier for you. You're not made for sordid things, and I want to protect you from them."

"Does that mean you're asking to marry me?"

"I'm not free to do that," he said after a moment of silence.

"Then when you speak of protecting me you really mean keeping me?" she rather wearily inquired. "It must be that, remembering you're already a married man."

"But I want you more than anything else in this world," he persisted, his arms still clasped about her. The barricading elbow, however, still stood between them.

"What would you do with me?" she asked in a flatted voice that took the final tension out of his arms.

"I'd see that you had everything a woman could want."

She shook her head from side to side. "But the one thing a woman wants wouldn't be there."

"I could be very good to you," he said with unlooked-for humility.

"But your being good to me, as you express it, implies an ugly situation. And I hate ugliness." She writhed away from him and sat stiff in the leather-padded seat. "Let's be going."

"I don't intend to give you up," he said with a quiet moroseness as they swung back into the main-traveled road.

And she wondered why she had not the heart to be angrier with him.

"I don't want you to," she said as they headed homeward. "I'd like to feel that we could be friends, that we could ride this way together under the stars without being afraid of each other."

"Men aren't made that way," he gloomily proclaimed. "And when I see that rosebud pout of your lips I want to kiss them."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because they're so provocative."

"But there can't be much kick in it if they don't kiss back," she protested, unwilling to see him recede too hopelessly into the background.

"I intend to make them, before I get through with you," was his genially ominous threat.

Hazel wondered when Donn met her outside Haydon's the following evening why she got so little kick out of the thought of a chop-suey dinner with the quiet-mannered man from her home town. She wondered, too, why Donn's scrutinizing eyes should rest on her face from time to time and why they should each grow more self-contained as their evening progressed. She refused to acknowledge that Donn was taking on the aspects of the second-class; it was merely that the plane of life along which he was traveling seemed second-class. It depressed her, however, to detect that increasing sense of remoteness in his glance. She made an effort to combat some undefined feeling of estrangement as he walked home with her, by being studiously kind.

"I believe it's you who are changing, Donn," she said with an accusatory wistfulness as she linked her arm through his.

"Certain things make me change," was his none too happy reply.

"You don't like me any more," she proclaimed, stopping short in the empty side street.

"I almost wish I didn't!" And she looked up sharply at the bitterness in that cry.

"But you do like me?" she demanded with a lump in her throat. And he sorrowfully acknowledged that he did.

"Then kiss me, quick, before somebody comes," she said with an odd mixture of imperiousness and humility.

Yet when he stooped down to her it was her clasp that was the more ardent of the two, and her lips that clung the more hungrily to his.

She thought of Donn a great deal during the days that followed, vaguely depressed by a sense of deprivation which she found it painful to review. She was equally depressed by an encounter with Mrs. Binner, her landlady, who both pointedly reminded her that she was two weeks behind in her room rent and intimated that a girl who could ride around in ten-thousand-dollar cars ought to be able to meet such trivial obligations as they arose. Yet after meeting this obligation, through a small loan from Pinkie Doran, she became light-hearted and hopeful again in the excitement of beginning her art work in Gulick's studio.

Gulick, it is true, was more preoccupied and impersonal than she had expected. He was woundingly candid, too, in his criticisms of her water-color work, and betrayed scant concern in her weariness as she approached the completion of her third dozen of gayly ornamented place cards. Her spirits rose again, however, when he was able to pass over a check for her product, with the report that her work had been quite satisfactory.

Yet when she asked him, in the exaltation born of this first triumph, if her assurance of an income from her brush might not release her from her daily toil in the Haydon basement, he advised her, oddly enough, not to give up her position in the store.

"Why shouldn't I," she demanded, "when it seems so dull?"

"It's the sort of dullness that'll do you good," he retorted, "that'll keep you down to earth until you take root here."

"But I don't want to be dull," she contended, with the muffled roar of the city in her ears.

"That, my dear, is your danger. You want life to be eternally bright and glittering, like a birthday cake. And too much birthday cake isn't good for you when you're young."

But Hazel, reminiscent as that advice sounded, did not agree with him. It was her craving for the bright and glittering, she felt, which a few days later prompted her to accept Carl Garretson's repeated invitation to dine with him. This time they went to the Plaza, after which they swung down to the Folhes, and later found a quiet place for supper.

Garretson, despite his habitual complaint and appearance of weariness, talked vigorously and incessantly. He talked about trained fleas and squash courts and proofreading and the revolt of woman. Then with amazing frankness he talked about free love. When he found this left his companion cold he side-stepped into an equally frank dissection of her character. He explained how she was part of the great life flow without knowing it, that she had never yet found herself. He protested, on the other hand, that she would never throw her cap over the windmills until she was sure where it was going to land, and in the next breath cursorily announced that he had a bungalow in Hawaii and that he should like to take her there. He urbanely compromised on a trip to Bermuda when he found her laughing outright at his wearied ardencies, and finally agreed to take her home in a taxicab on condition that he could hold her hand.

When he tried to kiss her, as she felt he would, he accepted her rebuff with a tired sort of good nature and went away whistling an air from Traviata, stopping to call blithely back that she'd missed some magnificent sunsets on Waikiki.

She would never be afraid of the philosophizing Garretson, she knew, as she would be of the others. That thought-wearied sitter on the sidelines of life did not carry about with him the primitive capacity for violence which lay dormant, for example, in Gibbie Thornhill. When the latter sent her a bar pin studded with diamonds she thoughtfully inspected it and unregretfully returned it. When the former sent her a box of French chocolates, with a typed rondeau tucked under its cover, she promptly ate the candy and mislaid the poem.

The thought of this difference even lent a zest of peril to her next encounter with Thornhill when he invaded the studio where Bob Gulick so consistently ignored her as she worked. Waiting until she was tired of tinting pirouetting Columbines and marshaling amorous Brownies under moonlit toadstools, Thornhill airily announced that he was about to abduct her for a well-deserved supper at the Ritz.

She went with him, after a show of hesitation, not unconscious of Gulick's silent stare of disapproval. She went, indeed, feeling that she was chastening that colder-blooded artist for his austerity, determined to show him that if he was not actively interested in her there were others who might be. And her evening seemed complete when she unexpectedly met Luther Swett in the hotel foyer and found him shaking hands with her in his habitual urbane and avuncular manner and announcing that he wanted her for a small but select party out at Sheepshead Bay.

That encounter did not altogether please Thornhill, whose eyes were slightly bloodshot, though a smile of enlightenment flitted across his lean brown face as he looked after the older man. It was not long, however, before he proclaimed the party rather dull and moved restlessly on to a roof garden, where they could dance to a jazz orchestra and drink Clover Club cocktails out of Coalport china coffee cups. He remained both subdued and decorous, notwithstanding the smoldering light in his eyes, until he drew up in front of Hazel's side-street home.

Then he suddenly turned in the car seat and clutched her with a savagery which was both repugnant and disturbing to her. She tried to free herself from his arms, but he was too strong for her.

"Please," she panted, struggling to twist her face away from his lips. He kissed her, in spite of her efforts.

(Continued on Page 54)

"The Best We Can Do is to Remember Elisa and Keep Out on the Ice a Few Jumps Ahead of the Bloodhounds"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 29, 1924

American Laws for America

WE HAVE been hearing a good deal lately about what Japan wants, what Italy wants, what Rumania wants, and what various other European nations want Congress to do about immigration. Aliens in America have also expressed their opinions on the same subject with the greatest freedom.

An example of the sort of thing that we refer to is this excerpt from a letter written by the chargé d'affaires of Rumania in Washington to Secretary Hughes:

"THE RUMANIAN LEGATION,
"1607 Twenty-third Street, Washington, D. C.

"The Rumanian Government feels compelled to draw the attention of the Secretary of State to the painful impression and the disappointment which would be caused in Rumania should the bill [the Johnson Bill] above referred to become law in its present form, the more so as the United States of America have always expressed their determined opposition and aversion to discriminatory policies.

"Further, it should be considered that the adoption of the census of 1890 [as the basis of the immigration quota] would not only deeply wound the pride of the Rumanian people but also strongly affect their material interests, *inasmuch as Rumanian immigrants by their savings increase the amount of stable currencies available for commercial and financial purposes in Rumania* [italics ours]. This, in turn, would not fail to have a detrimental effect on the chances of Rumania to speedily attain its goal—economic recuperation—an aim which cannot be indifferent to any government interested in assisting the world to recover from the consequences of the World War."

Rumania has not been alone in remonstrating against the provisions of the Johnson Bill. We have been hearing so much along this same line from powers whose nationals have found America a happy hunting ground that a protest, reprinted here in part, has been sent to Congress by the American Legion and other organizations in California:

"The provision [in the Johnson bill] is in strict accord with the Federal law forbidding naturalization of certain aliens, passed in 1790, which law has not since been changed in this particular, nor was complaint in regard to this law or its effect on the Japanese people ever made by Japan at any time until within the past few decades, since she started her policy of colonization in the United States. The provision is certainly a fundamental step in the restriction of unassimilable immigration now demanded by the Nation. It has received unanimous indorsement in national conventions of the American Legion, the American Federation of Labor and the Grange.

"Minister Matsui's appeal, while couched in courteous language, is an extraordinary attempt on the part of a foreign nation to influence the electorate of this country against legislation on a purely domestic question—immigration—because such legislation does not accord with the interests or desires of that nation and her nationals.

"This appeal was preceded by an unsuccessful attempt to force the House Immigration Committee at Washington to eliminate the provision in question from the immigration bill. According to widely published press reports, the attempt was made at the instance of our Department of State because of strong protests from Japan, and at the instance of our Department of Commerce because of complaint from certain American commercial interests which were threatened by Japan with cancellation of rehabilitation contracts aggregating $200,000,000 if this provision were enacted into law.

"We protest against such interference by Japan—and against such interference by any other nation—should any other nation, encouraged by Japan, be so presumptuous. Immigration is a purely domestic problem, which it is the privilege and duty of a government to determine, uninfluenced by urge or protest from other nations. The solution reached should be determined solely by the effect it may have upon American citizenship, regardless of effect upon other nations or other peoples, and uninfluenced by considerations of trade or threat of war. Such a question cannot safely be left to the determination of those who would barter the vital principle involved for a few million dollars in trade.

"Under the present arrangement and regardless of this country's views or desires, any Japanese who comes to our shores bearing Japan's passport—provided he be not afflicted with contagious disease—must be accepted as immigrant or permanent resident. No other nation permits immigration under such conditions. We should regulate our immigration—as do all other nations—in accordance with our own interests, by our own laws, enforced through our own departments by our own officials.

"Since Japan insists that this country should not enact legislation which will bar her nationals, even indirectly, as immigrants, it is proper to point out that Japan excludes as immigrants to her country the Chinese and Koreans—thereby discriminating against her own color. Her claim—doubtless true—is that such policy is demanded by the interests of the Japanese people."

With every wish not to wound the sensibilities of these proud nations, whose nationals come to America to recuperate both the fortunes of their mother country and their own, we believe that our immigration laws should be written in America by Americans and for Americans.

One of these remonstrants against the Johnson Bill—say, Rumania or Japan or Italy—that welcomes or tolerates American tourists so long as they come with money in their purses would take a very different tone toward hordes of penniless American immigrants. And if these Americans crowded into cities like Tokio and Rome, living in congested American quarters and including in these slum communities a goodly number of New York gunmen; carefully preserving their American customs and culture; printing and reading their own yellow journals; producing American Follies and Scandals in their own American theaters; celebrating the Fourth of July with cannon crackers in the shadow of the Coloseum; carrying the Stars and Stripes in cowboy processions along the Corso; singing The Star Spangled Banner in season and out; competing with and lowering the Italian standard of living; taking over the Italian *antichita* and macaroni industries; crowding the Japs out of the rice and fish business; violating the anti-prohibition laws and bootlegging bottled waters to the populace; and finally sending back to America bales of lire and yen—there would be a loud lament along the Ægean and various other seas that would raise Byron from the dead. There is not a nation in Europe, not to mention Japan, that would stand for thirty minutes the immigration stuff that America has taken lying down for thirty years.

If the Johnson Bill is discriminatory, so much the better. If there is one thing that we need more than another it is a little discrimination in our immigration policy. Today we are the only nation in the world that does not discriminate—that does not place the good of its own country and of its own nationals above that of any other

Foreign nations that want unrestricted immigration have had a good deal of help from three classes of Americans inside the citadel—those sentimentalists who would give away not only their own birthright but that of everyone else; those hard-boiled and hoggish manufacturers who in reaching out for cheap labor and quick dollars are steadily forwarding the cause of confiscation and Bolshevism; and finally those hyphenates who ran away from Europe to enjoy the opportunities they are trying to destroy and to escape the conditions that they will surely reproduce in America if they have their shortsighted way.

With all these foreign nations telling America how proud and sensitive they are, it would seem that the time had come for Americans to assert a little pride in their own country. That time will soon be gone if we let the hyphenate vote and alien interests influence our immigration policy. We do not know what basis of fact there is for the report that certain commercial interests have been threatened with the cancellation of contracts; but should America yield to any threat from any source to cancel contracts if she formulates such legislation as she believes is for the best interests of her people, she will have sunk to the level of a streetwalker among the nations.

One may readily concede that the nationals of another country are as good in some respects, even better in others, than Americans. Their civilization may be as advanced as ours, their culture finer. But those are not matters of the first concern to us when we are considering the future of America. We must ask ourselves to what extent we want immigration and then what races will most readily be assimilated and most surely perpetuate our ideals and institutions. No matter how admirable the nationals of other countries may be in their own environment, no matter how superior even in some respects, unless they want to become Americans, and are fitted racially to become Americans, they are not for us.

Much Ado About McAdoo

MR. McADOO is now a private citizen, and he will, granting a continuance of his customary good health, continue to adorn other than official circles for many years to come. This seems certain, in spite of the fact that his passport to consideration at the New York convention was visaed by his admirers assembled in solemn session.

It may be hard on Mr. McAdoo, it may be unjust to Mr. McAdoo, but the rank and file—and they are the boys who pick Presidents when it comes to the final picking—have apparently decided that Mr. McAdoo shall be permitted to continue in the peaceful and profitable practice of the law. No one has questioned Mr. McAdoo's right to accept a retainer from Mr. Doheny, no one has questioned his statement that he had no connection with the oil leases; but after all the tangibles have been checked up, there are certain intangibles that the country instinctively looks for in its Presidents.

If Mr. Davis is not considered eligible for the Democratic nomination by many politicians—and neither his great ability nor his reputation is questioned—because he has been retained by Morgan, it is hard to see how McAdoo can qualify with a Doheny retainer, even though he has relinquished it since the Teapot Dome-Elk Hills affair became public property. One is quite at a loss to understand in what respect Doheny money sanctifies a candidate and Morgan money damns one.

There is really no reason for all this discussion about Mr. McAdoo's chances. There is small disposition, except on the part of some politicians, to urge him to come forth from his retirement. One may accept his explanations at par, and still feel that he is a presidential impossibility.

The Crux of the Wheat Problem

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

TO PAINT the picture of the wheat situation effectively one must use broad strokes. The average yield of wheat an acre in the United States is too low. The average quality of the wheat is mediocre; we have too many varieties, plant too much inferior seed, harvest too many nondescript grades, market too much dockage; our mills are compelled to pay premiums for wheat that measures up to their requirements. The costs of operation an acre are too high, including all the elements of cultivation and overhead. Our agricultural authorities have been hammering on these points for years. These conditions make the growing of the wheat crop relatively ill remunerative, no matter what the relation of wheat price to the general price level. But this all being true, for the present and the immediate future the crux of the wheat problem lies in the export situation.

For three years the wheat grower has been speculating on hypothetical contingencies. It is time to return to the inductive method. The usual, not unusual expectations, must be anticipated. Considering the situation from the standpoint of the wheat grower, motivated by the natural desire to make money out of his operations, what is the prospect in the export wheat market now and in the immediate future? There seems to be general agreement on certain points. Let these be first stated.

1. So long as the United States remains an active exporter of Federal-grade wheat, the domestic price of wheat is related to the world price, and the entire crop is sold on the basis of the world price. The effective demands of importing countries and the merchandisable surpluses of exporting countries are equated, and the so-called Liverpool price is the common point of equation. The domestic prices of wheats in the principal importing and exporting countries are related to the world price. The relationship between price in the United States and in Liverpool applies to Federal grades on the contract markets. This relationship must not be taken too literally, and it is usually more definite on the contract market than on the cash market. The spread between wheat prices in exporting countries and the world price fluctuates from time to time. Wheats of particular qualities, not expressed in Federal grades, may command premiums. The Liverpool price of a certain wheat may correspond to the sum of the price in the primary market plus the carrying charges to Liverpool, but it may show a margin above it or below it, and this to a surprising extent. When the wheat price in Liverpool is rising or falling, the prices in the different exporting or importing countries may precede or lag behind. The representative wheats of different countries may display rather widely shifting prices with respect to one another. Future contract prices, prices on sales of cargoes on orders, spot prices and consignment quotations may fluctuate in a seemingly bewildering manner. But with full qualifications applied, broadly stated, the prices of wheats in exporting and importing countries are related to one another.

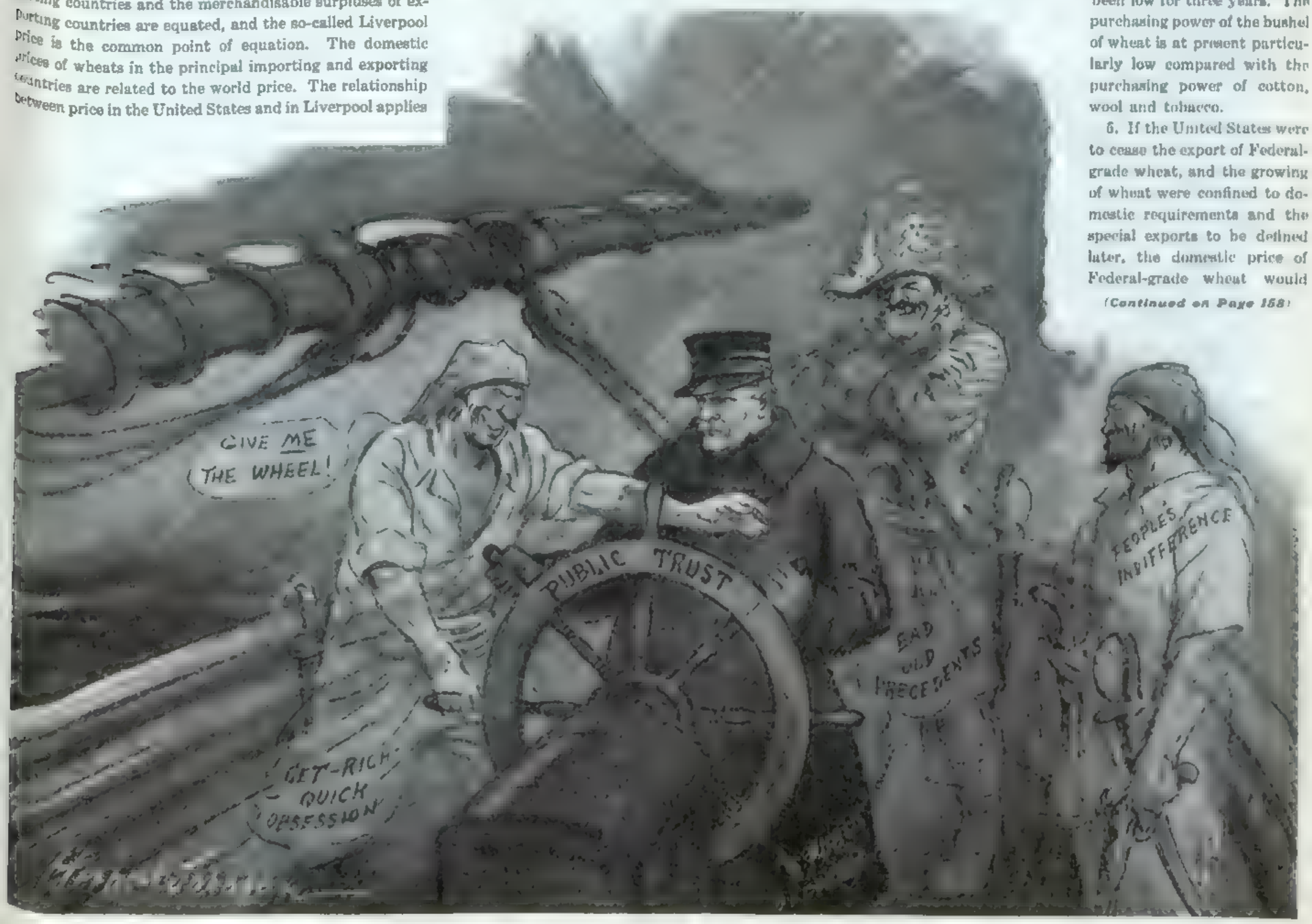
2. Wheat growing in the United States, considered as an export business, operates under demonstrable disadvantages, compared with Argentina, Australia, Canada, India and Russia. The facts, and the reasons for the advantages possessed by the export wheat growers of the competing surplus-producing countries, should be made clear to every American wheat grower.

3. At the present world price, wheat growing in the United States, as a unit, yields no remuneration. This is demonstrated by comparison of costs of production including labor—with farm prices. Once in hand, the relative buying power of the wheat dollar is low. This is demonstrated in index numbers by comparison of the price of wheat with the level of prices of other agricultural commodities. In a few sections of the United States, dollar wheat is profitable in good years. It is particularly the low yield an acre that makes dollar wheat unremunerative. Applied to the crop, it is clear that the present weighted price of wheat is unremunerative, contrasted with most other agricultural products, and this to a serious extent. According to the data of the United States Department of Agriculture, the average farm price of wheat for the crop of 1922 and 1923 has been twelve to fifteen cents a bushel below cost of production. For many farmers in the hard-wheat belts, especially in the Dakotas, the loss is more heavy. Interpreted according to current methods of farm accounting, this means that the wheat grower has not been paid for his labor.

4. When the farm price of wheat is contrasted with the farm prices of implements or other producers' goods used by the wheat grower in raising wheat, or with the prices of the common consumers' goods that belong to the accepted standard of living in this country, a heavy disparity is observed. The purchasing power of the bushel of wheat in terms of the producers' goods required to raise wheat, or of the consumers' goods used in the farmer's family, has been low for three years. The purchasing power of the bushel of wheat is at present particularly low compared with the purchasing power of cotton, wool and tobacco.

5. If the United States were to cease the export of Federal-grade wheat, and the growing of wheat were confined to domestic requirements and the special exports to be defined later, the domestic price of Federal-grade wheat would

(Continued on Page 158)



THE HAUNTED SHIP OF STATE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

In Spryngtyme

(A Chaucerian Idyl)

WHEN peevisch Aprill, with hys vernal fludde,
The slussche of March hath beaten into mudde,
And bathud every streete in hejous goo,
Of which vyle dampe engendered is the flu;
When mayds bedecke them with freisch scenerie,
And nakid trees do on ther greenerie,
And skyttische felawes seeken bokes and crams,
Aferd to flunken in ther spryng exams;
When wyves clene brisklie, and the yonger sone
On peechie chekes doth leite hys fancie ronne,
And wantoun felynes maken feendisch waile,
That fighten al the night with tooth and nayle;
When cooks ben wyse to shadde and sparrergrasse,
Then longen folk to put in gardeyn sasse.
Eche olde commutere ben that waye bifore,
But falleth for hys complexe ever-more;
And whan he rideth on hys homeward trane,
He gloteth on a gaudie booke ful faine,
His blisful eye inspirud as he redes
Of marvayls in hys cattalogge of seedes;
Of Brussel sprowte, of spinache and of beete,
Of earlie radische, and eek scullion sweete.
With spayd and hoe, the symple, worthi manne,
He howketh uppe the erthe ful meny a spanne,
And tho it maketh hym to grone and puffe,
Yit every evening will he doe hys stuffe.
Pore fysseche, his tendre hopes ben all in saine,
For never yit no profyt may he gaine;
Cold raynes wil rotte hys limas and hys spuddes,
And half hys costlie seedes wil turn owte duddes;
Then drought and evill buggs make hym to swore,
And nabor chiknes flocke to feaste them thare,
And every dogge that hath a bone ben fedde
Doth haste to parke itte inne hys lettuce bedde!
Friend wyf but addeth to hys payn and wo;
Sche wiselie crackes, "Go to, I tolde yow so!"
His bak ben badlie bent, hys knees ben sprung;
Se what it is, a symne that getteth stung!
And thereto ben thys proverbe wel i-tolde,
Ther ben no foole like hym that waxeth olde.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

"So This is the Poetry of Motion." "Sure. Free Verse"

Malindy-isms

MISS ANNIE LEE, how come all this here carryin'-on in Phila-me-delphia? What's de real which and de how o' de ruckus?

Law, chile, don't look so scandalized. It wuz jest thisaway that I heerd on it. I done come up to tote de washin' home, and I wuz a-settin' on de back poach steps a-waitin' fur Addie to quit scourin' de kitchen flo' and come down to Tin Cup wid me. Wellum, Mr. Tom, he wuz out there in de gyardin, a-whittlin' on them fruit trees o' hisn, and I mos' jump out'n my skin and offen de steps when I heerd him ruminate to that they new Yankee perfesser next doah, "De Noo Yawk paper this mawnin' say as how Gineral Butlah has done fired twenty po-licemen, and he 'lows as how he's gwine to be 'pure as hell' hisself, durin' this here campaign, and make Phila-me-delphia de same." Of cose, I jest natcherly flaps open my years when I hears cuss words like them-air perambulatin' aroun', and fur de ensuin' time I don't disperse wid none o' their conversin'.

Howsomever, Miss Annie Lee, ef that there Gineral Butlah is de same one what sashayed so much aroun' N'Orleans durin' de wah, he sho' will raise some ructions—yas'm. But I don't know as how I blames him fur firin' them-air po-licemen. I ain't got no usin' fur po-licemen nohow, since they done shot Josh. My land! Ain't you knowed Josh is daid? Why, de grocery kep' a-missin' things, so they done sent to Foht Smith and got a defective and a po-liceman. Sho nuff, de po-liceman fired when they heer'd a noise in de sto' long about two in de mawnin', and then they foun' he done kill Josh. Of cose, they both sayed that if they had idealized that it wuz only Josh jest a-pervidin' fur his fambly—all he done tuck wuz a bag o' chops fur his hawgs—and had knowed how much de whole town liked that nigger, he would never uv pulled de trigger. They done apologize, and felt pow'ful bad, and all de white folks went to de funeral. Yas'm.

But Miss Annie Lee, I jest specify as how that there Gineral Butlah hadn't orter say sech haar-raisin' words agin de plain, good, Gawd-fearin' folks in Phila-me-delphia, whut wears gray bonnets, and says "thee" and sich truck, and has pitcher postcyards wid a busted bell on 'em. Anyways, I allus heer'd as how Phila-me-delphia wuz de city uv Brotherly Love, and de grass growed in de streets! Yas'm. Things sho done change.

—Rena Shore Duncan.

Peripatetic Thoughts

I HATE to pass this Beauty Shoppe;
I wish I had the nerve to droppe
Within to see what they could do
To help the hair upon my toppe.

That freakish way of spelling shoppe
I hope will not extend to coppe,
For if I called him as it looks
He'd think me fresh and make me hoppe.

They say, in every Flower Shoppe,
The married fellows often stoppe
To buy a bouquet for the wife—
A saying-it-with-flowers soppe.

The flappers, who so gayly floppe,
Will some day into housework ploppe,
Will wash and iron, cook and sew,
And eke will use the humble moppe.

Ah! Here's a charming Candy Shoppe,
And I've a bit of coin to swoppe
For something that will please my girl
And pave the way for me to poppe.

Next Sunday morn yon lowly woppe
Will blossom forth into a foppe;
What miracles good clothes perform!
I wonder how's the garlic croppe.

O'er night we lost our Barber Shoppe
When girls began their locks to loppe,
And in that ancient male retreat
How silent is the razor stroppe!

Who'd think this way of spelling shoppe,
That's naught but orthographic sloppe,
Would lead to all these rambling thoughts?
Heigho, here's home! Now for a choppe.

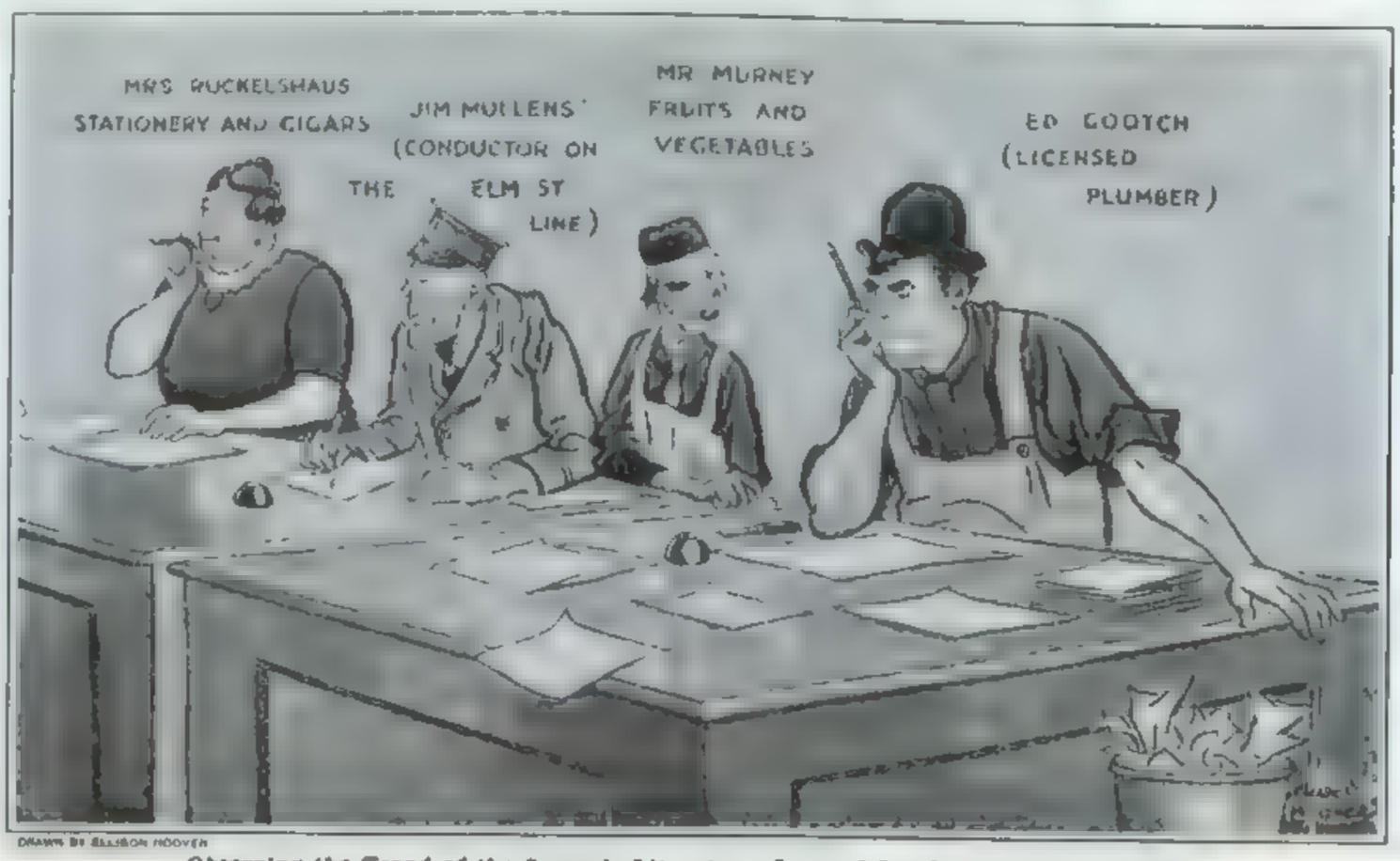
—Wallace M. Bayliss.

The Salome Sun

SALOME always has kept up its Average Annual Growth of 100% a Year—19 People now in 19 Years—but after going through the Panic of 1907, the World War and 3 Democratic State Asphyxiations without a Slump, it looks as if this here Greasewood Golf Course was going to depopulate the Town. We felt all swelled up at 1st when Eastern Tourists going through all said they never saw Nothing Like It nowhere before—a Golf Club where Everybody in Town had their Own Hole, but we've either got to close up the Town or the Golf Course or else get somebody in here to work.

How come it all Happened was this way. The Chuckawalla Kid had been out prospecting and coming in for grub, down in Granite Wash where the Main Highway is, he found a sack of clubs some Tourist had lost off his car, jolting over the Rocks on his way to Pasadena. Nobody knew what they was until Another Tourist saw them hanging up at the station and told us and said this was Just the Place for a Golf Course and that every Live town had one. He was in a Big Hurry to get to California, like all Tourists, but he stopped long enough to make a Map of a Golf Course for us, with how the Holes ought to be and the Distances between Holes, More or Less, which he said didn't matter So Much as long as they was Enough.

(Continued on Page 111)



Observing the Trend of the Season's Literature, Some of Our Local Favorites Decide to Write Their Reminiscences

Prepared and cooked in our special way, by our own exclusive recipe.

Preferred everywhere for their delicious flavor, their famous tomato sauce, their unusual wholesomeness and digestibility.

Parents select Campbell's Beans because they realize how splendidly they build bone and muscle.

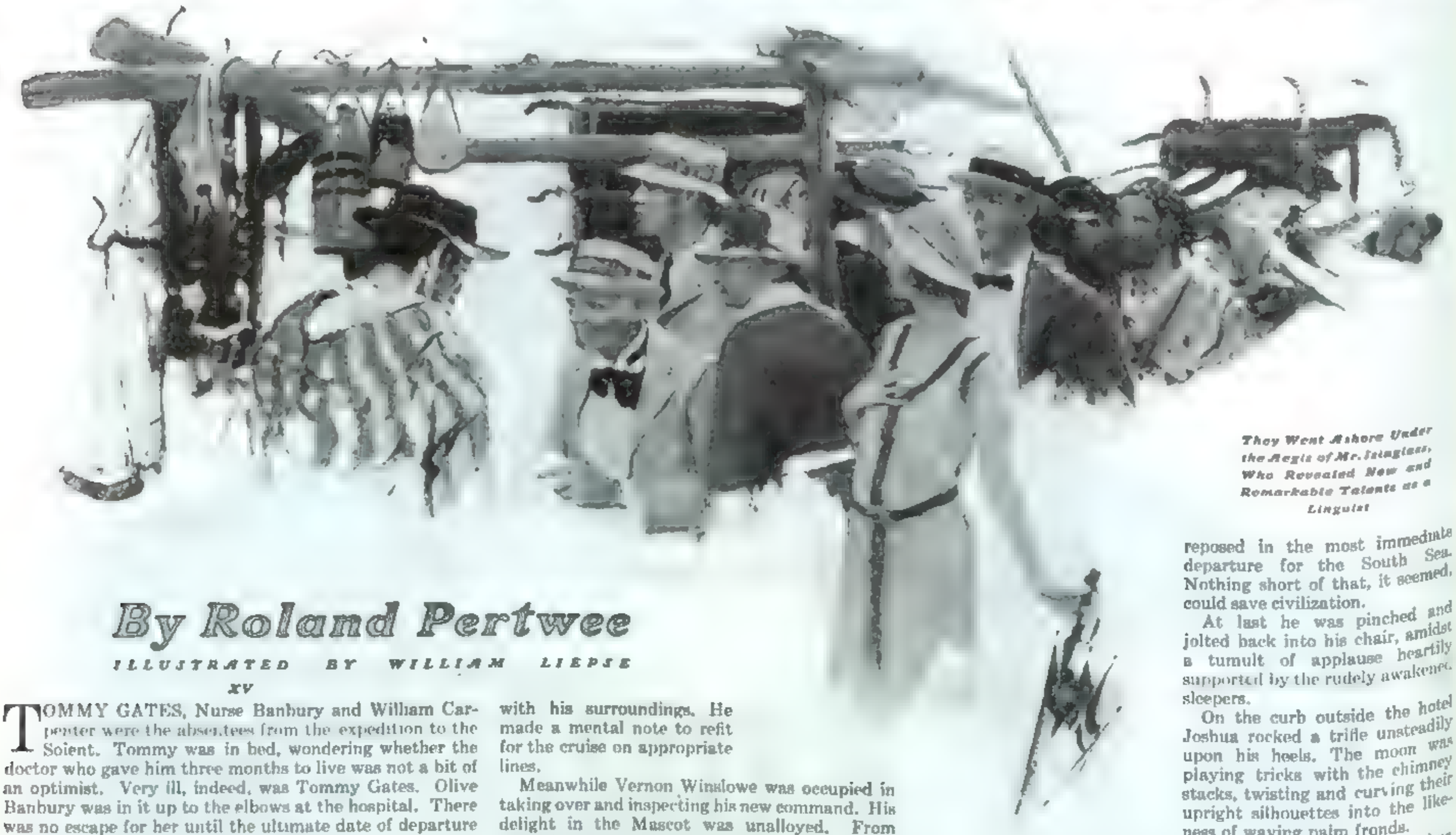
All over the United States beans mean Campbell's Beans!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked Digestible

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE



They Went Ashore Under the Aegis of Mr. Isinglass, Who Revealed New and Remarkable Talents as a Linguist

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XV

TOMMY GATES, Nurse Banbury and William Carpenter were the absentees from the expedition to the Solent. Tommy was in bed, wondering whether the doctor who gave him three months to live was not a bit of an optimist. Very ill, indeed, was Tommy Gates. Olive Banbury was in it up to the elbows at the hospital. There was no escape for her until the ultimate date of departure was fixed. The same applied to William.

The steam yacht Mascot, trim, white, elegant, produced upon the visitors an admiration that was speechless. At the first glance, as they skimmed across the water in a motor launch, Mary Ottery was so awe-struck that she never dared to raise her eyes above the level of the yacht's mirrored reflection. It seemed to her that she was seeing everything upside down that morning.

The Morgans were ecstatic, but managed, for the dignity of the city of their birth, to keep their ecstasy within decent bounds bounds which did not extend beyond each other.

The phrase "Mother, contain yerself" was frequently upon Joshua Morgan's lips. Mother in the meantime kept up a running fire of protective admonitions.

"Eh! Mind where you put your foot. You know that ankle of yours. It'll be a rare to-do if you give it a twist."

Lydia La Rue maintained an unbroken silence and smoked heaps of cigarettes. She had entered another world.

Henry Julius, not unnaturally, spoke of other yachts with which he was familiar better yachts, whose owners possessed very splendid names with an Eastern flavor. He did not disparage the Mascot; in fact, he patted it, so to speak, upon the beam.

Nevertheless, he wished to convey the impression that whatever might be the case with the rest of the company his own marine experiences had been conducted on luxurious lines. Ever susceptible to environment, his language assumed a salt-sea flavor more effective to the ignorant hearer than to the informed.

"You never saw the Elsinore, Mr. Morgan. Old Seligman's yacht—Otto Seligman—the chap that bought the Naveby Velasquez—asked my advice about that, he did—splendid picture—sold it to the Chicago Gallery for half a million—dollars, of course. Ho, the Elsinore was a boat! Clipper built, lovely lines, and move —— He wanted to put me up for the Royal Yacht Club, Seligman did, but I couldn't spare the time. Done much yachting yourself?"

"Me and missus once had a trip in Skylark," was Joshua Morgan's reply—delivered in a manner calculated to suggest that he had heard all he wanted to hear about the Elsinore.

Henry Julius was driven to deliver the remainder of his nautical experiences into the ear of Mary Ottery, who was much too far advanced in amazement to understand a word he said. While he talked Henry became sadly aware that the braided coat and vest, the check trousers and patent-leather boots he was wearing were a trifle out of keeping with his surroundings. He made a mental note to refit for the cruise on appropriate lines.

Meanwhile Vernon Winslowe was occupied in taking over and inspecting his new command. His delight in the Mascot was unalloyed. From truck to counter she was perfect. With a navy man's thoroughness, he made an inspection of every part of the yacht from one end to the other, cabin and engine room alike. He emerged from his inspection hot, greasy and exuberant.

He grasped Mr. Isinglass by the hand and declared, "She's a pearl beyond price."

"You're pleased with her?"

"Oh, man!" said Vernon, for he had been speaking a moment before to a Scotch engineer. "Oh, man!" Then with a fall in tone, "But I don't deserve her."

Here was an incoherence that was eloquent.

"And when will you be ready to sail?"

"Give me ten days."

The news went round like wildfire.

Ten days— then freedom, treasure and the world beyond.

In the motor launch that took them ashore Mrs. Morgan broke a long silence to say, "It's rum to think that place we're going to is under our feet at present moment."

And, "Is it?" said Mary Ottery. "It seems to me it's right above our heads." And she looked up into the blue.

The manner in which these various people spent the eve and morning of the departure is perhaps worthy of note.

Joshua Morgan gave a banquet in the Masonic room at the Royal Bull Hotel, at which a great deal was eaten and drunk of good solid foods and ripe wines. At the close of the meal he delivered himself of a pioneer address of such prodigious length that many of his audience fell asleep and his loving wife was driven to pinch him back to his seat again.

The address began with the words, "Councilors, colleagues, fellow tradesmen and your good ladies." It told how he and Kate had worked hard to advance themselves and the glory of Bradford. It offered violence to any man who should arise and declare that his business methods had ever been less than fair and aboveboard —— "Hear, hear!"

"Though"—with a twinkle—"I'm not above admitting I'm a hard man when it comes to a bargain, and I know which end of stick to lay m' hand on."

Appreciative laughter from those present who felt they could claim a parallel virtue.

"They do say," he pursued, "as travel broadens the mind of a man—as doubtless some of you will admit when I come back and reveal new attributes of business and urban kind."

This theme he developed to such an extent that it would appear that the future welfare of the Midlands mainly reposed in the most immediate departure for the South Sea. Nothing short of that, it seemed, could save civilization.

At last he was pinched and jolted back into his chair, amidst a tumult of applause heartily supported by the rudely awakened sleepers.

On the curb outside the hotel Joshua rocked a trifle unsteadily upon his heels. The moon was playing tricks with the chimney stacks, twisting and curving their upright silhouettes into the likeness of waving palm fronds.

"Old Bradford," said Joshua Morgan; "old Bradford, and we're leaving her." He blinked and put out a hand to find his wife's arm. "Lead me gently, Kate, for there's a strange feeling within."

His was not the only party given that night, for Lydia La Rue had sent out invitations and there had come to supper at her flat three gentlemen with very good evening dress suits and very bad manners. It was clear that they were surprised and resentful at meeting one another. The supper party was a departure from the conventional tête-à-tête to which they were more accustomed. They could not understand.

Lydia supplied them with lobster mayonnaise and champagne and enlightenment. She said, at the conclusion of the meal:

"I got you together here—all three of you—to say this: I'm going away and I pray God it will be so far away that I never meet any more beasts of your sort. That's all; and now you can get out."

The three gentlemen with very good evening dress suits—never forgetting their bad manners—went out, leaving Lydia to fling herself on the bed and cry noisily and chuck things about and sweep a whole trayful of creams and cosmetics on the floor from which, half an hour later, she rescued and packed them.

On the last day of his employment by the G. P. O., William Carpenter brooded in silence the while he prepared in his mind words to prelude his departure. They were burning words destined for all to hear words such as should break down prison walls and set men thinking, with shame in their hearts, of the cowardice of accepting captivity. William Carpenter estimated that what he had to say would take at least ten minutes. Then, with head thrown back, he would march out gloriously and none should bid him stay.

Eight o'clock was the time chosen for this fine panegyric, and until eight William was busy at its preparation.

The clock struck with unexpected clarity and a man at the next section, marked Telegrams, said, "Awfully sorry you're going, ol' man; awfully sorry."

"Yes," stammered William, "so am I—rather."

"Was hoping we might have had a few more evening walks when the days got longer."

"Yes," said William again; "they were jolly, those walks."

"Well, best of luck, ol' man."

"Best of luck," he replied.

(Continued on Page 30)

Swift's Premium Bacon

TO buy Swift's Premium Bacon a whole piece at a time is "standard practice" in thousands of homes today. The satisfaction of having a generous supply on hand is very real to those who know what goodness this bacon adds to other foods. Moreover, in buying the whole piece in its parchment wrapper so plainly marked, one is assured of *getting* Premium Bacon—bacon of distinctive tenderness and delicacy of flavor.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

PREMIUM HAMS AND BACON

(Continued from Page 28)

Then he took his hat and coat from a peg and went to the South Sea with a lump in his throat.

Tommy Gates spent his last night ashore with a bronchitis kettle and a Saratoga trunk.

There was nothing spectacular about Nurse Olive Banbury's departure. She kept a taxi with her luggage aboard waiting in a side street by the hospital. She was busy until the last moment at a particularly vile operation for cancer. When it was finished she slipped away quietly to clean up. It was not until then she knew she was free, and she marked the knowledge in a peculiar way. An open window adjoined the lavatory basin and through it she cast a square of carbolic soap. Then from a pink wrapper with a floral paper seal she drew a tablet of scented soap and with it luxuriously washed her hands, to the smell of cottage gardens.

Meanwhile the activities of Henry Julius were many and various, being mainly divided between sundry firms of theatrical costumers and the promotion of a small company for the future success of which he was not so sanguine as to consider his continued residence in Great Britain would be either necessary or expedient. He purchased his traveling kit from theatrical costumers in preference to orthodox tailors, because they were better able to supply his multifarious needs.

A small picture-dealing business which he conducted in the name of Botticelli, Ltd., was sold under the hammer at an agreeable profit—he himself acting as agent for the purchaser and netting a trifling matter of 5 per cent on the deal. Thus he was free to go his ways with the pleasant sense of having spent his time to advantage.

Viewed in comparison to all previous experience, the adventure confronting Mary Ottery was so stupendous as to deprive her of the power to refer to it to anyone. Her emotions were terrific and she bottled them up in her own small bosom, where they greatly interfered with the normal working of her heart and lungs. As a result she was permanently out of breath and subsisted mainly on essence of peppermint and hot water. On the day following her visit to the Mascot she bought herself a canvas cabin trunk, three cotton frocks, a Panama hat, a sketchbook and a diary. And every night she was busy, until the small hours were beginning to get bigger, packing and repacking those purchases and such of her old belongings as might prove useful on the voyage. And all the while she was obsessed with the ghastly fear that at any moment she would wake up and find it was all a dream. The very sound of an approaching postman brought about an instant syncope.

On the last night of all she did not sleep a wink, but sat by the open window of her room until the dawn fringed the black horizon of the east and the sun came creeping up above the blue network of slates and chimney stacks. Even her landlady was ignorant of Mary's plans. The most she had been able to say was "I shan't be wanting my room for a little while, so if you care to let it ——"

At nine o'clock on the fateful day she knocked at the kitchen door and wondered if Mrs. Mitcham could spare her son to get a taxi. Mrs. Mitcham could. The taxi duly arrived and Mary's beautiful canvas trunk was placed upon it.

"And where should I forward letters, miss, should any arrive?" was asked.

Mary Ottery took a tremendous grip on herself, fighting against the forces of silence that almost strangled her.

"Poste Restante, Honolulu," she gasped, and dived shamefully into the protective gloom of the taxi.

At three o'clock that afternoon the Mascot steamed slowly down the Solent. Opposite Ryde she spread tier upon tier of beautiful white wings and slanted through the dipping water toward the south.

XVI

TO THE untraveled, first impressions of a sea voyage are very much alike. They begin with admiration for the neatness and completeness of a ship's cabin—an admiration changing into doubt as to where all one's belongings shall be bestowed. Follows an immediate desire for something to eat, which when realized gives place to vague dislike for the queer ship flavor which seems to permeate everything. Persons unaccustomed to the taste of dried milk begin to wonder what tea would be like drunk neat—and find the experiment a disappointment. The business of unpacking being concluded, the womenfolk take vital interest as to the particular spot on which their deck chairs shall be placed—a proceeding not infrequently accompanied by jealous feelings directed against more successful competitors. The men being denied their usual avocations, and having leaned against the bulwarks for as long as their natures can endure, revise the drinking laws which in the past have governed them, and decide that four o'clock in the afternoon is not too soon for having one. And, since the practice of having one is merely a euphemistic way of expressing having several, the first few hours of a sea voyage are usually marred by alcoholic excesses. Following on the temporary exuberance thus engendered, come misgivings as to one's ability to stand very much of this sort of life, come calculations as to what is the earliest date one may hope to reach a port of landing. In short, gloom descends where originally happiness and delight transcended. And since gloom is the doorkeeper to *mal de mer*, grief of mind is quickly transformed into grief of body. The sea, from having been complimented on its amiable smoothness, is condemned as a restless, turbulent fellow without a kindly thought for other people's troubles.

Little matters which at first proved entertaining, such as the clanging of a ship's bell—an operation which, to the landsman, appears to have no conceivable relation to accepted measurements of time—become of a sudden a course of irritation. Bunks, which when tested in port provided an acme of luxury, reveal themselves to be barren of comfort and fruitful of despair.

There is nothing in the world more difficult of adjustment than the temperament of a landsman to life at sea. He suspects and dislikes nearly everyone. He is sullen and morose by turns. He is sorry for himself and no one else. He is sick, sore, angry and bored. He cannot read with interest or eat with comfort. He is tired of sitting down and cannot be bothered to stand up. If it chances he is acquainted with modern poetry, the thought of Mr. Masefield's Salt Water Ballads fills him with murderous indignation. That a man who by experience should have known better could set his pen to the task of writing such lines as:

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky
And all I need is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,

is a matter that should be dealt with by the public executioner.

It may be that the passengers of the Mascot were unusually unfortunate, for the fine weather that smiled on them in the Solent gave place to wind and running seas ere they came abreast of Portland Bill. The waves ran steep and sent great slaps of spray over the yacht's side, ruining a pair of white ducks Henry Julius was wearing and filling Joshua Morgan's tobacco pouch with water. These two gentlemen—who were feeling far from well—showed a disposition to blame each other for this mishap and words were exchanged on both sides.

Tommy Gates had retired to his cabin and lay gasping in his bunk. The sea had no terrors for the boy; he was too ill in other ways for so minor an affair as rough water to affect him. Olive Banbury sat on a camp stool in his cabin for as long as she could stand it. Wheels were revolving in her head and she was scarcely able to keep her eyes open.

(Continued on Page 32)

"If I Wasn't in a Funk I Wouldn't Want to Go; But You See, I Rather Despise People Who Shrink"

The New Way

Now Buyers Can Tell What is Inside of a Motor Car

Hupmobile construction is an open book. Its details can be seen by one and all in practically any of our dealers' salesrooms.

Here is a real quality-proof. And the quality you can see is decidedly exceptional for cars of Hupmobile class.

Ordinarily, when a man buys a car, he buys it more or less on faith. The parts that determine whether there is to be lasting satisfaction or quick dissatisfaction are hidden away in the chassis. They never see daylight until trouble comes.

Quality That Backs Up Hupmobile's Good Name

In the case of the Hupmobile, the facts are of a different sort. The buyer is perfectly safe if he goes no farther than Hupmobile repute. That tells him of a car which thousands believe to have no equal—at any price or in any class.

There is No Quality Higher Than This

It tells him more than we can ever say about economy and long life, about wonderful performance and stick-on-the-job ability, about whole-hearted satisfaction.

But even all that is not enough for us. We want every man who puts his good money into the Hupmobile to do so with his eyes open. So we bring the inside of the car out into the daylight, where he can see it *before* he buys.

We want him to know that he can't buy higher value, no matter how much he might be willing to pay.

We want him to see how much more he gets than the same price can buy elsewhere.

You don't have to be an expert on fine motor car practice to understand this Hupmobile quality-proof.

Every part is labeled. Its material is given in plain English. The lesser practice is also told. You can see it all for yourself. Here is the kind of proof you are justified in demanding from any car.

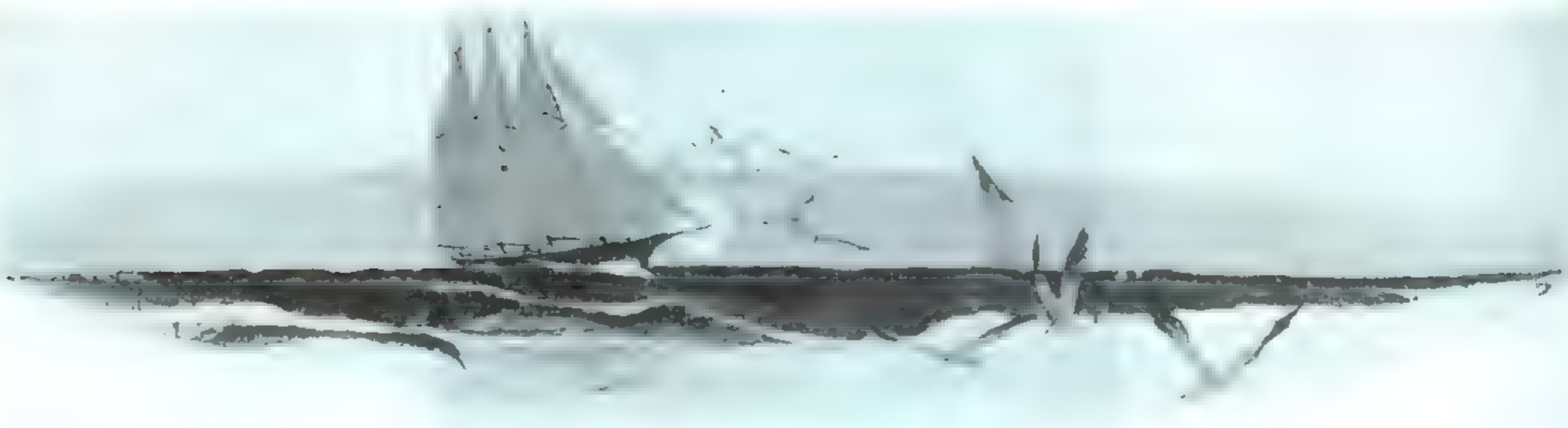
Hupmobile quality-proof shows you not only fine material. It shows you fine engineering design and fine manufacturing—as fine as can be done by trained mechanics and modern precision machinery.

Hupmobile Owners Know What These Things Mean

Hupmobile owners could tell you how much these things mean in satisfaction—in saving them money and time—in making their Hupmobile pay as no other car ever before paid them.

The Hupmobile dealer can give you facts and figures as long as you care to listen to them and will be glad to go over the quality-proof with you.

The one thing you should be sure to do before you buy a new car is to study this quality-proof seriously.



The Mascot Steamed Slowly Down the Solent. Opposite Ryde She Spread Tier Upon Tier of Beautiful White Wings and Slanted Through the Dipping Water Toward the South

(Continued from Page 30)

since the dreadful vision of an appearing and disappearing horizon made her giddy. It occurred to her as odd that the first day of her freedom should be spent at a bedside. Her sense of duty, however, was too strong to shirk the responsibility. She had wanted to be on deck, watching the coast of England go slowly by, and instead, here she was back at her job again and listening to a man fighting for breath. It is terribly difficult to escape from one's accustomed self.

"But I must get over these beastly qualms," she thought, "or I'll be a precious lot of good to the boy."

Presently he said, "It's frightfully nice of you sticking here with me. Why not go on deck for a spell? You look awfully green. Is it rough or something?"

"Rough?" she repeated. "Good Lord!"

"Don't bother about me."

"No bother. Besides I'll be sick if I move." She paused for a moment and pressed her forehead with both hands. "Come to that, I'll be sick anyway." Then suddenly, "Sorry." And she fled.

Olive Banbury believed in saying what she meant. She possessed the quality of frank coarseness which belongs to naturally refined beings. In the little corridor she passed Lydia La Rue, who was disgustedly smoking a Russian cigarette.

"That's swank," she said as she hurried by.

"No, it isn't," said Lydia; but as she wanted to create a good impression, she threw away the cigarette, glad of the chance, perhaps. She had already lost her temper once since she came on board and did not want to gain a reputation of ill humor. The cause of her ill temper was William Carpenter, who had made himself a nuisance by offering to do odds and ends to promote her comfort. Lydia was a good analyst of other people's minds, and in half a glance had read the admiration she had inspired in the big bulking young man. She did not want admiration—certainly not his. Of all types, she had the least use for your clumsy, calflike fellow. If he fancied he was likely to cut ice with her, the sooner he was disillusioned the better. She had told him she could put up her own chair and fetch her own coat, and advised him to get a piece of string and amuse himself tying knots in it. So William went away disconsolate, and presently, seeing a nice little ladder, he climbed up and found himself alongside Vernon on the bridge.

Vernon was going to order him below peremptorily when a kindly instinct warned him that the intrusion was born of ignorance.

"This is a jolly place," said William. "I'd like to stop here. May I?"

Vernon grinned at him amiably and shook his head. A quartermaster at the wheel also grinned.

"Sorry," said Vernon; "reserved for navigation and all that. Old sea law, Carpenter, that mustn't be abused. Love to have you otherwise."

So William Carpenter went down blushfully and thought what a good sort Winslowe was, and wondered what he could do to show it.

Vernon himself was happier than he would have believed possible. He had but to lick his lips and a taste of salt was upon them. Beneath his feet the little yacht thrilled and pulsed with life as she drilled through the leaping seas. He was in his element, gorgeously and completely. Now and again his eyes shifted from the mottled gray horizon to the figure of a girl in brown oilskins, who leaned over the prow of the Mascot and laughed at the slapping spray that drenched her face and hair.

That night, to the best of her ability, Mary Ottery made her first attempt as a diarist.

"The weather is beginning to be rough," she wrote; "so rough that I foresee I shall have to postpone writing what I feel about it until other feelings which I have feel easier."

That was all. A brief entry, but eloquent. The phrase "beginning to be rough" was prophetic, and for four days the Mascot cavorted in a Bay of Biscay circus that included every possible item in the program. Vernon was scarcely off the bridge, and the esteem he won from passengers and crew alike was boundless. The first officer, a competent young fellow named Rogers, declared that but for his seamanship they might well have had to send out the old how-do-you-do—this being his particular method of referring to an S O S. For twenty-four hours they scarcely made any headway to speak of. The decks were swept from end to end by heavy seas. Three of the lifeboats were stayed in and their davits were twisted like spaghetti. Stays and rigging were swept overboard and a skylight was smashed, the saloon below and some adjoining cabins being flooded with water. From a mariner's point of view, it was lively enough; from a passenger's, it was hell. The relief of everyone was immense when on the evening of the fifth day they slipped into the harbor at Cadiz and dropped anchor.

XVII

THEY spent a week in Cadiz undergoing repairs. In an English port the work could have been carried out in a couple of days, but the Spanish habit of *mañana* prolonged operations. Vernon was anxious to get under way again as soon as possible, but the majority of the passengers were grateful enough for the respite ashore.

Their initiation to the seas had been a trifle over the odds; and, had it not been that they awoke on the morning after the ordeal of the storm to find a bright sun shining on a white close-packed town, to the smell of flowers and foreign ports and a general hint and promise of a brighter, smoother future, it is possible some of them would have thrown up their hands and returned to England.

Arrangements were made for a party to go ashore. They went, under the ægis of Mr. Isinglass, who revealed new and remarkable talents as a linguist. His handling of would-be guides—youths importunate to clean even the cleanest boots, waiters in cafés, and the army of peddlers who besiege visitors for the purpose of selling the claws of crawfish, draughts of drinking water at halfpenny a mug, and great bunches of roses and lilies—was beyond all praise.

"It was here," said Mary Ottery, "that the great Drake singed the Spanish king's—or was it admiral's?—beard. Though," she added, "I am never very clear in my mind how he did it."

"Queer you should have mentioned Drake," observed Henry Julius, "for, as it happens, he was a sort of ancestor of mine."

Joshua Morgan, who overheard this improbable assertion, remarked, "Aye, I guessed as much from the way that buffeting turned you up, Mr. Julius. They do say as Drake never could stomach a rough passage."

Henry ignored the satire and proceeded to give reasons for claiming this distinguished relation. Mary Ottery was too filled with amazement at finding herself in a real Spanish town to pay much heed to what was being said. Vaguely she imagined Henry Julius was lying; but, even so, she was not greatly concerned. Nevertheless, she was rather astonished that he should try to produce an effect upon anyone so unimportant as herself. After all, what could her admiration be worth that he should strut in fine feathers to win it? For a moment the question interested and perhaps intrigued her. Life was full of surprises, especially that morning. There were surprises in costume, in habit and in architecture, and a whole palette full of surprises in color. Henry Julius was marvelous about color. Metaphorically, he squeezed little dabs of it from mental tubes upon a canvas of words.

"It was very pleasant," as Mary subsequently wrote in her diary, "to hear him talk in art shades."

She used this phrase because her æsthetic education had never been developed beyond the early stage which believes that any scheme of colorization carried out in what is termed pastel tints—a range which covers all the saddest and milkiest moods of cinnamon and green—must surely be regarded as the sublime terminus of art. Had she known herself better—as subsequent experience provided knowledge—she would have been quick to realize that in this matter she was guilty of an affectation. For though she expressed polite admiration for graduations of white and eau de Nil, in reality the garden of her soul was laid out with scarlet poppies and high plumes of larkspur. Some realization of this first came to her when Henry pointed out a wine-dark splash of purple bougainvillea spilled across a yellow wall.

"See it?" he cried, pointing with a painter's thumb. "See the fierce intensity of it? That's art—true, full-blooded art. Color, that is—color that sings with a voice like poor Caruso's."

It marked an epoch in the life of Mary Ottery. From that hour onward her taste for gray broadened into a need for something ruddier. It was as though a crimson ray from the falling sun had streaked across a leaden sky. Oddly enough, what Julius had said had the more far-reaching effect of forming a basis for a friendship between them. Nor was that all, for in the course of the day spent ashore Mary Ottery threw away her pince-nez—or rather presented them to a child—declaring, and with truth, that she saw a great deal better without them.

The result was to take years off her appearance. Henry Julius had laid aside the super-yachting costume which it was his habit to wear on board and was arrayed in an ultra-Riviera suiting embellished with a pair of brown suède shoes. There seemed to be no end to his sartorial resources.

As Mrs. Morgan remarked in the private ear of her husband, "Wonder is he didn't come out as one of them toreadors and be done with it."

Mr. Morgan made no audible reply, his attention being occupied in looking at Lydia. This fact was noted by his wife with misgiving.

"Ee, well," she observed, "there's strange folks among us and I misdoubt there'll be trouble afore we gets safely home to Bradford."

Lydia was attracting more attention than she desired. William Carpenter was the chief offender. The homely young man was never out of her sight. Even though she treated him with calculated rudeness, he always bobbed up with fresh offers of service. To make matters worse, Lydia was out of temper again. She had asked Vernon to come ashore and he had refused, quite off-handedly, as though by refusing he denied himself nothing. It had made her angry, for she liked Vernon with one of those fierce, impulsive likings which in the past had almost invariably produced a reciprocal liking. He appealed to her as a man, with that odd, nervy quality of his, and sudden descents from gayety to gloom. There was a recklessness and authority about him that attracted her to a point of exasperation. His moments of chivalrous regard, followed by lapses of complete inattention, as though his mind could not be held long by a single interest, his obvious efficiency and command, his smile, his hair, his hands—a combination of these qualities aroused in Lydia a consuming desire to attract his notice. He must have been aware of the fact, and yet he seemed to shun rather than court her society. Lydia was not used to being shunned. True, she had come away to escape from the muddle these insurgent feelings had always involved her in; she had come away to escape from herself and the consequences of her old self. She had killed her old self on the night of the supper party, when the three gentlemen in good dress suits had been sent from her doors. She had purged the past with the hot, angry tears she shed; and yet here was her old self cropping up again—greedy, predatory, yearning. That was why she turned on William Carpenter with such savagery when a civil impulse persuaded him to take her by the arm as they were crossing a street.

(Continued on Page 146)

Six-Cylinder Seven-Passenger Sedan

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The Wild Ass and the Tame

By HAL G. EVARTS

PUBLIC sentiment is a powerful instrument when it lines up in support of some worthy cause, but when a part of its force is misdirected, even in support of a cause, it hampers rather than helps the movement it should facilitate. One factor is the difficulty of enlisting public sentiment until it is almost too late; another hindrance is the fact that, once it is aroused, there are always groups of extremists that fight so valiantly for the retention of first principles that it is well-nigh impossible to secure any modification for the better, their idea evidently being that whatever has served in one case will operate with equal efficiency in all.

It is so with conservation. Public opinion has finally lined up behind the conservation of our remaining forests, our remaining wild life, and of such of our areas as are better suited for recreational purposes than for commercialism. But there are occasional groups of conservationists that would apply one cure-all regardless of the ailment or the facts of each individual case. They much resemble a man who has been cured of the earache and would forthwith prescribe its remedy as a cure-all for every human affliction from hay fever to warts. These extremists, through their misguided sincerity, frequently clutter up and retard the progress of important programs of conservation work.

All these various elements and subdivisions of public sentiment and the timely or untimely application thereof have an intimate bearing upon the equation of the antelope and the buffalo, with the added elements of the wild ass and the tame.

There were two chief animal inhabitants of our Western prairies—the pronghorn, or antelope, and the buffalo. As everyone knows, the latter was shot down to the point of virtual extermination before public sentiment took the field, crystallizing just in time to prevent the extinction of the species. When the buffalo had reached the low ebb there were probably a greater number of antelope still ranging the plains than there ever had been of buffalo when the herds of the latter animal were at their best.

What everyone does not know is the fact that the relative positions of these two great plains animals have been absolutely reversed. The buffalo is steadily increasing. The antelope has reached the point where the species is in imminent danger of extinction. It required almost a half century of united effort to bring the buffalo back from the verge of extinction to its present position. If the same united effort is applied to the saving of the pronghorn, starting now, some of us will live to see that animal saved from extinction—perhaps.

PHOTO BY HAYNES ST. PAUL, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK ASSOCIATION

A Buffalo Herd in Winter

Conservation of the Antelope

PUBLIC sentiment, having rallied to the cause of saving the bison, still continues to center round that animal, and perhaps 90 per cent of our population believes that the buffalo is the one of all our big game animals that is nearest the point of extinction today. On that basis the concern of all conservationists should have been transferred to the antelope ten or fifteen years ago. A man can scarcely kill an extra or useless bull buffalo out of his privately owned herd today without incurring the displeasure of the public and becoming known as an unpatriotic citizen. The bison has in some way become linked with patriotism, and all very well, but why not the pronghorn too? A man might—and men frequently do—shoot down an antelope without incurring more than the risk of a fine and no public censure at all.

The news that a poacher had killed a buffalo out of the Yellowstone herd would rouse the nation. The report that some wolfer had shot down a dozen pronghorns for coyote bait would cause scarcely a ripple of comment. The buffalo is news, the antelope is not. The killing of a dozen buffalo today should constitute a lesser offense in the eyes of the public than the killing of one antelope.

Formerly ranging the plains in twice the numbers of the buffalo, the pronghorn has now decreased until it is in as great danger of extinction today as the buffalo was at the very lowest ebb of that species, if not in actual numbers, then in the relatively greater difficulty of handling the case of the antelope. The buffalo readily adapts itself to domestication or to semi-domestication. Most of the herds are under full control and are being handled in much the same manner as cattle. The antelope does not take readily to domestication and the few remaining bands are scattered over the more isolated regions of a dozen Western states.

It may be said that the buffalo has reached the point where the limit of production will soon be only the limit imposed by expediency. The saving of the antelope from absolute extinction remains as a doubtful experiment of the future, yet little has been done in the matter.

This seeming indifference as to the fate of the pronghorn is not for the reason that it is inferior to the bison and therefore less worth saving. Most men would agree that the antelope is the more interesting animal of the two. It is merely another case of the failure of public sentiment to crystallize until it is almost—and perhaps in this case quite—too late!

The estimated number of pronghorns remaining in existence, ranging in widely scattered bands in isolated districts, is placed at somewhere round four thousand head. This means that for every one antelope in existence today there are five mule deer in the Kaibab Forest of Arizona alone, a dozen whitetail deer in the mountains of California, five elk in the Yellowstone region of Wyoming. For every two antelope remaining alive there is one mountain goat within the boundaries of the Glacier National Park in Montana; and so on indefinitely. The one wild herd of buffalo in Canada, for which a vast game preserve has recently been set aside, has increased to the point where its numbers will almost equal the number of pronghorns remaining alive on the whole continent today.

Every organized conservation society should apprise its membership of this relative standing of the antelope to our other game animals. If the antelope is to be saved at all it will be only through united effort. It must take the place that the buffalo has held for so long in the public eye.

There are few areas that are both suitable and available for antelope preserves; first for the reason that the pronghorn no longer ranges any one locality in any considerable numbers, next because grazing interests must be considered. Then, even after the establishment of such an area, there would always be the possibility of the animals' drifting outside.

The Yellowstone has offered the one greatest hope of preserving the antelope, but snow conditions on the Lamar and Yellowstone rivers, the main range of the pronghorn in the park, render difficult the problem of wintering the bands. In spite of the utmost care the pronghorns of the Yellowstone have shown little if any increase in the past ten years and have shown a decided decrease from the number that ranged in the park twenty-five years ago. This one instance of the difficulty of preserving the antelope even under absolute protection will illustrate the discouraging aspects of the situation as a whole.

There is a movement on foot to establish an antelope preserve in Oregon, and this project may be realized in the near future.

Last year, while packing through the Kaibab Forest, in Northern Arizona, we descended to the Sandrock Benches under the north rims of the Grand Cañon and followed round them for many miles. It occurred to me that these benches would make an ideal antelope preserve except for the fact that there were no antelope there to preserve. While camped on the mountain at Quaking Asp Spring we met Major Goldman, of the Biological Survey, and S. B. Locke, of the Forest Service, both men of broad experience in matters pertaining to game protection. They informed me that the Sandrock Benches had been considered for an antelope preserve, as had also the benches under the south rims, a section that I had not visited at that time, and gave it as their opinion that either or both of those areas would make ideal preserves.

White Mountain Smith, of the National Park Service, later told me that it had long been his pet ambition to see a band of pronghorns installed on the Tonto Plateau under the south rims of the Grand Cañon.

A Perfect Natural Preserve

THESE benches have all the necessary requirements that seem to be lacking in other such projects. Scarcity of winter range, the chief problem of most game preserves, will offer no difficulty here, since there is little if any snow and the winter conditions will prove ideal. The area is already in a national park and thus the necessity for legislation setting aside a new area for the purpose is eliminated. There is no question of grazing rights involved, since grazing is prohibited on the Tonto Plateau at the present time. The pronghorns could range the benches in a wild state under the conditions in which they seem to thrive best. There is sufficient range under the south rims to support several thousand head of antelope. Another asset is the fact that once the animals were liberated on these benches they could be prevented from straying.

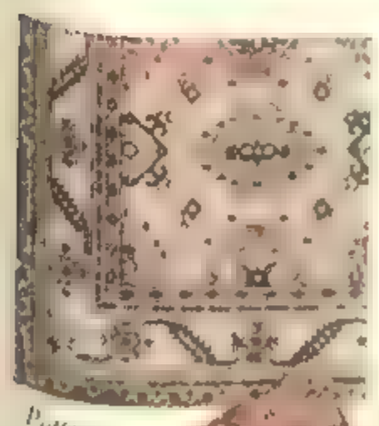
The Sandrock Benches under the north rims terminate at the Fish Tail, a long point that floats for miles out into the void of the Grand Cañon and blocks the western edge of the benches. The one ledge that might afford an avenue of escape round its face could be fenced off in a day by one man, as it pinches down to a width of twenty yards in some places. Towering cliffs guard the upper side of the benches, while sheer walls fall away to the river from their lower extremities.

I am informed that the benches under the south rims may be as easily blocked off to prevent straying, and it is the general consensus of opinion that the Tonto Plateau on the south side should be the site for the first experiment. Here then is the one most suitable spot for an antelope preserve, ready to hand, already set aside and immediately available for the purpose, with everything in its favor except ——

While riding along the Tonto Trail with Bill Vaughn I noted several burros grazing on a shoulder high above us, and upon inquiring as to the reason for their presence was informed that they were wild burros, many hundreds of which ranged the benches under the south rims. They have increased to the point where the range will not support them much longer. Even now they show the effect of

(Continued on Page 46)

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 370. In the 6 x 9 foot size it costs only $9.00.



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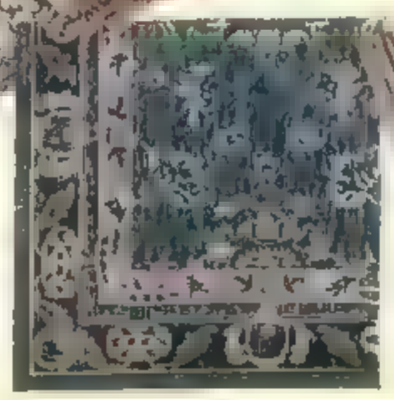

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Grover Cleveland's One Business Venture—By George F. Parker

IN DEALING with the various activities of Mr Cleveland, it has seemed to me that I cannot do better than to show how as chairman of the Equitable trustees from June, 1905, until his death three years later he redeemed a great industry. The magnitude of this service, his cheerful acceptance of disagreeable work, his sense of obligation to his countrymen, long after he had retired from public life, his emphasis upon the relation which a fiduciary institution bore to an almost incalculable number of individuals—all these give importance to this closing task of his life and put it almost among his most conspicuous claims for permanent fame. The events which made this seem necessary are still clear in the public mind, but the magnitude of the difficulties then overcome may well be recalled and thus registered with some approach to completeness. It was as distinctly a public service as anything he ever did after he had attained the highest office in the gift of his countrymen.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States was the third company that was to have such importance in the development of life insurance as to make for itself a commanding place as a business agency. It was the creation of Henry B. Hyde, who, having been secretary to the Mutual Life, organized some fifteen years earlier, was to develop into one of the outstanding insurance managers of his time.

To some extent the company was the outcome of personal associations. It circled around a Presbyterian church in New York, deriving its membership from the diverse elements entering into the make-up of that denomination. Its business was conducted with precision in the interest of its policyholders, without even a suggestion of scandal or irregularity. It shortened, simplified and liberalized the policy contract; led in stamping out the early practice of contesting claims on merely technical grounds; introduced a clause making policies incontestable after three years, and soon reduced this time to two years, and then to one; it paid claims at once upon proof of death; chose its agents with care under the eye of its founder both while he was vice president and when he became president; was the first company here to issue a life policy, with the salient tontine and endowment features known in later days. As time went on it introduced other methods and ideas that made it a real pioneer in life insurance.

The Expansion of the Equitable

ITS RESOURCES finally became so large that it was able to spread its influence all over the country, not only to effect insurance on lives but as an investor, to promote the development of transport, mining, agriculture and the great lines into which business began to run from about 1890 onwards. It did not then pay much attention to politics, and was not inclined to expend money upon doubtful ventures or to make itself other than a useful force in industrial growth.

Towards the closing days of Henry B. Hyde's administration a new spirit began to come over the Equitable and every other great insurance company in the country. There was gradually drawn into its management the representatives of the great banks, industrial companies, railroads and mines which contributed to business expansion. These changes only came slowly. They marked a gradual development not only of means and methods but attracted a new type of men. There was an increasing tendency to use every agency with which they could connect themselves, these being treated in most cases as if they were personal to themselves. Politics began to enter into account. More and more an election became to be a contest for the savings of the country.

At first, funds were contributed for presidential elections, but later this came to be common at other periods. Matters of purely state concern were involved in the form of strikes against insurance and other corporations. These sprang up like gourds in every legislature until in course of time the stability of life insurance seemed to be threatened. There grew out of these conditions supposed emergencies in the election of legislators, in the appointment and control of commissions and in practically every demand that could be made or thought of. The lobby, which was thought to have been overthown about 1890, took new forms and acquired new courage. The result was that the insurance companies, instead of appealing directly to the public, as might have been done with ease and effectiveness, permitted themselves to be blackmailed. The more they paid the greater the price asked for protection.

Grover Cleveland

In 1895, four years before his death, Henry B. Hyde had purchased more than a majority of the stock and had placed the control, 502 shares, in trust, reserving the right to revoke during his lifetime, and also a beneficial interest providing that at his death the trust should continue until his son, James Hazen Hyde, should attain the age of thirty, when this control was to become his absolute property. Although when his father died the heir in question had only recently completed his twenty-second year, he had, upon attaining his majority, become one of the trustees authorized to receive proxies and vote upon the shares. He acted under the provision that no votes should be cast upon the shares by any member of the trust except for persons approved by him.

This condition persisted until in February, 1905, the president of the society, James W. Alexander, with some thirty-five other officers and agents of the society, asked the board of directors to extend to the policyholders the right to vote. They had become convinced that continued progress and welfare in the due administration of trust funds in its charge rendered a change necessary, and that it was incompatible with present public opinion, as well as with the interests of the society and its beneficiaries, that the policyholders, as the real parties in interest, should continue to be without any voice in the administration of these funds. The board of directors accepted this doctrine and appointed a committee to arrange the details. In March, 1905, it submitted a report unanimously recommending that the charter should be so amended as to provide that twenty-eight of the fifty-two directors should be elected by the policyholders. This was the outward, though not the real, beginning of the Equitable quarrel.

From the close of the Spanish War and for five years thereafter that was deemed a dull day which did not produce an additional great trust destined to spread all over the earth in its particular line. These hopes were largely based upon the activities of the insurance companies. Their never-ending stream of money came to have a new and exaggerated value. But there were three of them, and so the question naturally came to be uppermost in the minds of the soaring financiers—why not form these companies into a great, overmastering, central combination which shall be the mother of all trusts past, present or to come? The downtown bank parlors, connected with the uptown residential offices, which about this time became popular, were the scenes of many consultations and discussions. These, however, always ran against fatal snags when agreement as to means and methods, and especially as to the distribution of spoils, came up for consideration.

The Equitable board, on December 31, 1904, had consisted of fifty members classified about as follows: Twelve railroad officials or directors, thirteen bankers, thirteen capitalists, twelve officials of the society itself. Some entered into more than one of these classes, but this is a fair segregation into component parts. In financial standing it was perhaps unsurpassed in all the history of American business, but when the first signs of trouble came they resigned so rapidly, one after another, sometimes singly, sometimes almost by classes, that it became difficult to obtain a quorum, and the membership from New York was far short of the legal quota. It was under this board that the troubles of the society really culminated. Strong as this managing body seemed to be, representing, as individuals, holdings of perhaps two or three billion dollars, it had failed so to conduct its affairs as to hold public confidence.

An investigation was begun almost immediately by the executive committee, but as this presented the spectacle of people investigating themselves, not much headway was made other than to increase the excitement. This was followed much more rigidly by what was known as the Frick Committee, a specially organized inside committee by the director of that name. Then came the State Insurance Department, which entered upon its task in the midst of the greatest possible excitement.

It was also hampered by the fact that with all its power the primary abuses already known had not been previously discovered. It had found nothing of special importance in the principal company involved, and all the others soon to be caught had escaped without the discovery of anything serious.

Relief was to come from an entirely unexpected quarter. Upon my return in 1904, after eleven years in England, the old relations with Mr. Cleveland were renewed. During that long absence, relieved by many home visits, I had also maintained the old-time relations with Mr. Thomas F. Ryan. It was not long before the latter began to talk to me about his desire to do something which should somewhat relieve Mr. Cleveland from any apprehensions that might be felt by his friends about his financial condition. He seemed to have kept in close touch with this through all the intervening years. He told me, what I could not know, that many men prominent in finance or formerly associated with Mr. Cleveland in politics were desirous of utilizing his ability to do public service without making any effort to promote it. Some sought to use his great position to help themselves. Others had proposed to make him president of a bank or a trust company, for which he had neither training nor fitness. Others had even proposed to give him the management of a seaside winter hotel. The question was often raised with me by Mr. Ryan, who had it much on his mind. He had no business plans that could have been promoted by any friendliness of his or by anything that Mr Cleveland could do. In the course of a conversation he said:

"I have been looking around sedulously to find something appropriate and wholly consonant with his dignity and character. One of these days I shall find it. I want something that, while it will fit him, cannot by any construction have any relation to my own activities."

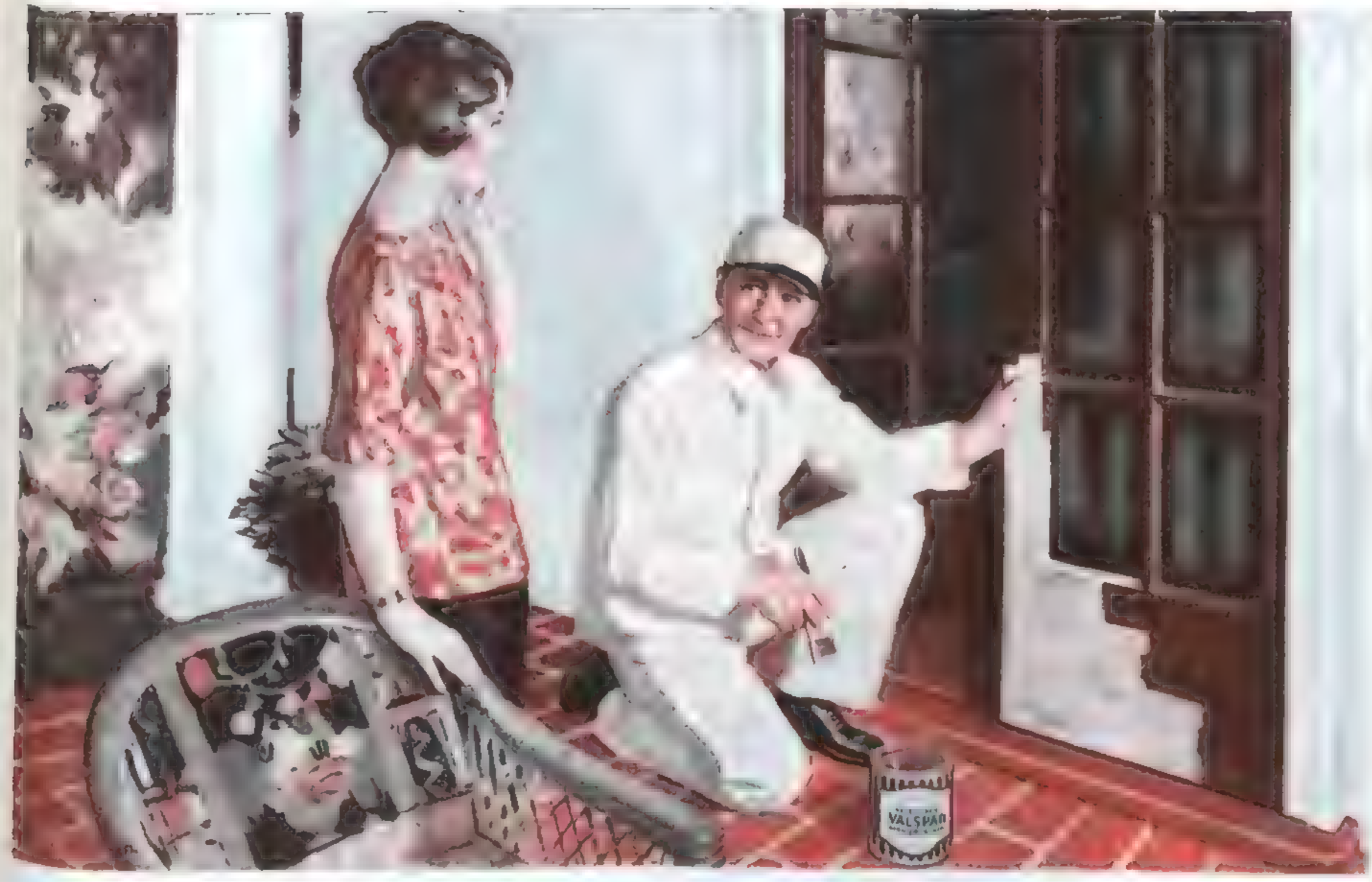
Mr. Ryan Buys Control

SOME years after the Equitable trust had expired Mr. Ryan wrote and published a simple statement in explanation of his reasons for purchasing that property. He said that in order to compose the quarrel which had put American business in peril he had reached the conclusion that he himself would buy control of the Equitable. He wrote when he no longer bore any relation to the property, and when it seemed to him that he might perhaps be justified in giving a more detailed account of his purchase and his reasons for it than had been put before the public at the time.

He rightly said that no more serious quarrel had for a generation disturbed business than that which arose out of the conditions which broke out in the Equitable early in 1905. As disastrous revelations began to appear he insisted that though to outward seeming this storm came out of a clear sky, he realized that it had been in preparation for years, with predictions long freely made that it was brewing. He did not deal with the personalities involved in the quarrel, but insisted that in each of the three large insurance companies which in his words had become a marvel of the time, both in business organization and as providing the machinery for savings, there were some officials who became jealous either of one another or of those in like positions in rival companies.

As one investigation followed another in rapid succession, so that the newspapers were filled day by day with

(Continued on Page 39)



The Painter Wins His Bet!

It happened at Wyndecrest, the charming Dickerson farm residence, outside of Dayton, Ohio. The letter from Mrs. Dickerson reads:

"Each spring it has been necessary to have the French doors and the ceilings of the porch varnished because of their weather-beaten appearance. Last summer we had an old reliable painter do the work and he made a bet with us that he would put a varnish stain on those doors that would remain just as bright and unclouded the year after as it did when it was just put on.

"He then handed us a can marked Valspar Varnish-Stain which he put on the doors; then Valspar Varnish for the ceiling. Still I was skeptical.

"The winter has been most severe. Rain and snow have beaten around our house, but the doors and ceiling remain beautifully bright and unchanged by the weather. No wonder Mr. Painter's eyes twinkled when he made so generous a guarantee, for he bet on a sure thing."

All three forms of Valspar—Valspar Varnish, Valspar Varnish-Stains and Valspar Enamels—are immune to damage from weather and water. Their durability has astonished the most skeptical. They come through almost unbelievable service without harm!

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My Wonder Duster

Soft, fluffy, dust-absorbing—effort-saving, time-saving—and how clean it leaves things! No scattering of dust, no messy rag to soil the hands. It picks up and holds the dust until shaken out. A joy to add to the other Fuller Brushes which already are making your home work easier.

Just as modern methods have come to the factory and office, so have the needs of the home brought about the development of Fuller Brushes. The modern home needs modern tools, rather than back-breaking, tiring, inefficient makeshifts. There are in every home sixty-nine purposes for which Fuller Brushes are designed to help you in your daily tasks.

For furniture, the Upholstery Brush. For windows, the Window Brush. For refrigerator and sink, the Pipe Brush. For stairs and many other uses, the Utility Brush. For general sweeping, the Fiber Broom. At the sink, the Bottle Brush, etc. There are in all forty-five Fuller Brushes, each one developed to meet some specific need of the home.

Some of these you have—you would not part with them. Others you get from time to time when your Fuller Man calls. It is his duty to help you analyze your present needs and to fill them. In time you will accumulate a number of Fuller Brushes—a housecleaning set, a kitchen set, a bathroom set, a personal or toilet set, etc. With each addition your work becomes easier, your home pleasanter.

Fuller Duster

Genuine Fuller Brushes carry this Red Tag in addition to the trade mark. Look for both

Fuller

If your Fuller Man has not called lately he will be glad to have you 'phone the local Fuller office—one in each of over 200 cities. Or, send a postal to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario.) We will be happy to send you "The Handy Brush Book," too.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 36)

accounts of the developments made the day before, Mr. Ryan foresaw the danger of a receivership unless these differences could be overcome, and he reached this conclusion:

The more I thought of the matter the clearer it seemed to me that perhaps I might never have a better opportunity to perform a public service than by averting a panic and restoring confidence. Although I had no technical knowledge of insurance, it appeared to me plain that if the institutions built up by genius and experience, founded upon the confidence of many saving, prudent individuals, handling together fabulous sums each year, were to be torn to pieces by passion and faction, then our whole scheme of business, whether it related to transportation, banking, manufacturing or mining, would receive a shock from which it would recover only after many years of loss and suffering.

I felt that a man's success in this country was to be judged mainly by what he did, and the more I thought of it the more I was convinced that this was something worth doing.

He explained that he then recurred to the ideas already outlined. He believed that if Mr. Cleveland would accept the task of straightening out these tangles the situation would be saved, while the work imposed would not be beyond his strength. In explaining their relations he said:

"I had long been an admirer of Mr. Cleveland, and by reason of personal and political affiliations had come into close relations with him. Knowing that I had no ambitions, he had often asked my advice and assistance, mainly in matters relating to currency and coinage. Thus, in perfect accord with his aims, whether partisan or patriotic, cognizant of his unrivaled position in the country, I never lost sight of what I thought my own obligation to him as a man who had done such large service to his country."

This suggested solution determined Mr. Ryan that nothing he would do should in any way bring profit to himself in any form. When he had reached these conclusions, and agreements had been reached as to price, terms, the retirement of the officials of the society—in other words, an entire change of policy—he wrote Mr. Cleveland the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 9, 1905

Dear Mr. Cleveland: You may be aware that a bitter controversy exists regarding the management of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and that public confidence has been shaken in the safety of the fund under the control of a single block of stock left by the late Henry B. Hyde. This loss of confidence affects a great public trust of more than $400,000,000, representing the savings of over 600,000 policyholders, and the present condition amounts to a public misfortune.

In the hope of putting an end to this condition and in connection with a change of the executive management of the society, I have, together with other policyholders, purchased this block of stock and propose to put it into the hands of a board of trustees having no connection with Wall Street, with power to vote it for the election of directors—as to twenty-eight of the fifty-two directors in accordance with the instructions of the policyholders of the society, and as to the remaining twenty-four directors in accordance with the uncontrolled judgment of the trustees. This division of twenty-eight and twenty-four is in accordance with a plan of giving substantial control to policyholders already approved by the Superintendent of Insurance.

I beg you to act as one of this board with other gentlemen, who shall be of a character entirely satisfactory to you.

I would not venture to ask this of you on any personal grounds; but to restore this great trust, affecting so many people of slender means, to soundness and public confidence would certainly be a great public service, and this view emboldens me to make the request.

The duties of the trust would be very light, as in the nature of things, when a satisfactory board is once constituted there are few changes, and all the clerical and formal work would be done by the office force of the company.

I have written similar letters to Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of our Supreme Court, and to Mr. George Westinghouse, of Pittsburgh, two of the largest policyholders in the society.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) THOMAS F. RYAN.

Hon. Grover Cleveland,
Princeton, New Jersey.

These conclusions reached and the letter prepared, I was called by telephone from a public dinner and asked if I could go to Princeton by the first train on the following morning. I was to communicate with Mr. Cleveland by letter, telephone and telegraph, and to ask him not to see anybody from the Equitable or to read any morning newspaper until I could reach him. The rest of that night, until the small hours, I spent with Mr. Ryan and his legal associates getting into closer touch with the transaction.

Negotiations at Princeton

WHEN I reached Princeton I found the ex-President awaiting me. He was curious about the apparent mystery with which I had surrounded him, and in playful greeting demanded, "Well, what kind of mischief are you up to now?"

I delivered the letter, which he read carefully two or three times before he spoke. Thus far the task had been easy, but my difficulties were soon to appear. I knew that he would be skeptical about anything that tended to bring him again into the public eye. He was enjoying a quiet life among the friends made in Princeton, carrying on interesting and important work in connection with the university, with few cares, writing with his own hand that correspondence with people all over the country which was one of the wonders of his later life. He was thus, naturally, averse to anything that interfered with his regular way of life.

It was then my business to move him from this position. I had to use all the arguments of which I was capable in order to impress upon him the importance of this movement to the country at large. As presented, it bore no possible relation to him in any business way. It contained no lures about any return for the work he was asked to do. Gaining a hearing on the principles involved was comparatively easy. My difficulties began when it came to dealing with the concrete problems presented by Mr. Ryan's letter.

During the interview he recurred again and again to General Grant's experience after he had left the presidency. He questioned me about the actual conditions of the business itself, the purchase of the stock, how much had been put into it, Mr. Ryan's motives, the relations that it had to other banks and combinations, whether this was the result of any quarrel with large interests and all the points that could arise, including information about his proposed colleagues. The discussion went on for two hours before I could not only convince him of my own intimate knowledge but impress him with the desirability, even the necessity of this work. He was always hard to convince. After all ordinary arguments were addressed, he would always have in the back of his head an idea that he himself knew best what he ought to do. He always insisted that he was the most obstinate of all the men he had ever known. Once satisfied, however, he no longer hesitated, but assented without delay, and authorized me to telephone to New York the result of my mission.

Mr. Cleveland's Acceptance

THEN came the question as to how his acceptance should be presented to the country. In this, too, it was difficult to make him see that here was an opportunity, just upon the verge of action, to restore confidence without delay. I naturally emphasized to him how the whole country was on edge; that the whole dispute had gone down as deeply into the public mind as if a great political campaign were impending. His idea was that nothing was needed except a brief formal acceptance. Thus again I had to insist that a proper presentation of his reasons for acceptance would at once allay excitement and make his work so easy that it would from that time forward present few difficulties. In this I was distinctly right, because when the following letter to Mr. Ryan was published the crisis that had been threatening the business world and the country disappeared as if by magic:

PRINCETON, June 10, 1905.

Thomas F. Ryan, Esq.,

Dear Sir: I have this morning received your letter asking me to act as one of the three trustees to hold the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society which has lately been acquired by you and certain associates, and to use the voting power of such stock in the selection of directors of said society.

After a little reflection I have determined I ought to accept this service. I assume this duty upon the express condition that, so far as the trustees are to be vested with discretion in the selection of directors, they are to be absolutely free and undisturbed in the exercise of their judgment, and that, so far as they are to act formally in voting for the directors conceded to policyholders, a fair and undoubted expression of policyholding choice will be forthcoming.

The very general anxiety aroused by the recent unhappy dissensions in the management of the Equitable Society furnishes proof of the near relationship of our people to life insurance. These dissensions have not only injured the fair fame of the company immediately affected but have impaired popular faith and confidence in the security of life insurance itself as a provision for those who in thousands of cases would be otherwise helpless against the afflictive visitations of fate.

The character of this business is such that those who manage and direct it are charged with a grave trust for those who, necessarily, must rely upon their fidelity. In those circumstances they have no right to regard the places they hold as ornamental, but rather as positions of work and duty and watchfulness.

Above all things, they have no right to deal with the interests intrusted to them in such a way as to subserve or to become confused or complicated with their personal transactions or ventures.

While the hope that I might aid in improving the plight of the Equitable Society has led me to accept the trusteeship you tender, I cannot rid myself of the belief that what has overtaken this company is liable to happen to other insurance companies and fiduciary organizations as long as lax ideas of responsibility in places of trust are tolerated by our people.

The high pressure of speculation, the madness of inordinate business scheming and the chances taken in new and uncertain enterprises are constantly present temptations, too often successful, in leading managers and directors away from scrupulous loyalty and fidelity to the interests of others confided in their care.

We can better afford to slacken our pace than to abandon our old, simple, American standards of honesty; and we shall be safer if we regain our old habit of looking at the appropriation to personal uses of property and interests held in trust in the same light as other forms of stealing.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

The only reply then published was a formal note thanking Mr. Cleveland for his acceptance and promising his coöperation; but a day later Mr. Ryan, feeling that he ought to go further in emphasis of the position he had taken, wrote Mr. Cleveland a letter which did not see the light for three years after the trust itself had ended and five years after Mr. Cleveland's death.

Upon my return from Princeton I was surprised to learn that I was to be made secretary. So from that time, during the life of the trust, I held this intimate relation to the trustees. In the interval I was recalled to Princeton to inform Mr. Cleveland about the shifting conditions here and discuss the program for the first meeting called to accept agreements on June fifteenth. In the meantime Mr. Cleveland had been thinking of his new work. In keeping with his character, he had paid less attention to the positive than to the negative side. He had thus taken up and settled in his own mind what classes and types of men should be neither elected directors nor considered.

When I had assembled this list I found that it was somewhat formidable. It included the following types and classes: Insurance agents or their nominees; brokers of any kind or order, whether dealing in insurance or other properties; New York bankers; lawyers in New York City representing railroads, promoting schemes or other interests; presidents or directors of great railroad systems who might have relations with the society; promoters of any sort or order—that is, men interested in raising funds, creating new companies or seeking increased capital for old ones; officials of the society, if directors at the time of meeting, were not to be considered for succeeding themselves, and were to be excluded from all relation to the board; so also were relatives of trustees, officials, directors or others who might have relations with anybody connected with the management; newspaper men, whether owners, editors or in any responsible capacity; no person engaged in underwriting syndicates carried by the Equitable; and all directors who had resigned when the quarrels began.

But the trustees made no rules. Being a small body, whose members worked in cordial agreement, there was no necessity for binding themselves by hampering regulations. They took their own free course as it presented itself. If a problem arose they solved it then and there without any restriction by constitution, by-laws or other regulations. But these exclusions were never absent from Mr. Cleveland's mind, and were used when the need arose. They were so rigid that they sometimes made the task harder in the early days, when vacancies were many, and also created some geographical difficulties, because the charter required that twenty-seven of the fifty-two directors should be residents of the state of New York. On the other hand, they became unwritten laws without protest or objection. On the whole, they simplified the situation and aided the choice of men of high character.

The first meeting of the trustees on June 15, 1905, was opened by reading the following letter of even date from Mr. Ryan:

In order that every possible basis for mystery may be eliminated, I am anxious that you should be fully apprised of every circumstance regarding my purchase of a majority (502) shares of the capital stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. I am, therefore, writing this letter to place before you the only facts regarding the transaction which have not been made public.

1. I am the sole owner of the 502 shares of the stock of the Equitable Society, which I purchased from Mr. Hyde, and no other person or interest has contributed, or has the right to contribute, a single dollar towards the purchase of the stock. The policyholders with whom I conferred in making the purchase have had no connection with the management of the Equitable Society and their connection with the transaction was entirely advisory. I am under no obligation to any living man with respect to my action as the owner of this stock.

2. The amount which I paid for the 502 shares of stock purchased from Mr. Hyde is $2,500,000.

The only other business then transacted was the execution of the deed of trust transferring control of the Equitable from its majority owner. This provided that twenty-eight directors to represent the policyholders and twenty-four on behalf of the stockholders should be chosen by the trustees in their sole discretion. The holder of each policy in effect for one year might send to the trustee a written request designating fellow policyholders, not beyond seven in number, to be chosen at each annual election of directors.

Policyholders Consulted

AT THE adjourned meeting on the following day an address to policyholders, written by Mr. Cleveland, was issued. It announced that the trustees had assumed their duties as holders of the majority stock and that it was to be voted by them for directors of the society. The principles announced in the preliminary correspondence leading to the formation of the trust were reasserted, but the main feature was a request to policyholders to exercise the privilege of making known at the earliest possible moment any suggestions they might have as to the policy to be pursued by the society, but especially in the suggestion of names to be recommended for election. This address was distributed only through the press, no effort being made to reach individual policyholders.

During the interval before the second meeting on June twenty-seventh, about 200 applications for directors' places were received by the secretary. Some came from policyholders, but perhaps the majority were applications on behalf of men who thought themselves to be their own best sponsors. Of these applications only a few were found worthy of attention, and none was granted. It was clear that the mass of unorganized policyholders had no conception of the work to be done or of the principles which

(Continued on Page 46)

Watch This Column

I am looking for a letter from *you*

CARL LAEMMLE

I am beginning to realize what kind of pictures the American public enjoys. The great mass of letters received from everywhere have been full of interesting information and suggestions, and many of the fine pictures we will make this year were inspired by our friendly correspondents. I have found that it is a paying and pleasant investment to consult the public. By pleasing the people we have profited both in finance and prestige. And getting down to brass tacks, that is what we are here for.

I wish *you* would write me a personal letter and tell me what you think of UNIVERSAL PICTURES—what you think of the stories and the stars—***where you think we can improve.*** These letters will come to me and I will answer them. Tell me what you think of REGINALD DENNY in ***"Sporting Youth,"*** MARY PHILBIN in ***"Fools Highway,"*** and the plot and the players in ***"The Law Forbids."*** These pictures are successes, but did they please *you?*

By the way, I advise all picture-lovers in small towns to be on the lookout for ***"Merry Go Round,"*** one of Universal's most successful productions. It is picturesque, intense and dramatic and a beautiful love-story runs through it. It has such stars as MARY PHILBIN, NORMAN KERRY, GEORGE HACKATHORNE, CAESARE GRAVINA and others.

I am deeply interested in your opinion of ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** with LON CHANEY, PATSY RUTH MILLER, NORMAN KERRY, ERNEST TORRENCE, TULLY MARSHALL, RAYMOND HATTON and scores of other clever people. Hundreds of letters declare this play "an artistic triumph" and "a superb and magnificent spectacle." It is playing to capacity houses. Have *you* seen it?

Isn't it true that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

Money-Making Management

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

EFFICIENT management is not only the chief essential to corporate success but it is the principal remedy for most human ills. As we master ways and means to reduce expenses and improve human relations in business, so do we add to our total of wealth and happiness. The era from which we are just emerging has been a time of marvelous development in material forms of engineering. The age we are entering will show equally great advances in the problems of human engineering. The need of the moment is for business statesmanship that will provide sound and practical plans to promote loyalty, eliminate unrest and create a new social order in industry.

The average executive today has no more important task than that of studying men and motives. The common tendency is to try to overcome difficulties rather than to prevent them. It is because of this policy that so many companies are compelled to employ one hundred or more new men each year in order to keep a hundred at work. In every case of high labor turnover the public foots the bill. Most economic ills exist because managements refuse to depart from custom and take remedial action, and not because we are ignorant concerning the underlying evils in our business organism. Three-quarters of all the books written on commercial and industrial subjects in the past few years have dealt with the problem of distribution, and yet the ultimate consumer must very often pay more than an article is worth because of the excessive cost of manufacturing, selling and distributing commodities.

We know we have too many styles and varieties of articles; too many duplicating factories with too little productive capacity; too many similar lines of goods are stocked and shipped out on too many small orders; and too many people have a hand in the marketing of the things we consume daily. In view of such a condition, it is no wonder that the layman attributes high costs to the profiteering of dealers. It is no wonder that public opinion so often forces Congress to try to furnish relief for the consumer through the hasty enactment of ill-considered laws.

Hardships of Industry

There is nothing more puzzling than the motives that impel people to do certain things or submit to obvious wrongs. To the average city man it is incomprehensible that white men are content to live in the outposts of civilization, and not only put up with discomforts and privations but accept in return for their sacrifices hardly more than the meager necessities of a barren existence. In the arid West is a great stretch of land where the inhabitants are engaged in a continual struggle to eke out a precarious livelihood. Yet here and in other equally inhospitable environments we find strong men and brave women putting forth efforts that would win success in more livable surroundings.

So it has been true of our industries. It made little difference whether we wanted men to work on the tops of high buildings or in the dark depths of the earth, some were always available for the jobs at hand. It has seemed as if many people were always to give much and get little; but to close observers of our social and economic problems it is clearly evident that conditions throughout the world are undergoing a decided change. Because of the wide and rapid diffusion of knowledge through the press and through the air, the so-called man on the street is substituting a national and even an international outlook for the narrow local perspective that has heretofore governed his thoughts and actions.

The average American citizen is rapidly acquiring an intelligent understanding of many of the perils and problems that confront our life and industry. Even if he is not connected directly or indirectly in the growing or manufacture of cotton, he is concerned over the inroads and ravages of the boll weevil. About the only progress that has been made in overcoming this costly pest is through the application of calcium arsenate to the cotton plants. This compound on which we are pinning our hope is composed of 40 per cent white arsenic. But this latter chemical is a by-product of the smelting business, and the total supply of arsenic available each year is certainly not sufficient to enable the cotton growers to treat more than 10 per cent of their acreage. Mister Citizen, therefore, will soon be demanding that we get powerful insecticides out of our shales and coals, which are so rich in these valuable elements that can be employed to eradicate plant pests.

Of course it is too much to expect that we shall witness a wave of public opinion that will compel the abandonment of present crude coal-burning practices that permit these valuable materials to be wasted in our chimneys with other highly useful elements in the form of damaging smoke. However, the ideas of our people today crystallize into action far more rapidly than was the case in times past.

Custom Blocks Progress

As a matter of fact, there is no country on earth where the average citizen is so well informed concerning problems that are more or less remote from his own line of daily activity as here in the United States. We know that some tariffs are wise and useful while others are born of selfishness and are unnecessary. We know that it is possible to act in such a way as to start a disastrous commercial conflict among the nations of the world that will differ from real war only in the fact that tariffs and marketing organizations will be substituted for soldiers and artillery. We know that wages and conditions in our country are not in every place thoroughly just and satisfactory; but we are aware that in Russia, where they are trying a different brand of freedom, the average absolute earnings of labor in all industries last year amounted to $6.17 a month. In all Russia only 658,000 individuals are subject to an income tax, and 87 per cent of these have incomes of less than $1030 a year.

We hear much of graft in the United States and of unjust laws that benefit only certain classes at the expense of a great majority of our people. But, for example, let us turn to our progressive little neighbor on the other side of the Pacific and try to discover why there are so few good roads and such a scarcity of automobiles in Japan. As a matter of fact, the Japanese custom, as most everyone knows, has been to travel in jinrikishas pulled by natives who know no other trade or occupation. With these jinrikishas wide roads have been unnecessary, and without roads the automobile is more or less useless. But above all else we find that the barriers of custom and tradition are blocking the way to the transformation of Japan into an automotive nation. The wealth of the country is in a comparatively few hands, and it is an unwritten law that every Japanese gentleman who owns an automobile must employ a chauffeur. It is also the prevailing practice for this chauffeur to get a squeeze of from $300 to $500 on any car that his employer purchases. Furthermore, the jinrikisha runners have proved themselves strong enough to force their government to protect and perpetuate their occupation by placing taxes on the automobile. As a matter of truth, though there are many things in our economic and political structure here in the United States that need correcting, we have only to look carefully about us in order to gain a wholesome respect even for our own faulty institutions.

It cannot be denied that some of our important corporations have given out exaggerated statements and created a false impression concerning the kindly beneficence of their general operating practices. We have in our midst great institutions whose officers make frequent speeches, telling of their marvelous achievements in the field of human relations, and yet at the same time their employes are not only underpaid and overworked but throughout the entire personnel of these companies there is a lack of loyalty, good will and coöperation. Also, it is possible to point to companies that have invested in industrial universities for their employes, with libraries, theaters, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, swimming pools and other features, and yet some of these concerns have failed completely in their efforts to attain business success.

But let no one be deceived by these examples of unfortunate mismanagement irrespective of the sincerity of the motives of the executives in charge. Any company that fails to give close study to the principles of human engineering and to the application of scientific methods in the years just ahead, and yet survives the keen competition of the times, will prove an exception to the general rule. Any concern that is under the control of careless, lazy, indifferent officers is sure to reflect the slackness and loose habits of the management clear on down to the humble office boy or the lowliest laborer. When the big boss in any company is impudent and arrogant, his subordinates are likely to show the same characteristics.

Someone has said that the business manager who is wrapped up in himself makes a very small package. Certainly it is true that the executive who keeps within the narrow circle of his own achievements will never reach a position of leadership in the field of industry. Such an officer insists that men shall work for him instead of with him. Eventually this type of incompetent executive finds himself no match for the clever labor leader, who is not only skilled in debate and artful in public speaking but is often better informed than the average business man concerning the principles of economics. That American management is far from what it should be is clearly indicated by a recent survey which showed that of 325,000 corporations investigated, only 59 per cent made a profit.

Investigate First

The modern manager now looks upon business as a branch of science in which it is necessary to measure instead of guess. He understands that although business practices are now undergoing a rapid transition, it is, nevertheless, true that underlying practically all commercial and industrial operations are fundamental ideas and fixed principles to govern thought and action. There is but one best way to perform any task. Science says that if a dozen different men do the same job in a dozen different ways, it is altogether probable that one of these ways is right and the others wrong. Science insists on simplification and says it is a fallacy that standardization of variety, size, condition and method is the cause of monotony. The truth is that the monotony which sometimes accompanies working under standardized conditions affects only a worker who is capable of handling a grade of work above the type at which he is employed. It will never be possible to produce maximum results by using average methods. In order to attain a high rate of progress in business development we must everywhere discover and practice the one best way.

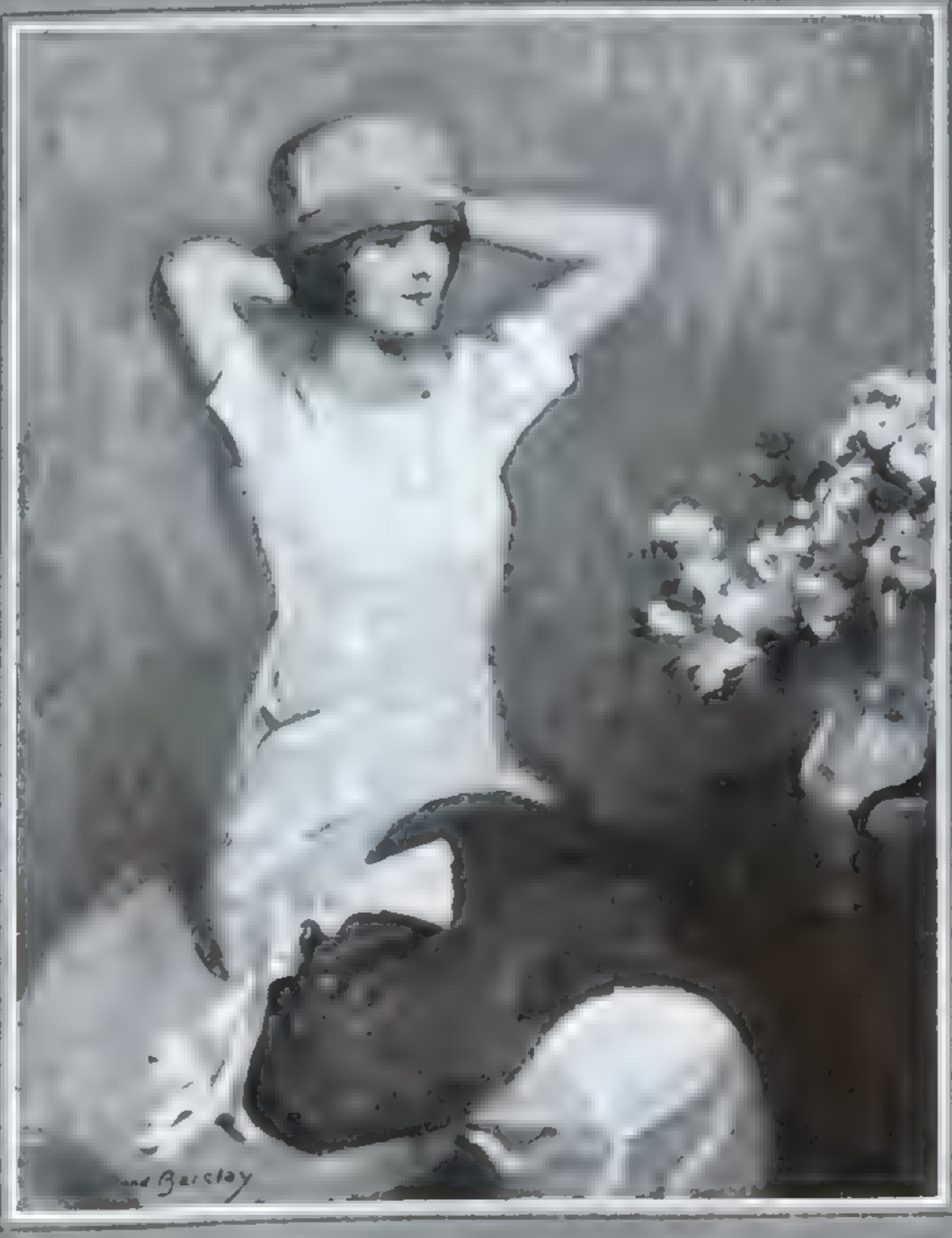
Science frowns on generalization and the making of decisions from insufficient data. It looks with disfavor upon undertaking anything new until everything old has been first carefully investigated. But at the same time the business engineer does not accept as conclusive those records of trials that have failed. To do so would prevent new trials which might prove successful. What is impossible today often becomes easy of accomplishment tomorrow.

Successful management recognizes the extreme importance of the human factor. It understands that the desires of modern workmen are a definite quantity and not a matter of guesswork. The employe wants, above all else, a regular job that is steady and pays adequate wages. He wants a boss who is considerate and fair, and desires an individual as well as a collective voice about his working conditions. Last and of no less importance, he insists on being given a chance to rise on his merits. Such desires are not only tangible but wholly reasonable.

The worth-while business leader does everything possible to encourage a bond of sympathy between individual employes, especially between those who are employed in different departments, such as the clerical, selling and production divisions of the business. He tries to familiarize himself with

(Continued on Page 42)

BODY BY FISHER



The user is more continuously conscious of the body of his car than of any other part. It is important, therefore, that he assure himself the comfort, luxury, and enduring satisfaction which is guaranteed by the emblem — Body by Fisher

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FISHER BODIES

The final triumph

His neighbors exclaimed over and over. For Peter at last had it: his perfect blend—*Peter's* milk chocolate.

The Peter's Almond Bar

DANIEL PETER had created milk chocolate in his little Swiss kitchen!

He had—after testing and blending over and over—perfected the *Peter's* blend—the same unique flavor you get in *Peter's* today.

And now—one step more, the final triumph: the choicest almonds—roasted to a delicious brown.

The Peter's Almond Bar!

The rare flavor of the *Peter's* perfect blend—and the added touch of crisp toasted almonds—a triumph indeed!

Fresh pure milk is supplied daily from highest grade mulch cows for blending in *Peter's*.

Peter's is different—distinctive—good. You'll like the fine rare flavor of it. Ask for Peter's today.

Send 25c for the famous Peter's assortment package—plain—almond—croquettes. Lamont, Corliss and Company, 133 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 40)

his personnel, but never makes the mistake of going in for any form of spying. Trust begets trust, while an atmosphere of suspicion destroys confidence—the touchstone of control. Whenever there is foundation for mistrust, there is good ground for a frank and immediate understanding to clear up the situation. The wise manager takes time to consider and then decides positively. He is not impatient and irritable, acting on impulse, and thereby destroying concentrated effort by creating a case of nerves all along the line. At all times he puts forth an earnest effort to develop the personal touch with his men.

The exercise of efficiency in management calls for the observance of established rules. A few fundamentals may be set down as follows: Refuse to do anything out of mere habit. Teach the employe—don't drive him. Coöperation must be won, for it cannot be gained by demanding. Fix in mind that human beings cannot withstand the wear and tear that is given to machinery, and recognize clearly the feelings and interests of those under you. Never hesitate to face adverse facts promptly. When a debt cannot be paid or a promise fulfilled, explain why immediately and thus preserve the company's credit and reputation. Do not pursue a policy of optimism that causes your concern to go on nursing a loss that would not prove disastrous if recognized early and remedied in time.

Impress those under you with the truth that they must expect the same things from their subordinates as are expected of them. Each underofficial must feel responsible for the results in his department. Try to avoid any display of temper or excitement. The length of time it takes to disorganize a job is nearly always in inverse proportion to the number of times the boss explodes.

Try to remove from the worker's mind all uncertainty respecting the permanency of his job. One concern put into operation a form of employment contract that is not compulsory and is given to the individual worker simply as a reward for loyalty and sincerity of purpose. This agreement is devoid of stereotyped legal phrases and merely states that the employer agrees to retain the services of the worker for a period of four months, and the employe in turn promises to abide by the rules and regulations of the organization and continue in the company's service for the same period.

A Common Industrial Evil

The president of one of our most progressive American enterprises has been so thoroughly convinced of the merits of this general plan that he has gone a step farther and guaranteed work to all his employes for a period of a year. His company now agrees to pay for full-time work for not less than forty-eight weeks in each calendar year, minus only the time lost by reason of the customary holiday closings, or through fire, flood, strike or other extreme emergency, and subject to these provisions:

"The company reserves the right to transfer an employe to other work that does not pay a lower wage, and to discharge an employe at any time for a sufficient cause. It further reserves the right to terminate or modify this guaranty in whole or in part at any time after serving six months' notice to that effect. The guaranty is limited to those who participate in the company's profit-sharing plan."

Schemes of this kind work out to the advantage of every company, as well as benefiting the men, for there is at least a 10 or 15 per cent difference in the efficiency of old and seasoned employes compared with new workers. In case of dull times a concern having an agreement similar to the one just mentioned could make a material reduction in the number of employes without cutting into the ranks of the older workers, for new men and those who are more or less nomadic would not be participants in any profit-sharing plan.

The greatest evil in industry today is the common tendency of managers to base their programs of business activity upon the fear of punishment rather than upon the hope of reward. Just as we have largely succeeded in banishing the element of fear from our educational and religious activities, so must we eliminate it from industry. Of course there are some people who can be forced to recognize the benefits of moral rectitude only through the threat of punishment in this world or the next; and likewise there are some who will give an earnest effort to an employer only when they are afraid of the consequences of shirking their jobs; but the best results that any management can obtain will always come from service by workers who are certain that loyalty will be recognized and diligence rewarded. This means that the manager who is wise will endeavor to build his company's future on a policy of reward and will eliminate as quickly as possible from his personnel those individuals who can be governed only by fear.

In the matter of salary increases to employes, it is a wise policy to try to grant wage advances before a request is made. The average worker will not ask for an increase in wages until after he has been dissatisfied with his present pay for a considerable length of time, and during this period the employe cannot give his best thought and effort to the efficient performance of the job at hand. When a worker must always ask for an increase in pay before it is given him, it follows that he must be doubtful concerning his standing with the company. When he must ask for the reward that he believes his efforts entitle him to, it is fairly certain that such an employe will seek evidence of his worth by investigating the opportunities that exist for him in companies that are competing with his own. This creates unrest and often causes competitive managements to bid against each other for the services of desirable workmen.

The efficient executive must not only be able to limit the amount of detail work for himself but must standardize the duties of his subordinates and wisely define the limits of responsibility and authority for all under him. He always has reserve plans ready for retreat, although his sole object is to go ahead. He must discover what are his weaknesses and surround himself with assistants to offset his deficiencies. He must have at least a good working knowledge of correct accounting practices so as to know enough in times of widely fluctuating prices to charge materials at replacement costs. This is the only sound basis on which a competitive price may be set. In case of a declining market let him charge his loss to unfortunate buying, which is far better than to try to maintain prices and let the markets slip into the hands of competitors. Every manager must expect time and again to witness the failure of business plans and methods that come highly recommended. It is customary in many concerns to pay the men an economy bonus, or share of the savings that they have created. An investigation will show that in nearly every case where this has been done honestly it has worked. But in many instances the officers of corporations have either failed to do the necessary accounting to make possible the correct determination of the bonus, or they have set aside a sum that was far less than the working economies called for, but which they believed might be made to satisfy the men. When such a policy is followed it does not take the workers long to discover that they are not being dealt with fairly, and the usual result is an immediate demand for a definite increase of wages to take the place of such a haphazard gratuity.

Insecurity of Employment

This does not mean that all the fault in every instance is with the management. In hundreds of places well-intentioned executives have suffered greatly at the hands of their workers. But as I have already pointed out, the power exercised unjustly by labor is often hardly more or less than a reflection of the high-handed practices often followed by employers.

Recent reports of the American Management Association dispense with much of the sentimental fluff that usually surrounds discussions of industrial relations and confine their statements to the basic truths of the question. It is pointed out that free labor superseded slavery not only on moral grounds but because it was more efficient. The modern workman has one handicap which the slave never experienced—insecurity of employment, which means insecurity of livelihood for himself and his family. It is for this reason that the worker's interest in his job is more stimulated by a sense of economic security than by the amount in his pay envelope. It is not strange that employes who are afraid of being laid off in periods of depression should instinctively try to make their jobs last as long as possible. Free them from this worry and they will doubtless respond to the call to give an honest effort at all times. It is for this reason that many students of the problem are urging our Government to stabilize employment by taking up the slack of private industry by means of extensive public works that can not only be done just as well during times of depression but that would cost less if carried on in such dull periods.

Of all the duties of management, none ranks in importance above that of trying to remedy leaks and losses. It is not uncommon to find a 100-watt lamp in a washroom, while in the main office of this same company the only source of illumination over a large telephone switchboard will be a small eight-candle-power bulb. The certain result of such inefficiency is sure to be poor telephone service. In another place the boss of a plant will have ordered the construction of a rude shed over a generator to protect it from condensation from a steam pipe on the roof, when the only sensible thing to do was immediately to fix the leaking pipe. In dozens of plants groups of antiquated transformers are wastefully doing the work that should be done by one large machine. Boiler plants are wasting thousands of tons of fuel weekly in careless practices that necessitate the use of a pound of coal to convert only eight pounds of water into steam, although it is easy to attain a steam record of ten pounds and more by installing by-pass valves in some places and small branch pipes in other locations to take care of escapements of steam. A further easy economy is attained by having the boiler-house men coast near the end of the day, decreasing the pressure five or ten minutes before closing time.

Needless Waste

It is also possible to effect material fuel savings in many plants by using smaller steam-pipe lines. Thinner pipe will often withstand the same pressure, and therefore there is a saving in first cost. Smaller and less-expensive fittings are needed; there is a reduction in radiation losses because less surface is exposed and less insulation is required. The use of soot blowers will also cut fuel costs in many plants. These devices will frequently effect an increase in boiler efficiency of 3 or 4 per cent. A carefully planned bonus system will also be found helpful in effecting power-plant economies. The first step is to make a complete appraisal of the plant, so that it is possible to determine the cost per unit of power and compare this cost with the standard that has been decided upon. When the actual working costs are less than the standard, the chief engineer and all his helpers are entitled to a share in the savings.

Notwithstanding all the economy campaigns that have been so widely advertised, there is hardly a plant or office where the observing executive will not find opportunities to stop needless waste. The lumber manufacturers became concerned over the losses in their mills, and the result was a program of research which has developed a method for converting wood wastes into briquettes of high thermal value. The amazing fact is that the mill wastes to which this process can be applied amount to from 46 to 56 per cent of the volume of the logs milled. The bark waste runs as high as 20 per cent, and the cut made by the saw in the average mill will account for as much as 14 per cent of the log. In one mill producing 250,000 board feet of lumber daily there was a lumber waste amounting to 240 cords a day. In addition to the briquettes, this method of utilizing the waste wood will enable the lumber manufacturers to show an annual production of approximately 2,500,000 gallons of tar oil, 1,000,000 gallons of acetone alcohol and 5,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas. In the matter of fuel briquettes, the ultimate production should total no less than 10,000,000 tons. It is such savings as this that will perpetuate the preëminence of America industrially.

A kindred saving that is sure to prove a factor in conserving our forests is the growing practice of producing pulp from de-inked newspaper stock. Some of our paper mills located near large cities are now purchasing large quantities of old newspapers. One company that is now using fifty tons of de-inked newspaper stock a day is producing pulp from this material at a cost about 28 per cent lower than that of pulp made from ground wood.

And though these great savings of valuable materials are more sensational than the economies which managements can effect by merely bettering everyday practices

(Continued on Page 44)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Superior
Utility Coupé

$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

First Aid To Business

The popularity of this car has at all times taxed our large productive capacity.

It meets completely the requirements of most business and professional workers.

The quality of this Chevrolet is high, along strictly practical lines. The design, construction and finish of the body pleases discriminating motorists, and the economy of operation averages lowest for this type of car.

The mammoth rear compartment is of constant value to all who must carry luggage, equipment, samples, etc.

The best salesmen of this car are the people who use it daily. Ask any Chevrolet dealer, or talk to owners anywhere.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster - - -	$490
Superior Touring - - -	495
Superior Utility Coupé -	640
Superior 4-Pass. Coupé -	725
Superior Sedan - - -	795
Superior Commercial Chassis - - - - - -	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Fisher Bodies on closed models.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

Detroit, Michigan

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

—because architects of the Middle Ages topped their churches with lofty spires to suggest a lifting-up of the spirit. Modern science lifts

Puretest
Mineral Oil
RUSSIAN TYPE

to an even higher standard than that which is recommended by the Federal Government.

Puretest Mineral Oil is odorless, colorless, tasteless—the ideal lubricating oil in cases of faulty elimination. It quickly softens the food waste, and, being purely mechanical in action, is free from the objectionable features of many cathartics.

Easy to take, easy in action, and superior even to the finest oil formerly imported from Russia.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town.

© 1924 U. D. Co.

Continued from Page 42

in their offices and factories, the opportunities to stop leaks and reduce waste in the average store or plant are practically without end, and in the aggregate these small betterments are no less important than the more widely advertised conservation measures. For example, one progressive manager saved $10,000 a year for his company simply by moving from a four-story factory to one in which all operations are grouped on a single floor. Manufacturing costs were reduced amazingly. All machines are arranged in battery form, in the order in which they perform their operations. Every one is portable and has its own electric motor, the current being obtained from sockets in the ceiling. Merely as an evidence of the close study that was applied to all problems, let me mention the solution that was found for the damage to delicate machinery that was caused by the dust raised by the metal truck wheels running on concrete floors. The remedy was to apply a filler to the concrete and use fiber wheels on the trucks.

In dozens of other companies a multitude of more or less novel schemes have been successfully introduced. In offices and banks where much noise developed from the use of many typewriters, adding machines and other equipment, a quieting treatment has been applied by using a layer of felt on the ceiling and covering this over with tightly stretched muslin or canvas. By so painting the muslin or canvas that it resembles plaster, and then perforating it with holes suitably sized and spaced, the felt beneath the muslin absorbs the noises. By using a light-colored paint, such a ceiling will not materially reduce the reflection of light. In using this treatment for noise it is, of course, advisable to have all the typewriters and other noise-producing machines grouped into as small a space as possible so as to reduce to a minimum the cost of introducing this noise absorbent. In rooms having a height of more than twelve feet this plan of deadening noise may not be so effective. It goes without saying that the solution for noise in individual offices where only one or two machines are needed is to use some type of noiseless equipment.

Office Economies

One of the easiest ways to effect office economies is to make a careful study of the general layout. A simple shift of furniture and equipment will often save much time and space in addition to reducing congestion. In effecting such a betterment it is, of course, necessary to study carefully the sequence in which the various tasks are performed. The first move is to make an exact floor plan of the old arrangement, showing the location of every piece of furniture or other equipment. Then the work must be traced from point to point and a record made of every place where the stream bends back, crosses itself or takes an unnecessarily long jump from one center to another. The logical outcome of such an examination will be to group into one locality such closely related departments as those having to do with the incoming and outgoing mail and the typing or handling of correspondence. The departments that use the files most should be placed nearest to them, and this same idea is extended to every part of the layout.

No practice in business is so much abused or so little understood as the average system of filing. One large company, which is but a fair example of many others, employs a filing force of forty-five clerks who handle an average of 18,000 pieces of mail daily. Certain of these clerks are required to read and analyze the letters so that the proper file number may be assigned to each letter. The letters are sorted alphabetically and turned over for the assignment of file numbers for a card index. Cross references are made at the same time that the letter is analyzed, and it is a company rule that every piece of mail sent to the files shall be read, analyzed and properly placed before the clerks leave that day.

When any folder is taken out of the filing department a card must be filled out and inserted in its place. A requisition is made up and sent out as a tracer for folders too long out of the file.

In one large company having more than 400 employes an investigation showed that as many as fifty of these workers in the main office were absent from their posts at one time, delivering messages or interviewing people in other departments. The manager issued the dictum, "Say it, but write it," and then took steps to install an efficient system of distributing interdepartmental mail. Two mail carriers with portable distributing cases now travel prescribed routes. One compartment of each distributing case is for outgoing mail while other compartments of the cases are for certain officers and departments.

On arriving at the mail room, the carriers deliver what they have and are on their way again within not more than five minutes. Since the time required to cover each route is only ten minutes, it is possible for messages and reports to be delivered to any officer or department within fifteen minutes from the time of collection. Communications of a confidential nature are sent in Manila envelopes which are so perforated that it is easy to note whether they are empty. There is room on each envelope for ninety names so that it can be used that many times by simply crossing off the last name after the message has been delivered.

In this company no mail is given to the stenographers after five o'clock, which permits them to finish their work and leave promptly at 5:30, the closing time.

Another concern, being impressed with the necessity of observing every possible precaution in handling correspondence to avoid slips that make enemies, devoted much time and effort to preparing a practical discussion of the pros and cons of letter writing for a manual that was given to every employe whose duties include the dictation or preparation of letters. The information in this booklet goes so far as to explain why the writer should take the trouble to look up the spelling or meaning of a word in the dictionary, even when it is certain that the recipient of the communication will have no difficulty in guessing what is meant. Above all else is the emphasis placed on the cost of unnecessary or superfluous correspondence.

It is not overlooked that much good will can be established by what may be termed courtesy correspondence. But attention is called to the waste of writing a letter to announce that a communication has been received and a reply will be sent in a few days. Nothing is more foolish or old-fashioned than the notion that every letter must be acknowledged. The rule is to make replies only to letters that specifically request answers or that require attention because of certain inferential questions.

The cost of writing business letters provides a most amazing disclosure of fact to the average employe. In one survey that was made the cost of handling each incoming communication was three cents; the cost of each outgoing letter, including dictation, typing and mailing, was fourteen cents; the cost of filing each communication was one cent, making the total cost of receiving, writing, mailing and filing each communication eighteen cents. An investigation will show that practically every large corporation permits the sending out of an immense amount of correspondence which renders no effective service.

Minor Savings

Even in the matter of carbon paper it is astonishing what a material saving can be effected by the observance of a few sensible rules. In order to prevent the paper becoming dry before it is used, it is best to purchase only sufficient to last two months, and even this small stock should be kept covered in a cool place free from dust. The typist should turn each sheet after it has been used, so that the positions of the top and bottom are reversed, in this way giving a fresh carbon surface. Whenever it is possible, the carbon sheets should be turned so that the right or left hand side is in the top position. This cannot always be done to advantage, but in special instances it will provide new carbon surface and prolong the life of the paper. By cutting off one-eighth of an inch from either top or bottom when the operator is doing double-spaced work, it is possible to get a new carbon surface for the entire sheet.

In nearly every well-managed company there is some economy practice that might be applied by some other executive with great advantage. It is for this reason that many managers are now making it a rule to spend a part of their time in exploring the field of business, not only in their own line but in other industries that are in no way related to their own. In one place is a live-wire boss who has made a careful study of his telephone system. He requires each person to look up his own telephone number, attend to calls, appointments and messages directly and personally instead of adding the waste of using a third party who must later call back; observe brevity and never exceed the deadline of five minutes on any call; make long-distance calls on a station-to-station basis, so that the company may profit by the saving of 20 per cent in the toll charge. Even today, notwithstanding the flood of advice that has been given out with respect to telephoning, the employes of many large companies still burst in with a "Hello," instead of promptly giving their name and department in a speedy, businesslike manner.

Turning in another direction, we find a concern where the manager has effected an 800 per cent gain in haulage through installing an intermill transportation system with forty trains, each averaging eleven cars a trip. The main line is a mile long and branches run in all directions to more than thirty buildings. A dispatcher controls and directs the trains by telephone, and by means of a bulletin board he can locate any train instantly and tell who is operating it, what it carries and where it is going. The wages of the workers on this system are computed on the basis of the weight and bulk of the goods carried. The chief aim is to operate the system with the least possible movement of empties. Tunnels are used, and these serve also as conduits for steam, water and power lines. That this miniature railroad represents the last word in haulage efficiency is evident from the fact that the average daily haulage amounts to nearly 4000 ton miles.

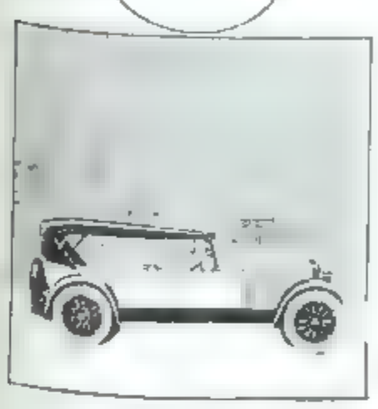
Executive Efficiency

Just a short distance away from this plant is another executive who is making a great success of his economy campaign. One big saving is resulting from reclaiming and purifying all the company's lubricating oils, no matter to what usage they have been put. He uses a centrifugal separator which collects and discharges from the purifier any water that happens to be in the oil. All lubricating oils during usage become contaminated with dirt, sludge and metallic particles as well as with water, and to add fresh oil merely dilutes the impure lubricant without removing the foreign materials. On the other hand, it is always an expensive plan for any manufacturing concern to replace used oil entirely with a new lubricant, so the modern practice is to reclaim and purify the used oil, thereby materially reducing the amount of pure oil it is necessary to purchase. Another new wrinkle of this same manager is to add 1 per cent of organic acid to certain of his lubricants, thereby reducing the coefficient of friction in a bearing by as much as 16 per cent without having the oil's viscosity noticeably damaged by the addition of the acid.

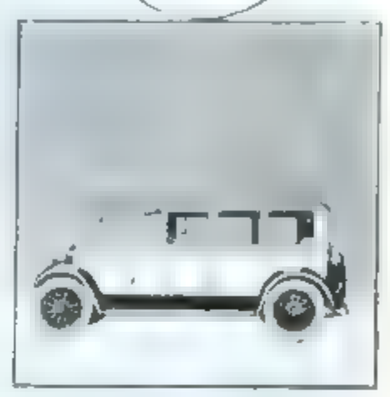
This is just a part of the story on business and industrial waste, but it leads me up to the discussion of other practices that may be helpful to those interested in better management. It is only through the development of a much higher state of executive efficiency that we can maintain our prosperity in the face of disturbed conditions in other lands. It is only through the application of more science to business that we can hope to avoid the disastrous consequences of industrial fluctuations that shift us rapidly from an era of activity and hope to a period of unemployment and distress. Through good management we can prevent depressions, and, if for no other reason, we should do so for the sake of the welfare of the nation's children.

We have no measures of prevention that enable us to safeguard the children of our country during times of unemployment. A Federal report says they suffer not temporary but permanent losses as a result of such periods of depression. People who have never been the victims of the dread uncertainty and fear that beset a workingman's family when the father is laid off will never be able to understand the real depths of suffering and deprivation that such a condition brings. There should never be any unemployment in a country so blessed with wealth as is the United States, and the remedy for this unnecessary evil does not entail the enactment of more laws or the accumulation of more wealth, but merely requires the exercise of more energy, intelligence and responsibility in the administration of the nation's business.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Parsons dealing with business problems and practices. The next will appear in an early issue.



$1795



$2595

The Powerful Paige Walks Up-hill in High

Where Lower-powered Cars Must Rush or Shift

TRY this test with your car and know what it means. It is the great prover of power—slow climbing in high. Then try it with the New Paige—prove its superior power by its slower climbing. For further proof—press the accelerator and watch the New Paige gather speed on the climb.

The well-known, big 70 h. p. Paige motor is the motor of the New Paige. With added improvements for even greater performance, smoothness, silence. Here's power beyond all need. Such reserve power means a motor that's never overtaxed—hence long-lived. And the high-pressure oiling system keeps it smooth and quiet, postponing wear.

You've never known such handling ease as in the New Paige! With power so flexible that you can drive 2 miles an hour in high, gear changing is rare indeed. And then the silent, easy shift and smooth-acting Paige clutch remove all effort. In turning, or parking, or all-day driving, Paige steering ease knows no equal—thanks to ball-bearing steering spindles. Paige rides as you have hoped your car would—insured by 11-foot wheelbase, 5-foot rear springs and snubbers, front and rear.

Consider all you get in Paige. Such performance; comfort; strongly-built, well-finished bodies; prestige of ownership unmarred by cheaper, smaller cars of the same name. Then consider the new low price. Only last year the Paige sold at $2450. The New Paige Phaeton, improved throughout, sells for but $1795. The De Luxe model, fully equipped, at $1995.

Such a low price is made possible only through greatly increased production—an increase made possible by an enlarged plant with a capacity 300% greater than a year ago. The important savings through larger purchases and lowered overhead, amounting to hundreds of dollars, have been spent in bettering the car—and lowering the price. Ask our dealer to make the Paige walk up-hill in high.

(502)

STANDARD MODELS

7-Passenger Phaeton . .	$1795
4-Passenger Phaeton . .	1795
5-Passenger Sedan . . .	2595
7-Passenger Sedan . . .	2595

Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

PAIGE

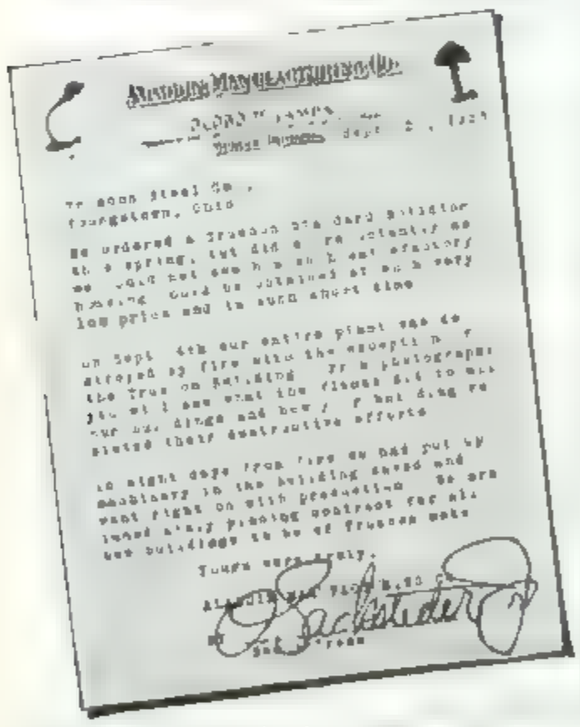
DE LUXE MODELS

7-Passenger Phaeton .	$1995
4-Passenger Phaeton . .	1995
5-Passenger Brougham	2395
5-Passenger Sedan . . .	2770
7-Passenger Sedan . . .	2770

Prices at Detroit Tax extra

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

The Marvelous Story is Told in This Letter



The Truscon Standard Building alone remains standing amid the ruins. This building "found very satisfactory in every respect", and "obtained at such a very low price and in such short time", enabled the manufacturer to go on with production.

Another Truscon Building Completed in Two Months

The rest is told in a later letter from Aladdin Manufacturing Company:

"Our Truscon Standard Building ordered after the fire is satisfactorily completed. This is nothing less than marvelous and we are well pleased."

When Fire Strikes You

Will your plant be a total ruin or will there be Truscon Standard Buildings to save the day? Will you know how to obtain good new buildings quickly at low cost?

Get the Facts Now!

Write for catalog and estimates on a building which will exactly meet your needs. Let our experts work for you. Use coupon below or write letter

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN OHIO — U.S.A.

Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For addresses see 'phone books of principal cities. Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Export Dlv: New York.

Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for .....

Length ..... Width ..... Height .....

Name .....

Address ..... (SP 3-29)

THE WILD ASS AND THE TAME

(Continued from Page 34)

undernourishment and there are many big-headed runty individuals among them. In addition to this, the burro hordes are ruining the range, and another few years at the present rate will suffice to denude the benches of all small vegetation.

Even now there are slopes from which all grass and small plant life have vanished, the roots—which served to hold the loose surface soil in place—having been dislodged by the pawing hoofs or by the teeth of foraging burros, and the surface soil has now slipped, leaving only bare ground. This condition will soon result throughout the entire expanse of the benches unless there is some check placed upon the ravages of the burro hordes. Once the range is swept bare of grass and small plant life and the surface soil is disturbed, it will be many years before revegetation can make any visible progress toward restoring the range to the point where any sort of pasturing will be possible. There can be no successful installation of antelope until this burro menace is eliminated. Even so, it would be a simple matter to solve this problem of the wild ass were it not for the tame.

The extremists have dipped into every branch of conservation work, and the sincerity of their efforts is not to be questioned; but such an ideal state—if their aims could actually be so termed—will never be realized and we must make some concession to common sense and the practical aspects of each individual case. In the main, they believe that never should a stream be dammed, not a tree cut or a shot evermore fired in the hills; in short that Nature should take her course without intervention by man. However, in most lines of endeavor man works with Nature rather than to permit her forces to remain undirected. Where Nature fails to supply rain, man irrigates; where she has supplied an excess of water, man drains. He raises his chosen crops of a thousand varieties, his orchards, his meat, his milk, eggs and honey. Why, then, in conservation alone should he keep hands off as advocated by the extremists?

More Sentiment Than Sense

One example will serve to point out the usual inconsistency and impracticality of the school of sentimental extremists. There are several buffalo herds with a surplus of old bulls that are not only useless but detrimental to the welfare of the herds, yet their disposal constitutes a serious question. Any move to sell off the undesirables wrings a wail of protest from extremists. In at least one big herd there are now scores of buffalo steers, for the managers coped with the situation in a way that would not rouse public opinion. There is a decided element of humor in this inconsistency. The bison are fed upon hay, which was no part of Nature's original plan for them. Men are hired as herders, others to kill predatory beasts that range the same country, still others to inoculate the buffalo against disease and tend them in sickness. New animals are purchased and put in with the herds to prevent inbreeding. But when it comes to disposing of the surplus bulls to the highest bidder, it seems to be tinkering with the sacred rite of letting Nature take her course and is classed as rank commercialism besides.

No cattleman would permit the indiscriminate appearance of surplus bulls of all ages on his range or in his pasture. No farmer would follow such an idiotic course in his hog lots, his horse barns or among his flock of sheep. Why, then, should it be so reprehensible to take the same attitude in handling a large public herd of bison?

The inconsistency of that stand is quite apparent, and it is but a sample. I could quote a score of specific instances where the extremists have taken equally absurd stands in other matters of conservation. In most of these instances their contentions have exercised an effect that was actually detrimental to the cause they had espoused. It was therefore to be expected that their voices would be heard in the matter of the wild burros of the cañon.

When it was suggested that these burros should be exterminated the wail was immediately forthcoming: "Should we so soon forget that the burro was the prospector's friend?" No. Neither should we forget that the cow is the farmer's friend; so are the sheep, the hog and the hen—which friendliness does not alter the case that many millions of these creatures are slaughtered annually. Then why all this uproar of sentimentality over the suggested removal of a few hundred burros?

The application of a bit of common sense and the understanding of the true facts in the case would be of some benefit, while this maudlin outburst bids fair to operate after the fashion of the boomerang.

There is no scarcity of burros, either wild or tame. Those that infest the benches under the south rims of the cañon are doomed in any event. If we let Nature take her course these animals will perish miserably of starvation to the last head within a few years' time. They are already showing the effects of undernourishment. Meanwhile they will ruin the range. It has already been badly overgrazed and is showing the effects of it. In fact, there is every reason for exterminating these burros and not one logical point against it. Even sentimentality should point the way toward their merciful elimination rather than condemn the poor brutes to torture by starvation.

However, the extremists seem to have won the day, since all idea of eliminating the burro hordes has been dropped. Park-service authorities have informed me that their hands are tied; that if such a move is carried out it will create an uproar of adverse public sentiment through misunderstanding of the true facts in the case. Once again the sentimentalists have gone off half-cocked and have obstructed where they might have aided a cause.

A Step in the Right Direction

All organized conservation societies should present the facts to their membership. The National Park Service will not turn a hand toward ridding the cañon of the burro pests while the certainty of such outbursts exists. If the various conservation societies should come out and openly indorse the program of elimination the matter might be handled at once. Without that indorsement Nature will be permitted to take her course with the result that the already overgrazed range will be grubbed bare of vegetation and the burros will starve.

There is but one way in which the antelope may be saved. That is by the united efforts of the public—the same interest that operated to save the buffalo. If every man that is interested in the buffalo today will accord the same interest to the case of the antelope, realizing that the species is on the verge of extinction, the first great step toward its preservation will have been accomplished

The installation of antelope on the Tonto Plateau may become the means of saving that an mal from extinction. It has already been brought out that there is everything in favor of the experiment. If each conservation organization should interest itself in this project to the extent of securing a few head of antelope and presenting the animals to the National Park Service or Bureau of Biological Survey to be liberated on the Tonto Plateau, we may yet see them ranging the benches in hundreds and know that this vanishing species has been brought back from the verge of oblivion. The buffalo has been saved. Shall we let its plains mate pass out?

GROVER CLEVELAND'S ONE BUSINESS VENTURE

(Continued from Page 39)

should underlie it. There had, however, grown up many policyholders' associations with a solid, substantial membership. One of these—perhaps the strongest—was that in New England, where a large number of policyholders had associated themselves and perfected a really effective organization. Others had grown up in South Carolina, Pennsylvania and Louisiana. Little activity had been shown in New York or in near-by states. At this meeting the first delegation was received from South Carolina, headed by Gov. D. C. Heyward, who, with two associates, presented the claims of their neighbor, Mr. Robertson. On the same day there was received a like delegation from Massachusetts, comprising William Whitman, the president of the New England association, who was accompanied by three active members, including the secretary and spokesman, Louis D. Brandeis, now an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. At this meeting nine directors were chosen.

The longer and more formal address issued at the second meeting under date of June twenty-eighth emphasized anew the principles embodied in the original correspondence constituting the trust and in the short address already published. This was communicated to the policyholders in the same way, through the press, and their aid was again bespoken for finding men qualified as directors. The trustees pledged themselves, so far as it was in their power, to choose a board of such standing that a repetition of the tragic chapter in life insurance should never come again. They expressed the opinion that the obligations resting upon the trustees of savings banks also rest on the directors of life-insurance companies, and they pledged themselves to see that this sense of responsibility was brought home to every director chosen by them, and that it should be fully enforced by law and such appeals to the public as might make those pledges effective.

In spite of all their difficulties, the trustees, by the end of their first month, had entirely reorganized the society, their command of the board being then complete. They had under their control, after this brief period, all the committees, and the insurance revolution was over.

An Appeal to the Policyholders

They were thus ready on the twelfth of October to appeal directly to the policyholders for suggestions and votes upon directors. On that date complete and explanatory circulars were ready for transmission. These were sent out between October twenty-seventh and November tenth, and the time permitted for an answer was until December first following. These appeals were sent by mail, with stamped envelopes for answer, to 310,266 policyholders, who were invited either to send a proxy to the trustees, or others if they chose, or to cast ballots for actual directors, no names being submitted for judgment. As a result of this elaborate canvass 79,462 returns were received. Of these, 74,080 gave proxies to the trustees and 5382 suggested candidates. The names thus voted for were miscellaneous, many voting for themselves, some for the trustees whose names they could see on the circular, while many were freakish ballots and suggestions. The striking feature was the small number of persons who had taken any serious notice whatever of the personal appeal for aid. The number voting was just over a quarter of the whole to whom appeal had been made.

Not a single director was chosen as the result of this movement, so that the trustees were no better off than before, and were compelled to proceed as if the ballot had never been taken. This was not from choice, but because of the hope that new and unexpected names of perfect acceptability would be suggested.

The failure was not, however, any cause for surprise, because it had been plain from the first day that the policyholders had been thoroughly reassured when they knew that Mr. Cleveland had accepted the responsibility for the future management of the society. It is almost without precedent that a panic should be so quickly allayed merely by the knowledge that a given man had thrown himself into the breach. It was not only a tribute to the character but to the judgment of the man who had assumed the risk and had the vision to see an emergency and then to meet it.

The trustees had attached this exaggerated importance to the result of the ballot because they themselves had been thrown so suddenly into the breach, without an opportunity to gather ideas or to

(Continued on Page 48)

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TYPE-A SEDAN

The beauty and completeness of the appointments will delight those who insist upon an air of individuality in the car they drive.

One feature in particular has strikingly enhanced both the appearance and riding comfort of the car—Dodge Brothers special 6-ply balloon-type tires. Combined with the new spring suspension, they insure a degree of travel comfort hitherto unknown.

The price is $1545 f. o. b. Detroit

Wh-wh-wh-wh-e-w! Ouch!
St-e-e-e-eam!—a scald!
Lor-*dee*!—how it hurts!

But only for a moment—Unguentine is handy. The moment you put it on it seems to draw out the heat and pain. So soothing—*at once*—and before long the inflammation disappears—seldom leaving any sign of a scar. No matter what the accident—if it's an ordinary injury to the skin—Unguentine will heal it. If serious, send for your physician.

Every woman should know how to combat the enemies of the skin

THEY are—***conditions*** like cold sores (fever blisters), chafing, blisters—***accidents*** like scalds, burns, cuts. Each enemy, and there are hundreds, has a different name. But the damage to the skin and the danger through infection are much alike.

The tiny cells which build the three layers of the skin are irritated, inflamed or destroyed. A perfect breeding place for dangerous germs is provided.

Quick and successful treatment of skin injuries or irritations should get the following results: ***Stop pain.*** Unguentine stops pain with grateful promptness. ***Prevent infection.*** Unguentine kills germs within a few moments, preventing minor troubles from becoming serious. ***Heal quickly.*** Unguentine stimulates rapid growth of healthy cells. ***Avoid needless scars.*** Remember these four assured results from using "Unguentine—*quick!*"

Always have a tube of Unguentine in your medicine cabinet. At your druggist's—50c.

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

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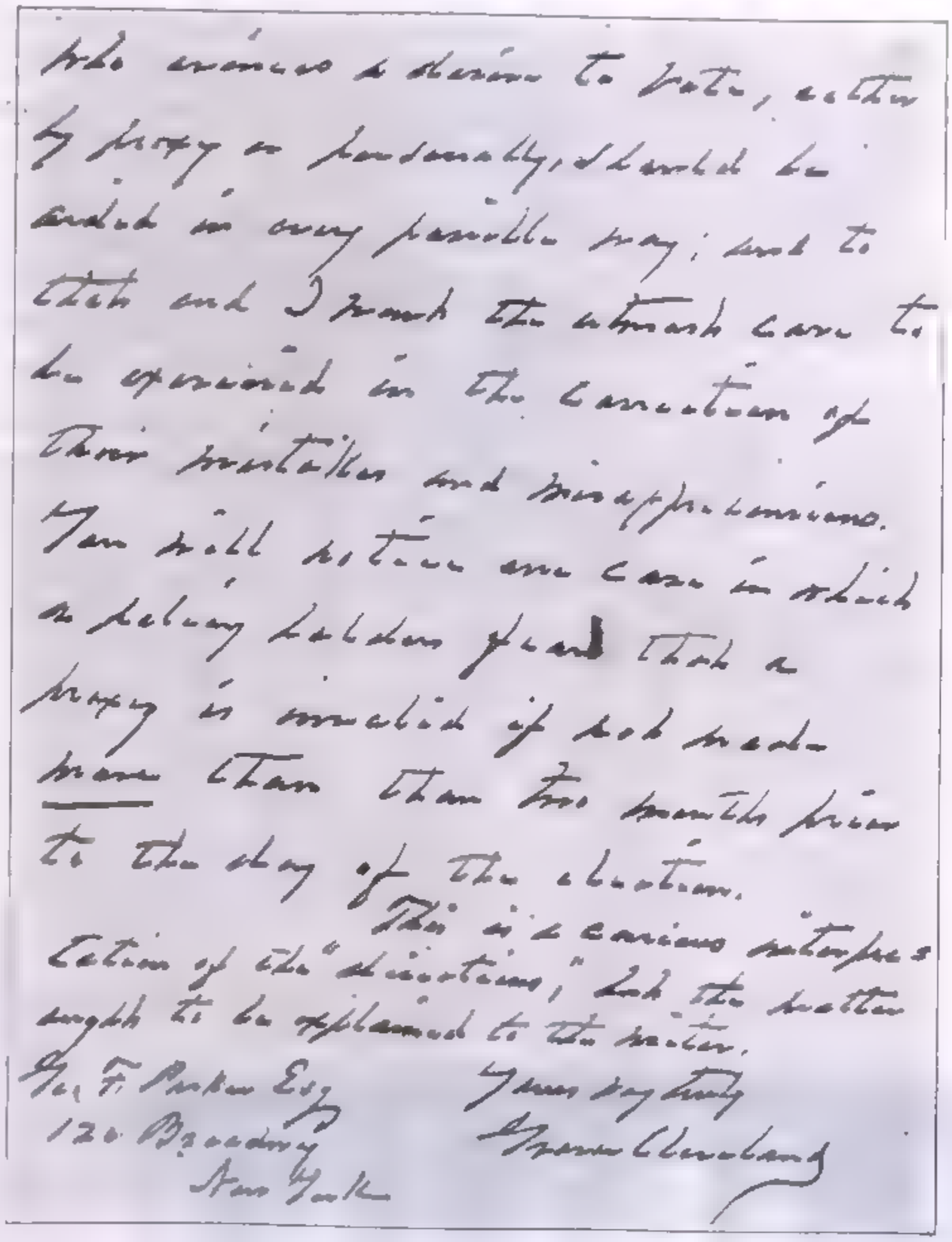
(Continued from Page 46)

adopt policies, that they fully expected to get this leading both as to names of directors and plans for the restoration to public confidence in the industry so completely upset by quarrels and scandals. They had been able in this short period to get together just over half of a new and complete board.

The new directors were entirely satisfactory, else they would not have been chosen; but the work was far from complete. After the severe and general excitement over conditions, they had a right to assume that they would get real help. Their purpose was to go on and to choose further lists of new men until they had entirely refilled the board. They had felt that neither they nor the society would be safe unless within the first three years of their incumbency they had made this entire change in personnel.

As an annual appeal to policyholders was not mandatory, no other was made. The trustees pursued the policy they had adopted at their earlier meetings of getting what information they could about men. From the beginning they were furnished by Mr. Morton with almost interminable lists of policyholders of prominence, and those with large holdings. All these devices were such distinct failures that in order to procure qualified men some of the newly chosen directors had to take out policies before they could become eligible. Even some of the hold-over stockholder directors, it was found, had never taken out policies, and these were treated just like the rest. This applied especially to some of those known as dummies—that is, holders without purchase of some of the surplus of Hyde shares, thus presenting the spectacle of some men administering the affairs of a great company without having taken over the smallest risk in it.



Mr. Ryan's letter of request and instruction and Mr. Cleveland's answer had fixed the principles upon which life insurance was to be reconstructed and brought back to honesty and efficiency. He was compelled to do this without a suggestion of direct power. He had no control over a single dollar that came into the society or into any other insurance treasury. He was compelled to begin anew, and not only to find out where abuses were but to discover what he could do and then do it, and to work through agents of whose existence he even knew nothing. It was in this indefinite manner that he was called to this last and almost greatest public responsibility. It depended upon him to bring about this immediate revolution, and he did it with a sureness and a confidence that, looking back upon it now, was most astounding.

No nominee of the trustees for director was ever discarded or questioned by Mr. Morton and his board. In transmitting names no explanation was avouched. According to need, one name might be sent, and in other cases from ten to fifteen were transmitted at a time. At the first annual election twenty-six, two full classes, were sent in one batch, every one a new name, not any two connected with the society except as a policyholder.

Men were not chosen by the trustees or elected by the directors with any idea that they would fit into this or that committee or be given a specific, agreed kind of work. This made it necessary on Mr. Morton's part to study the men sent to him and to do it quickly. Places on all the committees had to be filled at once. One-half the board had deserted, and every member of the finance committee, with a single exception, was out. It was not, therefore, a mere formal duty that the trustees and the directors had undertaken. It was the business of the former to find the men, and in this they had no help from the latter, and it was incumbent upon the president to determine in the quickest possible time where the talents of these men could best be used, and every man was put at once to work. There was no longer a place for a dummy, a self-seeker or a deadhead.

Nothing could have been more interesting to a secretary. As this study revolves around Mr. Cleveland, who had been chosen because his standing and character were universally recognized, I shall limit attention to his associates.

Morgan J. O'Brien, then a justice of the Supreme Court of New York, had grown up in New York, where he had taken a full part in the religious, political, professional and social activities about him. There was not, perhaps, in that great city any man more popular or one with more qualifications, not only for doing his own work but for helping in all the causes in which he was interested. He had risen slowly and gradually, by sheer merit, to high judicial position. Though he had a wider range of acquaintance in New York City than any man I have known, his relations with the country at large were not then so extensive. As the central point of operation for trustees had to be in New York, from which more than a bare majority of its directors had to be drawn, he was quite as distinctly the man for the place as any that could have been chosen.

Justice O'Brien had come into close touch with Mr. Ryan, both having started in a humble way, sharing in tastes and ambitions—though seldom bearing the relation of client and counsel—and he was an admirer, though not an intimate, of his chairman. This gave the second trustee an ample opportunity, of which he took full advantage. Though he had long known Mr. Ryan, neither he nor any trustee could get a lead there, for the reason that never were men given a responsibility with fewer strings to it and more freedom, and yet it was more essentially a one-man work than any I have ever heard of or seen in operation. A pushing man in O'Brien's place could have made a good deal of trouble, but one who was modest and retiring, and looked up to his chief and honored him, was one of the most useful men that could have been found.

The third figure was George Westinghouse, a successful business man, a real and great outstanding inventor. He was not thought of originally as a member of the board, but was chosen in a hurry when the names of Mr. Cleveland's associates had to be communicated to him. As he had never seen the latter, he inquired of me rather curiously about the selection of Westinghouse. His honesty was outstanding; and, working within his limitations, which he never recognized, he meant well. Although he preened himself upon his knowledge of men, it was in reality extremely small. His weakest point, from the beginning of his career onward, was his lack of executive capacity—often the most serious drawback to an inventor. But his mechanical gifts were so commanding that in spite of his defects he made money with great rapidity.

When it is borne in mind that after the first few obvious directors had been chosen no name was ever presented for final action until the chairman had so exhausted inquiry about it as to back it, that nobody ever presumed to push any name that had not passed through this process, the delay that came from this tendency to talk is evident.

If the responsibility thrown upon the trustees was both sudden and difficult, that assumed by Paul Morton, so different in every way, was scarcely less emergent. He had no more intimation of what he was to do than the others. Just before the Equitable crisis came, and without any thought of it, he had resigned as Secretary of the Navy in order to associate himself with Mr. Ryan in business. Some years later, when he had retired from active work, I asked the latter how he had happened to pitch upon Mr. Morton to take up the routine task of Equitable reorganization. He said:

"I never did that. It may interest you to know that when I took Mr. Morton into

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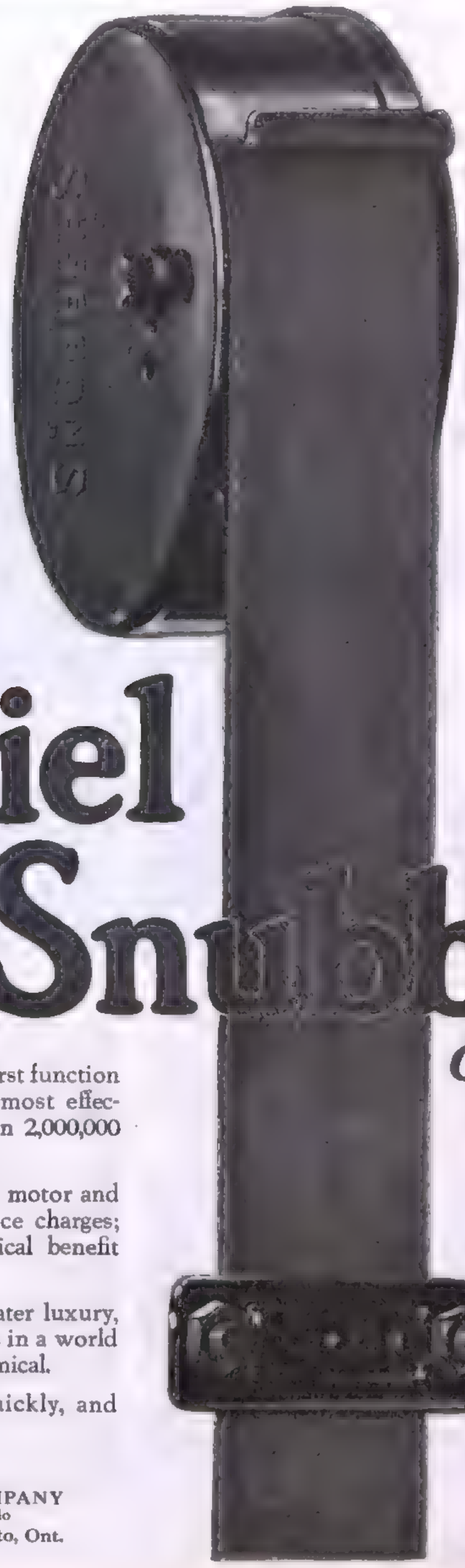

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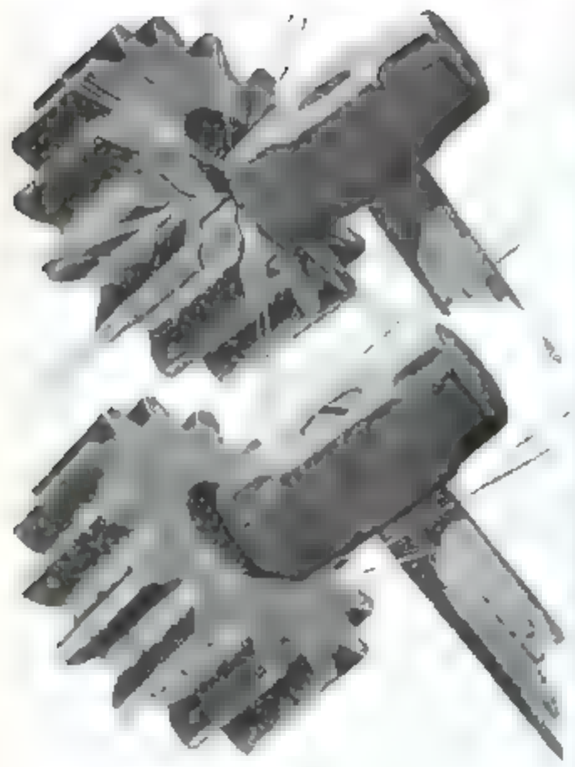

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(Continued from Page 48

my business affairs I neither knew him nor was I certain just what place he could or would fill. I was engaged in large ventures and needed somebody to take off my hands many details. I had known Mr. Morton's father, and his own work had attracted my attention. From the first day I placed the utmost confidence in his competence and honesty, and I now tell you that during all my manifold activities I have not come into contact with a man who at every turn gave me such a feeling of satisfaction as did Paul Morton. From that day I had no doubt that by the united aid of the men I had chosen the victory was won.

"When, within a few days, with little thought of entering upon such an important and risky venture, I bought the Equitable, it seemed most fortunate that I had such a man at my right hand. I had never discussed the matter with him, and he knew nothing as to what was in my mind about asking Mr. Cleveland's intervention. In fact, nobody other than two or three lawyers to whom, in order to be sure, I had to communicate my plans knew anything about the matter until it was practically completed. When I had concluded that it was the thing to do, and found that there were no legal obstacles, then the remainder was little more than a matter of impulse. When it became practicable it was done, and I always had reason to congratulate myself that I could turn to a trustworthy man in what I have always looked upon as both a great emergency and as the most commanding opportunity of my life. If I had not had him I do not know even now where I should have found a substitute."

The result of these combinations, so seemingly accidental, was that on the same day that Mr. Cleveland was invited to accept his task Mr. Morton was elected president of the Equitable. When he came into his responsibilities the board had practically disappeared, and there was no way of recruiting it until the trustees could be brought into being and operation nearly two weeks later. Mr. Cleveland's association with Mr. Morton had been formal, not personal, so that though each knew and admired the other, the whole situation had to be met by men who were almost strangers. Nor did any one of them, from Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Ryan down, know the technic of life insurance. In spite of this the business had begun to run more smoothly on the very day after Morton took hold, than it had for many years.

Every remaining member of the old board and every officer had resigned and thus continued only on sufferance; but this knocking of heads together did produce harmony and efficiency.

Once the new machine was in operation and directors were made available, Mr. Morton began to show his mettle. He was quick to sense the importance and the dignity of his task, and though he was without experience in the East, he showed at once that his business abilities were commanding and quite sufficient for his job and that he was indeed distinctly the man for the time and place. Better than almost any man I have known, he had a genius for receiving the new men sent him and of melting them into a compact body without arousing any of the usual jealousies.

The New Board

Though refusing to take any part in the handling or direction of money, cutting off himself and his interests relentlessly from anything relating to investments, Mr. Ryan did feel that, as he had put his shoulder to the wheel by throwing name and resources into the balance, he must advise his own agents; he could not become a deadhead in the enterprise. So he helped Mr. Morton for the few days that passed before a new finance committee could be chosen; and, everything considered, matters went smoothly while thus left to themselves. When assurance could once be given that the resources were intact, the period of worry was over.

Drawn from the best professional and business activities, the new board corrected abuses in respect to investments, to syndicates and every order of transaction formerly left in the hands of the finance committee.

The first week after Mr. Morton took charge these transactions in all their details were transmitted not only to the board at large but to each director. In the intervals between monthly meetings the committees were informed of what was done by the other associate committees. The directors were, therefore, not only permitted to learn but they were forced to know, and this policy has ever since been pursued. It became common again for directors to attend meetings and to look up and listen to what was going on. Original work was to be done. It would not have been profitable to pursue the recreant runaways of the old board. There was too much new work to be done to make this practical.

Perhaps Mr. Cleveland's strongest opposition went out to the men who, among the Equitable directors or those bearing any relation to the business of the society, had engaged in underwritings, thereby profiting with the money of a fiduciary organization. Many directors had fled at the first fire, but there were some who, although they had taken part in some of these operations, had—fortunately for them—invested their own money. Some of these had turned out badly, some well; but in any event, whether they lost or gained, it was their own risk. But in spite of this fact, Mr. Cleveland was distinctly opposed to their continuance in the board. He knew some of them, and they called upon him without delay in order to explain that, after all, it was such a little one.

A Sharp Contrast in Methods

In these dealings the character of the man came out, his great experience in professional and public life. All the caution that he had learned in both was brought to bear, and at the same time there was that exhibition of common sense which never let him go to extremes. No man was more firm in his determination either to go right or to forbid a wrong, but at the same time none was more fair in his willingness and desire to see that he himself should make no mistakes because of the lofty attitude he had assumed.

The one excuse made by a good many men caught in the insurance tangle, that the society had not only suffered but had profited by these underwritings made Mr. Cleveland very angry, and he always said that the men who used such arguments had no idea whatever of what they were saying or of how low a stage their morals had reached. The fact that trust funds had been used for the benefit of others was to him, in and of itself, sufficient to condemn the whole system, and he always showed his impatience when any such argument was put forth.

An example of how wide a gulf had been fixed between the old methods and the new is shown by the action of Mr. Morton soon after he had taken office. A company in which he himself was a member of the executive committee had, without action on his part, offered a large issue of new bonds. These were what is known as of the gilt-edge order, so when the action of his board came before him as an officer of the Equitable he at once insisted that the reduced price fixed for the bonds should be raised to par, and that the issue should be distributed equitably to all the banks, trust companies and insurance companies which could properly be asked to participate. He had thus aligned himself with Mr. Cleveland and the trustees in their unchangeable attitude not only as to the past but as to the future financial operations of the society.

When Mr. Cleveland undertook this work he proceeded to carry it out with his usual confidence in himself and his motives and with that conscientious devotion to his task that was so characteristic of him. He thought out his course between the time of his acceptance and the first meeting of the trustees. He did not consult with Mr. Ryan other than to thank him anew for the confidence thus reposed in him, and from that day forth the two men, engaged in different ways in the same work, did not consult each other directly. They knew each other's views, or rather the principles upon which each had acted, but in details each went his own way without advice or direction from the other, nor did Mr. Cleveland have private meetings with his colleagues.

Especially he did not even so much as think of consulting the men, many of them former friends—for some of whom he had had much admiration—who had served in the Equitable board of directors. His resentment against their course in running away was too strong and his condemnation of their judgment too keen to warrant him in asking their aid in a crisis which they may not have caused, though they had accelerated its seriousness. Of all elements, he was most desirous of avoiding the great bankers and the figures in finance. He distrusted their judgment and in many cases questioned their motives.

His distrust of the newspapers was as keen as ever, and he often emphasized the fact that he had not had the smallest help from one or all of them, or from their editors or proprietors. By this time, however, he had come to realize that, after all, a newspaper was essentially a purveyor of news and not of necessity an agency for promoting great moral movements like that in which he knew himself to be engaged.

So, taken altogether, he found that as usual he was only effective or successful while he plowed a lonely furrow, and this he continued to do until the crisis had passed. It was then easy enough to carry on the insurance business upon lines firmly fixed by him and to make it both honest and useful to the world. His obligation was to himself and to the man who had grasped a great opportunity.

At the end of the first year Mr. Morton announced that with all the difficulties in which the society had been involved, with law quibbles, with the execution of contracts which he could not break, with many discouragements, he had saved in that single year $1,000,000 in the expense of the executive department of the society. This would have made up perhaps all the profits over a series of years formerly received from questionable flotations and syndicate operations; but this was not all, for the investment work of the society had been so conducted as to exclude bad investments and to take on only those of the best order. It had, of course, been impossible entirely to rid the society of some of the bad investments foisted upon it, but in the finance committee, composed of four new directors and one hold-over, it had the most efficient body that in the society's history had been devoted to this special duty. In like manner the executive committee was wholly reorganized, as were also those dealing with insurance, agencies and buildings. In a short time every man in them was new. Only one New York banker had been elected under the new régime, but he was the head of a large savings bank, and his character and experience were efficiently at the service of the society.

Mr. Cleveland's Trusted Associates

Legal affairs were also looked after in a most efficient way. About the second meeting of the trustees after Mr. Cleveland came in he said to me: "The men we are getting are entirely satisfactory, but I want two or three whom I know and can trust personally." With this in mind, he selected three old upstate friends: D. Cady Herrick, of Albany; Thomas Spratt, of Ogdensburg; and John D. Kernan, of Utica. No selections justified themselves better than these. All were lawyers; all looked up to Mr. Cleveland with a sense of respect and admiration that was striking. They were not favored in any way in the making up of committees, but took their chances along with their fellows. The net result was that a board of men, each of whom was a strong individual, was gathered for the management of the society.

William A. Day, who had been assistant to the Attorney-General, came from Washington as controller, and was soon to become first vice president, and later succeeded to the presidency. He had the advantage not only of having the confidence of Mr. Morton but also that of Mr. Cleveland, because during the first Cleveland Administration he had been an efficient auditor of the Treasury. No man in the service of the society was more devoted to Mr. Cleveland or to lofty methods. He had been an active manager in his state of Illinois, and his work in the Chicago convention of 1884 in reconciling conflicting interests was not then known or even fully appreciated by many except Mr. Cleveland. Not only was this particular appointment good in and of itself but it enabled the society to go forward with a fixed policy when Judge Day became president.

Mr. Cleveland was steadfast in his insistence that men ought not to be chosen until assurance was given that they would accept, but even he, with all his care, was fooled once in a while. The exclusion of candidates was always an interesting process. No differences ever developed—everything was done by universal consent. But it would have quite surprised a popular city official of New York of the time,

(Continued on Page 52)

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REMOVES DULLNESS-SPOTS-STAINS
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(Continued from Page 50)

who, after the usual careful consideration, was elected one day just as the board was adjourning for luncheon. The proposing member of the trustees was authorized to find out whether or not the candidate would accept, and had authority to make a tender of the place. He had hardly left when it was discovered that the candidate would not fit into the scheme. A hot pursuit over the telephone caught the member messenger, which was fortunate, because the source of information upon which Mr. Cleveland alone took this responsibility was ample to justify this haste.

It is interesting to look over the minutes of the proceedings of the trustees during this five-year period and to note the new names listed as the successors of directors who had resigned. On the left are the names of the members chosen by the trustees with as great care as time, acquaintance and honest work could make it. Among them there is only a single railroad president, and not one who could be called outstanding in business or politics. However, each was a respected and active citizen of his community who had accepted his place with assurance, both from his name and his position, that he looked upon it as a trust to which he would devote all the time and attention that it demanded. On the right-hand side of the same page were the predecessors of these gentlemen. Among them were seven presidents or directors of the largest railroad systems; seven who were then or had been the heads of great banking firms or institutions; and five great financiers, any one of whom, if he had chosen, could have made himself responsible financially for the entire reorganization of the society far more easily than even Mr. Ryan himself.

This fundamental difference was to run through everything done during the reorganization days. The contrast between the carelessness of the second group, of their inability to see and perform their real part, and the attitude of the humbler and less known men, who within a few months, under competent leadership, were to redeem both the society itself and its associate life-insurance companies from either scandal or peril, remains to-day one of the really striking illustrations of what can be done by courage and devotion to a great public interest.

The Armstrong Committee

One of the most persistent suggestions that both Mr. Ryan and the trustees had to meet from the beginning was that all should become policyholding members of the board of directors. This pressure came from every direction—from that of the board itself, from many policyholders everywhere and from many influences that can hardly be enumerated or understood. All the members, as well as the owner, in which they were supported by Mr. Morton, took the position that under no circumstances could or would they accept. They felt that their work lay in an entirely different direction, and that the moment they should enter into the board and make themselves responsible for details of management they would be fatally weakened. This was left to the new board. The impulse behind this demand was based upon the idea that no board could be filled up with anything like public acceptance unless it contained a lot of big names.

When, on July 20, 1905, the state legislature adopted a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee to investigate the whole life-insurance situation in the state of New York, the new management, under the Equitable trustees, had practically completed its work. In five weeks a new board had been made, and Mr. Morton, with the directors furnished him, had fully in hand the task of saving the one insurance company then deemed the most serious offender. This committee, under Senator Armstrong, chose as its counsel Charles E. Hughes, then a comparatively unknown figure in New York. So far as the Equitable was concerned, it was not able to add anything of prime importance to what had been made known directly through the Equitable revelations, and had unearthed no abuses that were not already on the way to correction in that organization. But it did a remarkable work, because it showed conclusively that it was not one company or one group that was infected, but that most were permeated by questionable methods. No like investigation has ever been conducted with more fairness or greater courage. Though it played no favorites, it did not look for victims.

It began its hearings on September sixth, so that every intervening day had shown how well the situation had been met so far as it concerned the company which was supposed to be the most serious offender and which for a time was deemed to be the only one guilty. None of the trustees appeared before it, but the gist of the whole position of all the Equitable interests then involved was given by Mr. Ryan's testimony before this committee on December eighth. In the first paragraph, which was the key to all his testimony, he said:

> I had very large interests that were sure to be affected seriously by any disturbance in the financial situation or confidence in New York or any disaster that might come. I saw in the virtual necessity of a receivership of the Equitable such a disaster impending unless the factional differences in the company among the directors and the management should be radically changed. To avert this and to prevent the frightful losses that would occur from the violent breaking up of the Equitable, not only to the policyholders but to the financial community at large, as well as to myself, I thought that someone ought to take over the business.

It is not necessary for my purposes to repeat the revelations set forth in the complete report of this committee. Its net effect was to present a spectacle which was one of the most sordid and pitiable known to the annals of business.

Mr. Cleveland's Letter

I have explained that in the original selection of Mr. Cleveland as trustee no mention was made of compensation. Indeed, the real work was over before the question was raised. Even then there was much difficulty in gaining his consent to accept a modest honorarium. His friends were much distressed about this, and as his duties in the Equitable eased up they tried to find other ways of doing what they wanted.

By this time the Hughes investigation was over, and the other insurance companies, appreciating the value of his work, began to consider how they, too, might share in it. So the parties in interest came together and the scheme for a presidents' association of which Mr. Cleveland should be the head was devised. It was to carry with it a liberal though not a large salary when measured by insurance standards, because it was known that, though bitterly opposed to this system for others, he was relentless about himself. He let his friends tell him their story, but seems not fully to have understood its real meaning. They thought their good wishes and their cleverness had won, but when later he was asked for an answer he wrote the following thoroughly characteristic letter:

PRINCETON, February 6, 1907.

My dear Paul: I have just sent you a dispatch which has brought me a great deal of regret and a consciousness that I have caused you disappointment and embarrassment. I am altogether to blame for these and confess my fault without any claim of mitigation. If I had taken a little more time to consider the matter in all its aspects and had trusted a little more thoroughly to the soundness of my first promptings, I should have saved you embarrassment and vexation by declining the place you offered me at the proper time.

My interest in insurance affairs, I now realize more than ever, is related exclusively to the success and prosperity of the Equitable, and my great desire to be of service to you and Mr. Ryan as well as to the company. It is such a different proposition to make this new connection and to be related to other companies and their officials whom I know nothing about and which have not enlisted my personal attachment that I cannot, all things considered, bring myself to its acceptance.

I know, too, that on the actual basis of service to be rendered—that is, real work to be done—I would not earn anything like the salary offered me.

I fully appreciate the generous compensation paid me for past services; but I have had no very serious twinges of conscience on account of its acceptance.

Conditions have, however, so changed and the work which I might do in the future will be so much diminished that I insist upon an entire suspension of the compensation heretofore allowed me in connection with my trusteeship and refereeship on the relinquishment of both positions.

Perhaps, if continued, I ought to be reimbursed actual expenses and a fair compensation for such matters as should be submitted to me as referee.

I want you to understand that my interest in the Equitable and your success as its president and the satisfaction of my relationship with Mr. Ryan is as strong as ever—and that means as strong as it can be—and I would be glad if I could continue a serviceable connection.

In my judgment the head of the presidents' association would more naturally be an insurance man. I believe you do not agree with me in this.

Finally, if you will let me off from this new engagement with as much complacency as you can muster, I will be glad to render any other possible service to the institution and the persons with whom I am already associated, on the conditions which I believe you understand.

Yours faithfully,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hon. Paul Morton, *President*,
120 Broadway, New York.

In dealing with the insurance episode, covering, as it does, a short but vital period in Grover Cleveland's activities, I have endeavored, within the necessary limitations created by a magazine article, to sum up the conditions and methods that he had to meet in an unexpected emergency. These were contradictory in themselves, but wholly harmonious with the principles that had guided his public career. By the adoption of methods accordant with these he overcame or modified many of the evil tendencies of the day. The quiet assertion of old doctrines, the restoration, so far as possible, of the old morals without preaching or other formal effort had aroused the public conscience far more effectually than all the truculent politicians and radical reformers could have done in a generation. When history shall finally enter her verdicts, the aroused good effects upon our business morals will be referred largely to the efforts which he and his associates were permitted to make as the result of the far-seeing ideas of a man who gave them what was to all appearance an accidental, though a real, opportunity.

Mr. Cleveland was thus able to supplement the great political work which he had already done in the face of serious difficulties and under which the American people were gradually but surely settling down to something fairly resembling solidity of method and stability of policy. He had efficient helpers because he would have no others. He took quite as much pains in the selections of directors for the Equitable in some outlying state as he had used in the choice of a member of his cabinet in either of his presidential terms.

The New Era of Life Insurance

The coarser abuses were cut out of the way; and, like the removal of a thorn, this was accomplished with surprising skill and success. The larger creative and correctional methods were so put into operation that the effect was at once seen in all business, great or small. The abuses incident to investment, the use of the resources of the life-insurance companies for sinister purposes, the lack of a proper sense of honesty or responsibility in the administration of trusts began to disappear almost as if by magic. It was this restoration of confidence rather than the purely financial side that enabled the country to pass through the short but severe panic which came upon it two and a half years later.

To this voluntary correction of great evils can be traced, more than to any other cause, the higher moral aims in great business. It has been often referred to the activities of leading statesmen or other politicians, but these, so far as they were effective, followed rather than preceded this manifestation. Here was a case not of talk, not of proclamation, but of effective action. Mr. Cleveland, on his side and under his inspiration, the ownership and management of the Equitable as a business on the other, were the primary influences in producing these results and enabling the country to settle down rapidly to normal conditions.

Often, it might be said even generally, human institutions show a power to correct their own evils. Politics, religion, social life, the domestic relations of individuals as well as of society go on for a time and become gradually befouled, when some inside force sees the trend and conditions are modified—even changed. But life insurance had manifested no such power. Fundamentally, it had been so centralized that it had become the agent, not the principal. It ceased to have the philanthropic character with which it had started in times whose beginnings are not wholly clear. It was, therefore, powerless to correct or cure its own evils. It was to have help, and it

(Continued on Page 54)

What Makes Your Motor Have Moods?

A Fine-Running Motor One Day, a Staller the Next

The Fault, You Can Quickly Prove,
is in the Varying Condition of the Gasoline

A sweet-running motor one day, with power and "pep" aplenty; the next day a "staller," sputtering under its load.

What's the reason?

If you could see the gasoline your motor frequently contends with, you would not wonder that it sometimes rebels.

Analysis of the gasoline will reveal water and dirt.

Dirt and Water in the Gasoline

Most gasoline contains some dirt and water. Water condenses from the air in your fuel tank; bits of rubber and fibre rot from the filling hose; dust; metal flakes "eaten" off your fuel tank by the chemical action of certain blends of gasoline—this and other matter, too fine for the strainers in your gasoline pipe to catch, passes on to your carburetor with the gasoline.

Just a tiny bit of water or a speck of dirt in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor clogs it and throws it out of adjustment.

Then your motor begins missing, sputtering and stalling. You tamper with the carburetor and use your choke excessively, only making matters worse—overloading the mixture and developing carbon and other troubles.

Getting at the Root of the Trouble

Gasoline, before it enters your carburetor, needs more than straining. It needs *very fine filtration* to purify it of the water and dirt it picks up on the way to the vacuum tank.

This filtration is now provided in the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator, perfected by the makers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System.

The Gas-Co-Lator, attached to your vacuum tank, filters the gasoline of all water and dirt just before it passes into the vacuum tank or the carburetor.

The gasoline, before entering your carburetor, flows into a heavy glass bowl. In this bowl is suspended a bag of close-textured chamois skin. As you know, this admits gasoline freely, but it absolutely keeps water out. Filtered *upward* through this chamois skin, the gasoline is purified of all water and dirt, passing *clean* gasoline on to the carburetor. The residue, water, dirt, etc.—drops into a special glass trap, which is conveniently cleaned out at intervals.

Gasoline is filtered upward through chamois skin.

The dirt and water collects in the glass trap, to be cleaned out at intervals

New Power and "Pep"

Just give your motor a day of clean gasoline and see what a difference it makes. You'll have a new conception of the ability of your motor. In every way, from starting to running at high or low speed, it will seem like a thing of new powers.

30-Day Trial on Your Car

The Alemite Gas-Co-Lator

There is a Gas-Co-Lator for every type of vacuum tank and gasoline feed system. You can put one on your car yourself in 5 minutes. Put one on today and use it 30 days at our risk. If the difference doesn't astonish you, don't keep the Gas-Co-Lator. Return it and the purchase price (only $5.00) will be refunded in full.

If you cannot conveniently get a Gas-Co-Lator at a nearby dealer's, just send direct to us, using the coupon below. No money required with order (unless you prefer). Just pay the postman the $5.00 (plus postage) on delivery. Canadian prices higher.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Belleville, Ontario

SEND NO MONEY

BASSICK MFG. CO.
2660 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Please send me postpaid your perfected Alemite Gas Co-Lator. I will pay the postman $5.00 (plus postage) for it on delivery (or enclose check for $5.00 if you prefer). It is understood, if I am not entirely satisfied I can return the Gas Co-Lator at any time within 30 days and you will return my money. (Print your name and address plainly.)

Name_____

Address_____

Make of Car_____

Make and Model Vacuum Tank_____

ALEMITE
"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."
GAS-CO-LATOR

Perfected and manufactured by the manufacturers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System, now in use on over 4,000,000 cars

Why Every Mother Would Like to be a Farmer

EVERY thinking mother would like to raise her children on a farm. There are the fields to roam, the pure air to breathe, and, most important of all, the good, wholesome food to eat. Good food builds strong, sturdy bodies in youngsters.

This inborn desire of the intelligent mother has made it possible for the 70,000 farmers comprising the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association, to give you DAIRYLEA Brand Evaporated Milk *direct* from their farms.

NOT EVERY family is fortunate enough to live on a farm, but now, no matter where you live, you can purchase from your grocer at least *one* food *direct* from the farm.

When you buy DAIRYLEA you are buying direct from the farmers who produce it, and *each can has the combined guarantee of 70,000 progressive farmers.*

BELIEVING that increased merit and food value will urge you to eat more evaporated milk, the Dairymen's League gives you, in DAIRYLEA Brand, *a richer, creamier, better milk* than even the high Government Standards require.

It is exactly the same milk which U. S. Senator Copeland, when Health Commissioner of New York City, called "the best in the world."

Your grocer has DAIRYLEA Evaporated Milk. This is a picture of the can:

Convince Yourself!

(Continued from Page 52)

had to come from the outside. Some man not an essential part of it had to take the steps that should restore confidence in it as a great and beneficent agency in society. It was not enough to change its nominal heads. They were almost as nothing; but a great, overshadowing man at the top, in whom everybody believed, was everything.

Success in the Equitable had another far-reaching effect. It had always been claimed that interlocking directorates in business were a necessity for the reason that it was impossible to find anywhere a sufficient number of men to carry on the great ventures that were in hand. When Mr. Cleveland and his coworkers started in they soon dissipated this delusion.

The immediate and assured success of reconstruction depended upon men who would give attention to their task. As I have insisted, within five weeks a sufficient number of men entirely new to this kind of business—active, indeed, in their own concerns and interested in many things—were found to take up the work, and with them others of like character and fitness to carry it on. They did not plume themselves upon position or their personal wealth, or upon what they represented. They were nothing but straightforward, honest, well-meaning and competent men, and these qualities so came out that they were able not only to replace their predecessors but to put the whole scheme upon a solid and substantial foundation. The interlocking-directory idea was broken, perhaps forever. It soon became evident that, after all, there was no great mystery about big business, that it only required attention; but, above all, that it demanded watchfulness and honesty.

Nor was this, either in whole or in part, the work of a set of supermen. From the trustees and new officials to the newest director it was only the application of great moral principles to business. There was no longer a sneer when the Decalogue was thought of or mentioned. Plain men were once more found who were not afraid to do what they knew to be a duty. If it was found that a limelighter had made his way into the new board of directors, it did not take long to discover this fact, and scarcely longer to serve upon him an unconscious notice that his game was known and that it would not work.

This plain story of a recovered human responsibility gives no excuse or reason for preaching, but has an interest far beyond any relation that it may bear to purely economical questions. It has a value as showing that if for a time moral issues seem to lose their power, conditions often unexpected or unseen restore them to their proper place. Here was serious delinquency on the part of those who had presumed to think themselves among the great business men of the world, a forgetfulness of obligation to vast masses of plain, struggling human beings who had endeavored to take advantage of the new methods of thrift which a constantly enlarging civilization had brought to them. This foresight on behalf of those dependent upon them ought to have brought sympathy as well as help; but when there seemed to be no way out, a group of men, not one of whom posed as a philanthropist or a reformer, came to the rescue and brought to naught the unwholesome tendencies that had thus asserted themselves.

It is, indeed, an example to our own or any other times. It provides opportunity, more and more, for men who by any great service, public or other, have won and earned the confidence of their fellows. It ought also to teach men with the gift for making money that they, too, have to think of something outside their own pleasures or what greed may dictate and beyond those vanities which are too often gratified by the return of gifts, whether large or petty.

The mutualization of the Equitable, about which Mr. Cleveland had grave doubts, has now been completed in accordance with the terms fixed by the original trust. The majority stock has been purchased by the society for the benefit of its policyholders, and any dangers that might have existed from stock ownership have been removed.

Mr. Cleveland's work was left unfinished, but those to whom he imparted his plans for the future of the Equitable have, not only so far as that company is concerned but as to all others, new as well as old, connected with life insurance, become so solidly rooted in the public confidence that public approbation is now not only measured by the growth of business but in a far more important way by the spread of confidence, so that, as Judge Day has said in a letter to me: "The value of Mr. Cleveland's service to the cause of sound life insurance in the days of its trial cannot be overestimated."

MANHANDLED

(Continued from Page 23)

"How dare you maul me like that?" she cried when she could get her breath. But he sat undisturbed in the face of her anger.

"Isn't it a little late, Bobcat, for that upstage stuff?" he coolly demanded, with one arm still about her shaking body.

She knew, then, that she hated him. She knew it as she tore herself away from his clutch and stepped down from the car that had once seemed so beguiling an engine of magnificence. She could hear his laugh, slightly derisive and self-defensive, as she crossed the sidewalk and mounted the steps with the broken iron railing. She felt soiled and battered, as soiled and battered as the ancient street door which she swung shut behind her.

Nor did it add to her peace of mind to find herself confronted in the dimly lit hall by the monitory figure of Mrs. Binner, who remarked that she had seen what she had seen, and that through all her years of struggling widowhood she had at least tried to keep her house a respectable one.

"And at the end of the week, Miss Lerner," concluded the indignant figure in the mottled peignoir, "there are others as will be wanting your room."

"They're welcome to it!" cried the flaming-eyed girl, suddenly sick of landladies and musty halls and the sordidness of side-street life. She was not the meek and passive person she had been a few short weeks ago.

"And what'll I tell your Mr. Weaver when he calls again?" inquired the wrapper-clad guardian of the proprieties. The venom in the creamy smooth notes of that question did not escape the tight-lipped Miss Lerner.

"You can tell him what you please," retorted the girl, who felt that her world wasn't being quite fair with her.

VI

HAZEL, on her trip out to Sheepshead Bay, found Luther Swett a much more serious-minded man than she had expected. She told him about her crippled ambition to be an artist, about her order for another gross of place cards, and how that extra money helped to keep her head above water. He listened intently, watching her face as she talked. He was equally reserved on the long ride home, with no trace of condescension in his silences. It was not until he was about to drop her at her house door that his passiveness slipped away from him.

"It's just occurred to me, my dear, that I can get you into a better neighborhood than this," he said with fatherly matter-of-factness. "This really won't do, you know."

Hazel's gesture, as she inspected the diminishing row of ash cans, was one of helplessness.

"I've a portrait-painter friend named Nast, Kendal Nast, who's just off for Europe," explained Swett. "He has a studio in a building of mine on Fifty-seventh Street. It's not a bad little place. And it's standing there empty and waiting for somebody to look after it."

Her pulse quickened in spite of herself.

"Do you mean you're offering me the use of this place?" she asked as quietly as she was able.

"I imagine you would be doing Nast a service in looking after his things through the winter," he casually reminded her.

"But that," she demurred, "would leave me under such an obligation to you."

"It's Nast's studio, not mine," he pointed out. "I'm merely passing it on to you if you care to use it."

"But that would be taking something for nothing," she still objected, disturbed by some deep-seated voice of instinct that would not down.

"I think you deserve it," proclaimed her quiet-voiced benefactor.

"But that's just the trouble. I don't. And I'd still be too much in your debt."

"You could get rid of that very easily," he announced.

"How?" she asked, with an unconscious sharpening of the voice.

His urbanity apparently was unshakable.

"By letting me drop in on you now and then, when you've an idle hour. Don't misunderstand me, my dear. I wouldn't want to be a nuisance, and I'd come only when I was definitely asked. But at my age one has rather a love for quietness and color. And where you are there always seems to be color."

"It's mostly blue, these last few days," she admitted with her temporizing small laugh. Yet as he said good night to her, with a friendly handshake, he seemed to accept the compact as sealed.

A note from him the next day announced that the arrangements had all been made and that the keys would be delivered to her by the resident engineer, on demand. Her benefactor hoped that she would be comfortable in her new quarters. He further hoped that if she met with any difficulties she would not hesitate to call him up on his return to the city.

Hazel's last scruples vanished at the impersonality of that brief but kindly note. They returned, it is true, when she found herself confronted by the unexpected luxuriousness of the studio apartment, with cut flowers on her Louis Quinze writing desk and a satin carton of bonbons on the teak-wood trivet beside her chaise longue. She shivered with womanly joy at the white-tiled purity and privacy of the diminutive bathroom, after Mrs. Binner's communal bathing den with the residuary lather lines about its tub. She thrilled foolishly at the beauty of the toylike sleeping quarters, all done in old rose and ivory, and seemed to inhale from its narrow casement window a rarer and lighter air, enjoying even the carbon monoxide that floated up from the motor exhausts of the ever-murmurous street. It was an odor that kept reminding her she had crept a little closer to the core of things. And there was happiness in being at the core of things.

Along the horizon of her happiness, however, lurked one small cloud which she could not define, one vague trouble which she refused to articulate. It even left her reluctant to explain the details of her migration to Bob Gulick, who had become somewhat crabbed of late, both in his comments on her repeated absences and in his criticism of her too thoughtlessly executed card designs.

Hazel found it easier, in fact, to explain things over the telephone. Yet he stood silent so long, after she had done her best to make everything clear, that she thought he had hung up the receiver. It was only after her repeated call to him that she heard his voice again. And then he merely said, "You know best."

Hazel's brow was clouded as she housed her transmitter in the flounced Madame Pompadour that made up her telephone screen. But the vague trouble at the root of her triumph did not definitely outline itself until Luther Swett, almost a week later, called her up on what proved to be his private wire. He inquired, paternally enough, if everything had been made comfortable for her. He asked, almost as an afterthought, if he might venture to drop in for a moment or two, on his way uptown that evening.

That request, formal and perfunctory as it sounded, disturbed her more than she had expected.

"I'm sorry," was her slightly tremulous reply over the wire, "but I'm going out to dinner with Donn—with Donn Weaver."

"And just who is the enviable Donn Weaver?" inquired the equable cool voice.

Hazel's heart was pounding so fast that it gave a shake to her voice. But her courage did not utterly forsake her.

"He's the boy from my old home town," she reminded him; "the boy I was telling you about the other day."

She had intended to say "the boy I am going to marry"; but some undefined impulse prompted her to sheer away from that proclamation.

"Well, youth calls unto youth the same as deep calls unto deep," she heard the blithely forlorn voice saying to her. "But

(Continued on Page 56)

The Story Studebaker Never Told

Do You Know That Two Cars of Identical Quality May Show a Price Difference of $400 to $1200? That You Cannot Judge the Value of a Car By Its Price? That "Quality Car" No Longer Means "Expensive Car"?—and Why? Read This Before Paying $1,000 or More For Any Car

DEAR SIR:

What we say here, we've worked 12 years to gain the right to say. If you're considering buying a car, now or later, we believe that we can interest you.

* * *

Twelve years ago, we marked a goal. Then started out to attain it. We believed that quality cars could be produced on a quantity basis and a new era in value thus established.

We knew that quantity production to cut costs was simple arithmetic. That if we spent $25 per car for engineering on a 20,000 production, for example, we could reduce it to approximately one-eighth on 150,000 production.

We knew that by actually *manufacturing* great quantities of quality cars, we could avoid paying a profit to 75 to 100 makers of major parts.

We felt that in countless other ways great savings could be thus effected. We realized that all fine cars were much alike, except in price. That the difference did not come in quality of materials or workmanship, but in production costs. For all selling prices must be based on manufacturing costs.

We have never told this part of Studebaker policy before. It is a fundamental of our business. The reason, we believe, that we are today the world's largest producer of quality cars.

What we did

We spent millions for plant and equipment to reduce manufacturing costs—$38,000,000 in the last 5 years. Widespread savings have been effected.

It costs us less to manufacture. So we can sell for less. That's the substance of our story. We reach to the top for everything that goes into a Studebaker. We know no limit in gaining greater quality.

All Studebaker models are equipped with Timken bearings. There are few cars in America, regardless of price, which equal ours on this point. In our Light-Six, for instance, we put more Timken bearings than are used in any competitive car within $1,500 of its price.

We machine all surfaces of our crankshafts. We are one of the very few manufacturers, either in Europe or America, willing to go to this expense

Our Profit 8%

The rest you save

STUDEBAKER builds and sells 150,000 cars yearly—the world's largest quality car production.

By producing economically in tremendous volume, and being content with a modest profit, Studebaker thus embodies features found only in cars selling at twice and more the price of a Studebaker.

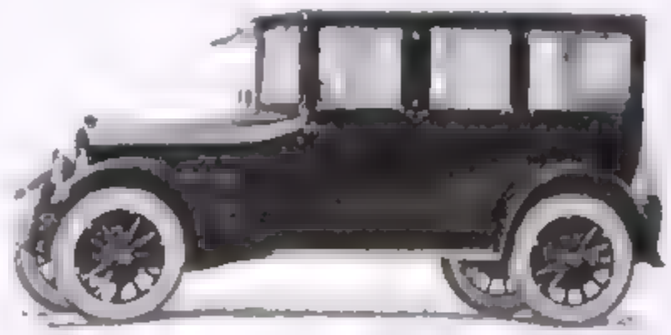
The average profit on all Studebaker cars sold in 1923 was only 8% on the retail selling price. That's why the price you pay for a Studebaker is so low. You get more quality for less money.

Everything that can reasonably be put in a fine car is in a Studebaker. 750,000 have been made and sold. The average cost for repair parts, as shown by actual repair parts sales, is $13 per car per year.

The price is the only contrasting feature. For Studebaker is a distinguished car of highest quality produced in quantity for those who seek value.

It costs us $600,000 a year to do it. But it results in a smoothness of power, in a lack of vibration that we think is worth it.

We pay top wages, plus a bonus, to attract the cream of automotive labor. The bonus is for superlative workmanship.



STUDEBAKER LIGHT SIX SEDAN

We subject Studebaker cars to 30,000 inspections which require 1,200 men. That's why so few "adjustments" are necessary on a Studebaker.

All told over 70,000 machine and hand operations are performed in the manufacture of a Studebaker car. In so many operations, though each one is but small, there is great opportunity for economies and savings.

We upholster our closed models in the finest Chase Mohair. Cotton or ordinary wool or a combination of both would enable us to reduce our price $100 to $150 per car. But we would thus sacrifice Studebaker quality and reputation. In our open models, we use real leather. Were we willing to use imitation we could cut $25 from the price.

We equip our cars with many refinements. We include extras that cost hundreds of dollars.

These costs are heavy. But we divide them, remember, among 150,000 cars. That's the only reason we can do it.

* * *

We make Studebaker bodies in modern plants, based on the inherited Studebaker tradition of 72 years of fine coachmaking. No other body builder has the experience of Studebaker. No other the Studebaker tradition to inspire him.

There is no finer

Studebaker builds a fine car—we know how to build no other. Hence, we make the broad statement: *There is no finer* car than Studebaker.

Before you buy see what Studebaker offers.

In 1919 the public paid over $80,000,000 for Studebakers; in 1920 over $100,000,000. In 1921 over $120,000,000. In 1922, $155,000,000. In 1923 $201,000,000.

Every year the world turns more and more to Studebaker.

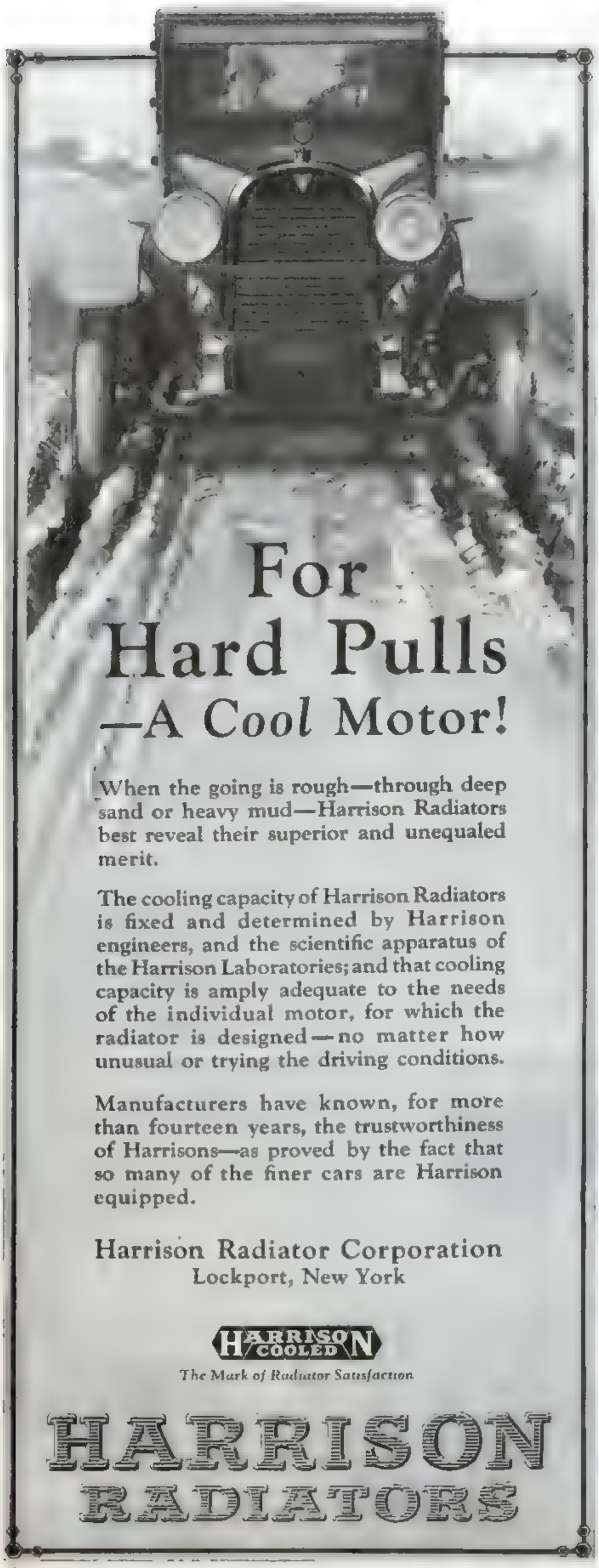
MODELS AND PRICES—*f. o. b. U. S. factories.*					
LIGHT-SIX *5-Pass. 112-in. W. B. 40 H. P.*		**SPECIAL-SIX** *6-Pass. 119-in. W. B. 50 H. P.*		**BIG-SIX** *7-Pass. 126 in. W. B. 60 H. P.*	
Touring	$1045	Touring	$1425	Touring	$1750
Roadster (3-Pass.)	1025	Roadster (2-Pass.)	1400	Speedster (5-Pass.)	1835
Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.)	1195	Coupe (5-Pass.)	1895	Coupe (5-Pass.)	2495
Coupe (5-Pass.)	1395	Sedan	1985	Sedan	2685
Sedan	1485				

Prices subject to change without notice

STUDEBAKER

Detroit, Mich. South Bend, Ind. Walkerville, Canada

THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF QUALITY AUTOMOBILES


For
Hard Pulls
—A Cool Motor!
When the going is rough—through deep sand or heavy mud—Harrison Radiators best reveal their superior and unequaled merit.
The cooling capacity of Harrison Radiators is fixed and determined by Harrison engineers, and the scientific apparatus of the Harrison Laboratories; and that cooling capacity is amply adequate to the needs of the individual motor, for which the radiator is designed—no matter how unusual or trying the driving conditions.
Manufacturers have known, for more than fourteen years, the trustworthiness of Harrisons—as proved by the fact that so many of the finer cars are Harrison equipped.
Harrison Radiator Corporation
Lockport, New York
HARRISON COOLED
The Mark of Radiator Satisfaction
HARRISON
RADIATORS

(Continued from Page 54)

when you're being happy with the young, my dear, don't altogether forget the old. I want to talk to you, when the chance comes, about what may be a real help to you in your art work."

"I feel you've already helped me too much," protested the none too happy Hazel.

"That's the finest thing life gives us old fellows," was Luther Swett's somewhat wistfully uttered reply. "Every now and then it lets an old has-been like me give a hand-up to a young would-be like you. But I don't want to be a blundering nuisance about it. So when you have an empty hour, my dear, give me a ring and let me know."

She thanked him with a forced lightness of note that did not go well with the unsteadiness of her hand as she hung up the receiver. She sat staring down at the flounced Madame Pompadour, trying to fortify herself with the thought that it had all been formal and perfunctory, that it was all based on one of those impersonal and generous impulses with which life occasionally confronts one. Her color was still high as she once more lifted the receiver and called up Donn at his office. She had said she was going to dine with him. And she wanted the consolation of knowing that she still told the truth.

"I was wondering, Donn, if we couldn't have dinner together tonight," she said with a pleading note of weariness in her voice. It disturbed her a little to find that familiar note brought no responsive softening in the other's voice.

"I'm sitting in at an office conference here tonight," was the depressingly cool-toned answer from the other end of the wire.

"That means you're busy, Donn?"

"Yes, that means I'm busy," was the deliberately impersonal retort.

"I wanted you to see my new place," she said with a forced laugh. "You didn't know I'd moved, did you?"

There was a moment of unbroken silence.

"Yes, I knew," was the none too promising reply.

"You don't sound as though you approved of it," she complained, compelling herself to patience.

"Did you expect me to?" was his harsh demand.

She took a deep breath at that, and steadied herself against the table edge.

"There seems to be so little about me lately that you do approve of," she charged.

"Does it matter much, which way I feel?" was his counter charge.

"Of course it does! But what have I done, Donn?" she asked with studiously maintained quietness.

"I'd rather not talk about that sort of thing over the wire," he said after another moment of silence.

"Is it that bad?" she demanded with her self-defensive little show of mirth.

"We apparently don't look at this thing in the same way," he retorted.

"What thing?" she demanded.

"What you've just done," was his answer.

"How do you feel about it?" she asked, not quite understanding what he meant.

"How does your immortal soul feel about it?" he inquired.

And when she replied, with her repeated protective laugh, that she didn't think she had an immortal soul any more, she found that he had hung up his receiver.

VII

"THERE was something in it, dearie, when you were named after the well-known nut," proclaimed Pinkie Doran on witnessing Hazel's public revolt against Mr. Moysey's equally public reprimand for not keeping her counter display in order. "That Simon Legree guy'll get even with you if he has to sit up nights ferretin' out an excuse."

"Let him," announced the indifferent-eyed Miss Fifty-Seven. "And then he might explain how much of his bad temper comes from being told that I was tired of being pawed."

"Hully gee, kid, you can't keep under glass in this burg," asserted Pinkie. "And a little pettin' don't mean you're on the toboggan. It ain't costin' you anything."

"I'm not so sure about that," maintained the still-frowning Miss Fifty-Seven.

And there were other things about which she was not quite sure. For Hazel's day behind her basement counter had been a disturbingly trying one. She had waited for closing time with an accumulating sense of frustration, depressed by a persistent feeling that she was in some way sailing under false colors. She had thought that feeling would slip away from her, once she was through the Haydon double doors and headed for her new home. But it remained with her as she stopped at a delicatessen shop and bought butter and rolls and a Bismarck herring for her frugal evening meal. It was still with her as she did her best to smuggle the betraying paper bag unnoticed into her apartment building, where she found a purple-tinted box of orchids tied to the studio door handle.

She was looking down at these, with a brief and bitter smile on her tired face, when a figure hesitated before her still-open door. It was an impressive-looking figure in an iridescent brown turban and a voluminous cloak of mink.

"Is this Miss Lerner?" asked the woman in the doorway, her question colored by the faintest tinge of incredulity.

Hazel, as she switched on the lights, saw that it was Verlyna Charette standing before her. And the younger woman with the delicatessen bag still in her hand flushed perceptibly as she acknowledged that she was Miss Lerner.

"But you're not living here?" questioned the older woman, still with the trailing note of incredulity in her voice.

"Why not?" asked the other, with an attempted smile that for some reason failed to register.

"But I happen to know this studio," said the mink-clad Miss Charette, with a prolonged and slightly bewildered stare about her. "May I come in for a moment?"

"Of course," was Hazel's answer as she closed the door and deposited her paper bag on the teakwood table. "Then you are a friend of Kendal Nast's?"

"No, I'm not," was the oddly delayed reply. "But I'm a friend of Luther Swett's."

"He's been very kind to me," said the girl with the gardenia-white skin, to bridge the silence that ensued. Yet she wondered why this resplendent and slightly faded beauty should be staring at her with eyes as sad and discerning as an old hound's.

"Are you a good girl?" was the older woman's quiet and unexpected query.

"What do you mean by a good girl?" asked the other, tingling with the thought that she was parrying for time and not looking for information.

"I don't need to answer that. Are you?"

"I've always tried to be," answered Hazel, the last of her color gone.

"Are you trying now?"

"What is to prevent me?"

The older woman did not answer that question. But her meditative eyes remained fixed on the other's face as she sank into a chair and threw back her burdening flaps of fur.

"I'm just wondering how clever you are," said the woman with the lines of life that even her make-up could not obliterate.

"I don't pretend to be clever," said the girl with the troubled violet eyes.

"But could you pretend to be the other thing, in a setting like this?" inquired Miss Charette as her meditative eyes ranged about the orientalized studio with its rug-draped divan and its brass lamps.

"In a setting like this?" repeated Hazel, still at sea. And she was conscious of the discerning cool eyes being once more fixed on her face.

"Does this impress you as the sort of studio a man has lived in? The sort a man would live in?" questioned the older woman.

"I never thought much about that," admitted the other, the color once more mounting to her thin cheek.

"I'm afraid there are quite a number of things you haven't thought about," Hazel's visitor reminded her.

"Do you mean I've done something wrong in coming here?" challenged the girl.

"I mean it could be very sadly misunderstood," was the deliberately cool reply.

"It could never be misunderstood by the people who really know me," protested the other, "or who really know Mr. Swett."

"I know Mr. Swett," was Miss Charette's apparently inapposite reply.

"But this studio was empty, and he had no use for it," explained Hazel, wondering why she should be standing on the defensive. "He has never said or done a questionable thing, from that night I first met him—that night when you were with him. He has been nothing but kind and generous, always."

The older woman moved her head slowly up and down.

(Continued on Page 58)

In this Food is *nourishment* you *need*—

In the form your body can digest

"We now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

—*American Home Diet*

"After diet comes the mastication.

* * *

Every organ of the body is improved by use, and proper chewing of hard, resistant foods gives the mouth the exercise it needs to help make it self-cleansing and to keep it healthy and normal."

—*Bulletin issued by Department of Public Health, Mass.*

If you are to be really healthful—the mouth and the remainder of the digestive tract must all do their share.

Don't take away from any one organ the legitimate work it should do. Don't baby it, but don't overload it.

"Unless the food is properly prepared in the mouth, it is not only seldom used to the greatest advantage, but causes disturbances in the digestive tract."

—*Teeth, Diet and Health*

Grape-Nuts is in the form that makes you chew. This makes your mouth do its work which, if it doesn't do, your stomach must do in addition to its own.

In Grape-Nuts the necessary starches are present in a form your body readily digests.

If you want to keep on patching your (human) house, keep on eating the wrong things. If you want to get and keep your house in order, eat food your body can digest.

"It is the food digested, not the food swallowed, that really counts."

—*Food Facts*

Eat "what you want to eat" but see that the food you do eat is such that your body can turn it into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest.

A hundred and forty-five thousand doctors and forty-eight thousand dentists are interested in what you eat.

Back of these men there are others, biological chemists, who are devoting their lives to find out just what it is you need.

They haven't spoken to you about it. Even your own doctor hasn't mentioned it to you unless you have been ill.

They haven't spoken because they know that except when you are ill you will eat what you want to eat.

What is it they would tell you if they thought you would listen?

That food and nourishment are two very different things. Food is what you eat. Nourishment is what your body gets out of it, what it can digest.

THE *nourishment* you get determines the way you feel. It is the *basis* of your health.

A delicious food, easy to digest

Starches and sugars (carbohydrates) are your greatest source of strength and vitality; without them you cannot live. But unless properly prepared they are hard for the body to take care of. They may become a burden and their great nourishment-value lost.

In Grape-Nuts the carbohydrates have been *dextrinized*, that is, they are broken down into a form your body most readily digests and turns into health and strength.

This delicious food is made from pure wheat and malted barley, slow-baked by a special process that transforms the carbohydrates so that the body readily absorbs them.

All the nutriment of the grain is retained—including the precious mineral salts which science is each day setting more and more store by.

In a form which you must chew

And the form of Grape-Nuts has the great added value to your health: you *must* chew it.

You can't help chewing Grape-Nuts. There is no escape. The crisp brown kernels force you to chew. Not like something that is tough, which, if you don't remember, you will unconsciously swallow. You chew Grape-Nuts because you want to and enjoy it.

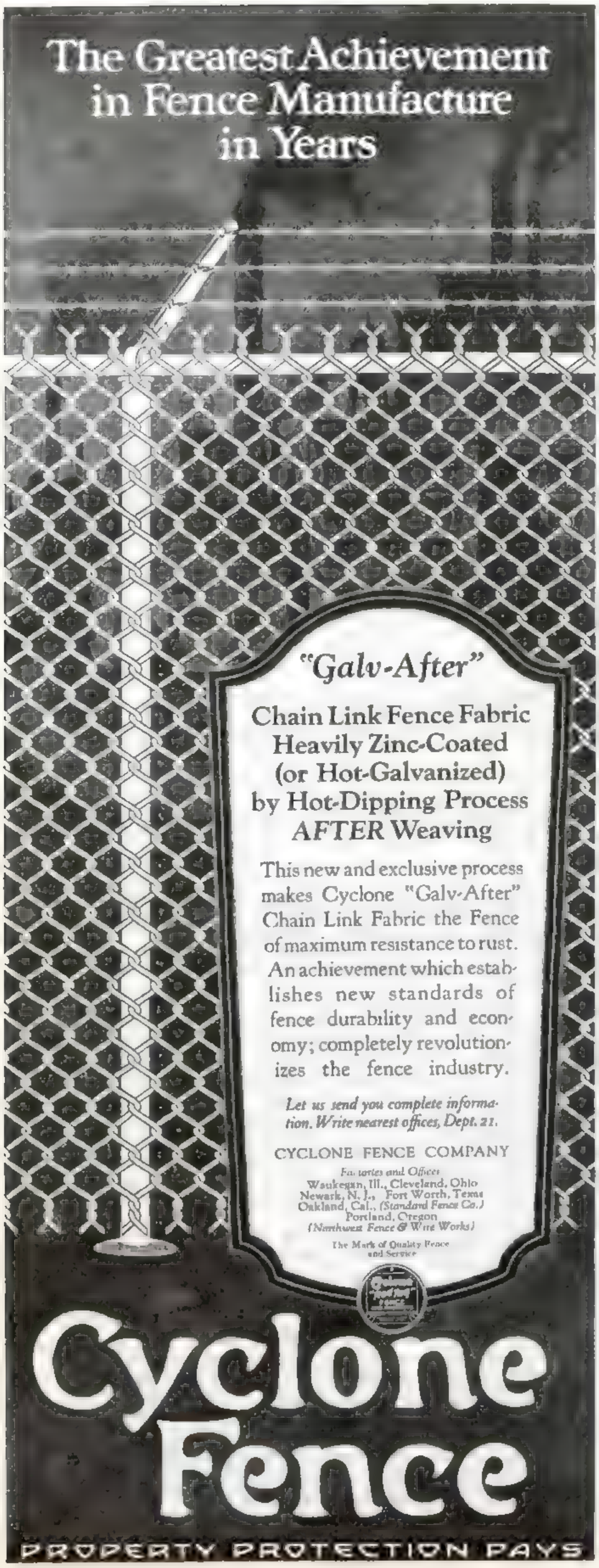
This good hard chewing gives the necessary exercise to teeth and gums and *it is the first step to digestion.*

With Grape-Nuts digestion starts where it should—in the mouth.

* * *

There is nothing like Grape-Nuts in form or taste. Most people like it best with cream or milk poured at the side of the saucer so as to retain to the full its crispness and flavor.

Tomorrow for breakfast eat Grape-Nuts. Eat it every day and at the end of the first week see how much better you feel. All grocers have it. All restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion. The Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.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The Mark of Quality Fence and Service
Cyclone Fence
PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 56)

"There are kindnesses, my dear, that can eventually prove very cruel."

The unhappy girl swung about at that with a sudden hard light in her eyes.

"But Luther Swett is a friend of yours," she proclaimed.

"He is—with reservations. And I'm rather fond of him, with the same reservations. I'm not accusing him, remember. And I know that young girls nowadays aren't asking to be either guided or guarded; all they're demanding is freedom. But I once heard of a big-game hunter who waited three years to get a particular head he wanted."

"I don't see what that has to do with me," protested the girl with the startled eyes.

"No; you don't, or you wouldn't be here," replied the older woman as she rose to her feet.

There was fierceness in Hazel's gesture as she swung about on her visitor.

"You've made this place so I can't live in it!" she cried out, with almost a look of hate on her face. But a smile lurked about the other woman's eyes.

"That's the most promising thing you could possibly say," was Miss Charette's quiet-noted reply. "I'm old enough to be your mother, my dear, and I've been through this mill. We all want to be free, but we can't. The best we can do is to remember Eliza and keep out on the ice a few jumps ahead of the bloodhounds."

The woman of the theater moved toward the stricken girl, with her gloved hand outstretched. But Hazel drew away from that contact. She crossed the room and stood beside the window, very lonely, very remote, but oddly courageous.

"I see it now," she said, in little more than a whisper.

The woman in the mink cloak drew the voluminous brown folds closer about her.

"Then I've nothing more to say," she asserted as she turned and moved toward the door. She stopped, on her way out, and looked back. "Good-by, my dear, and good luck," she murmured, as though to give selvage to a scene that threatened to remain without its due dramatic finish.

But Hazel did not seem to hear her. She sank into a chair with her unsteady fingers locked together on her narrow lap. It seemed very quiet in the studio. And she seemed alone in a world that had toyed with her and betrayed her and forgotten her.

She sat there for a long time. Then with a deeper breath of resolution she rose to her feet and slowly put on her hat and coat. She turned back at the door and stared about the room with the reptilian glitter to its accumulation of bronze and brass. Her eyes were wet as she swung the door shut. And she was crying silently and passionlessly as she climbed into a bus at the corner of Fifth Avenue.

Her eyes were dry, however, by the time she reached Washington Square. She even made a valiant effort to smile as Bob Gulick swung open his door in answer to her knock.

"You're not using your key tonight?" he reminded her, with a pretense at a reprimand.

Their eyes met. They stood, oddly arrested, without moving.

"No, I'm giving it back to you," Hazel told him.

Yet she colored as she tried to pick out the right key, remembering as she did, that two of them lay side by side in her pocketbook. She was even unconscious of Gulick's movement as she stepped closer to the light over the cluttered big drawing table. It was he, she noticed when she looked up, who was the more embarrassed of the two. She could not even rationalize that sense of guilt which rode so ill on his customarily honest face until she glanced for the second time at something he had clumsily tried to cover with his drawing board. She saw then that this undesirable something consisted of three packages of many-tinted cardboard embellished with familiar-looking elfin figures. And the sight of them there puzzled her.

"I thought these had been sold and delivered," she said, pointing to the place cards she had long since finished.

It was Gulick's turn to color. He became restive under her sustained look of inquiry that slowly turned to one of suspicion.

"They are to be tomorrow," he protested, plainly embarrassed. And that embarrassment became comprehensible, became convicting, before Hazel's slowly widening eyes.

"Then you, too, have lied to me," she proclaimed with sudden conviction. "You've been paying for these out of your own pocket. You've been letting me sail under false colors, even in my work!"

"I only wanted to help you," he protested, "without hurting your feelings."

"Why did you want to help me?" she demanded.

"Because I liked you," he admitted.

She stopped short at that, with her narrowing eyes fixed on his face. Life, that night, was in some way forcing her down to final issues.

"Do you like me?" she asked, crossing slowly to his side.

"Yes, tremendously," he acknowledged.

She was able at that to draw a deeper breath of relief.

"Would you marry me?" she asked, compelling her gaze to meet his.

"No," he said after a moment's silence. He spoke more quietly than she had expected.

"Why wouldn't you?" she asked, apparently infected with his own cool passion for candor.

"Because you couldn't give me what I'd want in a wife."

"What couldn't I give you?"

He hesitated, apparently finding it hard to express himself.

"When a man marries a woman he wants a clear title," asserted the none too happy Gulick; "a clear title with no counter claims."

"And you think I couldn't give that?"

"You've been interested in too many men to let me expect it."

"You are being very cruel," she said as she turned away.

She stood, so young and so fragile that he was without the will to hurt her. But he compelled himself to go on:

"Would you call it cruelty when I remind you there's no such portrait painter as Kendal Nast?"

"Yes, it's cruel," she cried out. "It's cruel in what it implies. And you at least ought to have understood me well enough to believe in me through that!"

Her face was white as she crossed to the door.

"Don't go," he called after her, his own face twisted with distress.

"I've got to, after what you've said," she cried out in her wretchedness.

She wondered as she went if she had indeed been selfish in the way she had used men. She had gone about with them, she had taken favors from them, she had let them show that they liked her. But there had been no strings to those favors. There had always been a limit to their love-making. She had done only what other girls did. And at the core of her being, she protested, there was something still untarnished and unpolluted. What she had been looking for, all along, was security. And city life left a girl tragically insecure. She had craved for glamour, it is true, but that was something she could do without. What she wanted above all things was safety. She must be safe at any cost. And the thought of that directed her, cold hearted but resolute eyed, to Donn Weaver. She would show him that she could still be loyal to him, to the simpler ways of life they had tried to make her forget.

She had trouble in finding his room and she was disturbed by the humbleness of his quarters when, with an odd blanching of the face, Donn admitted her. He put down his pipe and waited for her to speak.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," she said with her wintry smile. Life, she realized, had made her humbler than of old.

"I'd begun to believe it was you who felt that way," he countered.

"Don't be hard on me, Donn," she cried, struggling to control herself. "I've had about enough of that for one day."

"What is it you want?" he asked with a remoteness that made her heart ache. But she did not allow her will to weaken.

"I want you to marry me," she said as she lifted her eyes to his. The hardness of his face first puzzled and then frightened her. "Do you mean you don't want to?" she asked in little more than a whisper, out of the silence that hung between them.

"No, I don't!" he said in a voice that seemed harsh with hate. And she recoiled, like a child unexpectedly struck.

"Why don't you want me any more?" she demanded, her face wet with the tears she could not control.

"Because you're manhandled," he cried back at her. "You've made yourself cheap

(Continued on Page 61)

Lost in transit!

This picture shows where a lot of your fuel money goes. Remember that much of the heat radiated by bare pipes escapes into the outer atmosphere, and is wasted.

LAST winter's coal is gone—vanished into thin air—many tons. Where did it go? It will pay you to find out.

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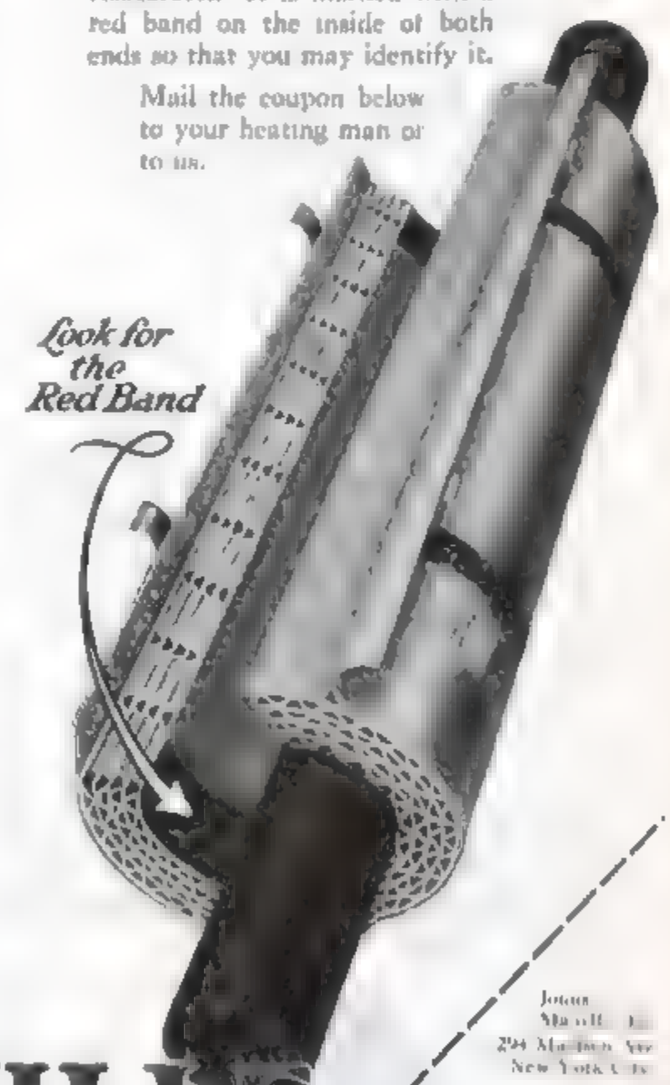

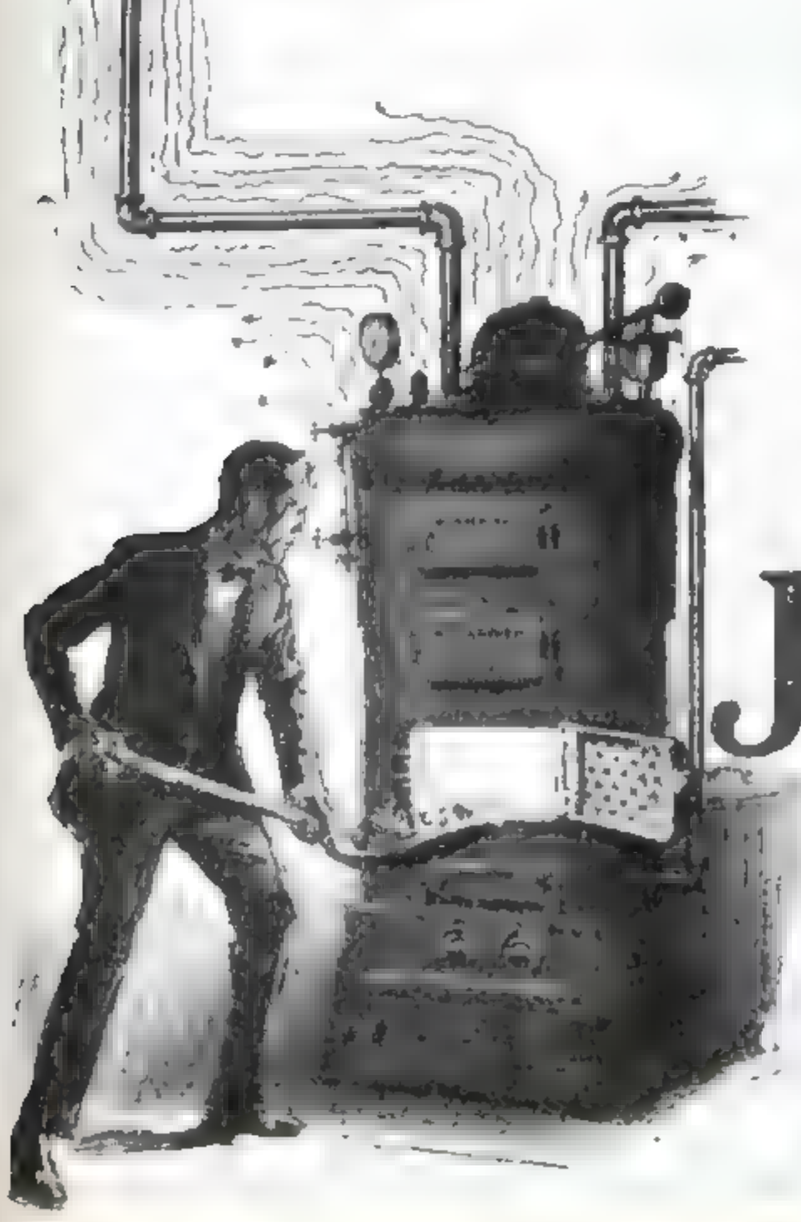

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Assuring continuous, sustained transportation everywhere

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 58)

and soiled by being pawed over by a pack of men who regard you as marked-down goods. You're like that shopworn stuff you sold at Haydon's. You've cheapened yourself. You've lost the one thing a man wants in the woman he loves!"

She turned away to stifle her sobs in her wet handkerchief, but he made no move toward her.

"I know now you never really cared for me," she said when she was able to speak.

"And why do you think that?" he mocked, still barricaded behind his harshness.

"Because if a man loves a woman he wants her, no matter what happens. He wants her at any cost."

"I felt that way once," he grimly acknowledged. "But I've been watching the drift of things this last few months. And I've also had a talk with Mrs. Binner."

She swung about at that, with a colder light on her wet face.

"Then what do you think of me?" she demanded, the last of her meekness lashed out of her soul.

"That's something I'd rather not put into words," he found the cruelty to fling back at her.

"And that's all the faith you could have in me?"

He laughed brusquely.

"I'm through with trying to swallow that pill of faith. All the sugar's been washed off it. And what I believe now is what I see with my own eyes."

She looked up from the gloves she had been twisting together between her fingers. She let her level gaze rest on the hardened white face that no word of hers could ever again soften.

"You've called me man-mauled and talked about the goods I've had to handle," she said with a valedictory quietness that made her voice husky. "But there's one thing I want you to remember, Donn Weaver, before I walk out of this room and out of your life forever. I want you to understand, in the face of what Mrs. Binner may say, or anybody else may say, that I'm still a respectable girl. I may be soiled around the edges, as you choose to put it, but my heart's as clean as yours is. I may have played around, the same as some other girls do, but I've at least watched my step. And there's no man in this city has any claim on me."

"I don't believe it," he said with a malignant quietness that matched her own.

"How dare you say that?" she demanded, white-faced at the memory of what another man had already told her that night.

"Because appearances are against you," was his embittered cry. "And your way of living is against you. And the things you've done and allowed to be done are against you."

"I don't think you understand those things," she contended, "any more than you understand me."

"God knows, I've tried to," he said with a gesture of finality.

"Then I'll make you understand!" she cried out in desperation.

"How?" he asked, outwardly unmoved. But his heart ached at the stricken light in her eyes as she stood in silent thought.

"By coming to me when I send for you, tomorrow night," she finally said. "It'll be the last thing I'll ever ask you to do. Will you come?"

"What good will it do?" he contended.

"Will you come?" she repeated, with a steelier note in her voice.

There was sorrow touched with pity in his eyes as he gazed at her across an abysmal indifference that could never be bridged.

"I'll come," he said very quietly.

VIII

HAZEL, in her hour of defeat, hated the city. Yet she found herself with no clear-cut plan for the future. She was decided on only two things. One was to turn her back on the place that had trampled and broken her; the other was to seek some form of vindication before she went. She burned with a sense of revolt at the injustices that had been done her. She felt that she had been misjudged and betrayed, and she was still too young to accept such things without an impulse to strike back.

Her first thought was to confront Donn Weaver once more and make a final effort to explain what seemed so inexplainable. But she saw as she took stock of her sordid drama of selfishness that Donn was only one factor in an accumulation of misunderstandings. And there were others before whom she wished to clear herself. Yet the only way to do it, she felt, was to confront them all, in a body if need be, and show them she still had the courage to face them and challenge them to question her claims. And this, in her desperation, she resolved to do.

It was Pinkie Doran, the next day, who seemed most surprised at Hazel's abrupt termination of her work behind the Haydon bargain counters.

"Say, honey, has one o' them sugar babies come across?" was Pinkie's query as the tight-lipped Hazel took a last look about the basement.

"No; a little common sense has come across," was the listless retort. "But it's coming too late."

"And where are you goin' from here?" asked Pinkie.

"I'm going back to Marysville, to my home town."

"Well, dearie, I think you're makin' the mistake of your young life to beat it to where the buttercups grow. They'll all seem boobs to you, after the big city." Pinkie swung abruptly about. "Who's the stiff who's broken you up, dearie?"

"There seems to have been a number of them," was Hazel's indifferent retort.

"Well, have it out with them," advised the embattled Pinkie. "They may be throwin' you, but let 'em think, dearie, that it's you who's doin' the throwin'."

"I intend to," proclaimed the unhappy-eyed girl. And thinking over that advice as she resolutely packed her things and made ready to leave the Fifty-seventh Street studio, she went to the telephone and called up Luther Swett.

"You asked me to tell you when I had a spare hour," she reminded him.

"Yes?" was the noncommittal reply.

"Could you come to the studio at nine o'clock tonight?" asked Hazel with an uncontrollable tremolo in her voice.

"Just what does that mean?" inquired the suave voice over the wire.

"It means I want to see you very, very badly," was the girl's answer, followed by a ponderable silence.

"I'll be there," replied the still shrewdly noncommittal voice. No warmer tone had crept into that answering voice. But it brought a faint chill to the listening girl's body.

Then with an odd hardening of her tired young face she called up Carl Garretson and to him issued the same invitation. And after that she sent the same message to Gilbert Thornhill and Bob Gulick, ending up with a matter-of-fact reminder to Donn Weaver that she was looking for him to keep his promise.

It was Garretson who came first, that night, proclaiming that she looked pale in her plain street dress of blue Jersey cloth. His eyes widened perceptibly as Bob Gulick stepped into the studio, and the perplexity of both men increased with the advent of the stern-browed young Weaver, who gazed with open disapproval at the table so carefully laid for six. That sense of inward tension grew still stronger with the entrance of Gibbie Thornhill, who searched the faces of the silent men and then smiled sardonically at the resolute-eyed young woman who watched the door as Luther Swett stepped quietly yet covertly into that somewhat puzzled circle.

"Please be seated, gentlemen," said Hazel, whose pallor had been succeeded by an oddly heightened splash of color across her cheek bones. Yet she was able to smile a little at the hesitancy that betrayed itself as they gathered about her board.

"It may seem odd that I should ask you all to come here, as I have, but I wanted this to be a meeting of my friends; of my friends who have tried to help me. It's not easy to say what I'd like to say, but I feel that in accepting your friendship I haven't repaid you in the way you expect to be repaid."

"Oh, yes, you have!" interrupted Bob Gulick, his face less troubled than the others.

"How?" challenged Hazel as her estimative eye met his.

"Why, by being just yourself," he protested. "By being bright and entertaining and bringing a whiff of youth into our tired lives."

She smiled her gratitude, before going on with the grim business in hand.

"But there seems to be a feeling that I brought other things into your lives, something, apparently, which has given some one of you, or all of you, a claim on me. And for the sake of my own pride, if you

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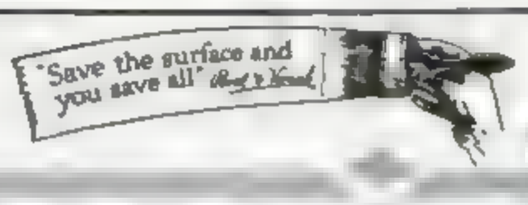


Varnish

care to call it that, I want this thing put straight." She turned to Garretson. "Have I ever done anything that would give you that claim?"

Garretson colored under the directness of her gaze.

"I don't quite follow you," he finally acknowledged.

"You tried to pet me as you probably petted other girls you know. But did it ever go beyond that? I want you to be as honest as you would if you knew you were going to face your Maker before morning."

"No, it didn't—worse luck!" admitted that candid hedonist. "I never even had a look-in."

"And you?" demanded the luminous-eyed girl, turning to Thornhill.

"I don't see the purpose of this," protested the latter, slightly flushed. "But if you're asking if I know of anything that could keep you from being called an honorable girl, I can most positively say that I don't. What I do claim, though, is ——"

"And you?" interrupted Hazel, turning to Donn Weaver.

"I decline to answer that," was Weaver's grim retort.

"Why?"

"Because I object to this whole performance. It strikes me as worse than ridiculous."

"It may be that, but I'm going through with it, just the same. I've got to. And I want to know if I ever gave myself, or offered to give myself, to you?"

"You know you didn't. And you know equally well that I ——"

"That," interrupted the girl, "is precisely what I wanted to get at. And you?" she repeated, turning to Luther Swett, who sat frowning down at his cigar ash.

"My dear child," replied that soft-voiced old robin, "I've had nothing but a fatherly interest in you. I've wanted to help you along, it's true, but I did that because I saw you had talent."

"And how did I repay you for that help?" she demanded.

"By confronting me with one of the most extraordinary experiences I've had in a long and rather varied career," he asserted with a rising note of annoyance. "And I think the sooner it's over the pleasanter it will be for everybody here."

"You are quite right," agreed the girl as her color went and came. "And you may regard it as over when I hand you back this key, the key of your studio which I came into without entirely understanding the situation or the circumstances."

She flung the key on the table before him. But he neither touched it nor took it up. He merely sat with his head moving sorrowfully from side to side.

"You're entirely wrong in this, my dear," he quietly protested.

"I was entirely wrong," she corrected with the carefree audacity of desperation. Her eyes were flaming as she turned until she confronted Gulick.

"And you?" she finally challenged that frowning-eyed artist, whose face for once was as pale as her own.

"Like one or two others here," he slowly answered, "I don't quite understand all this. And what's more, it doesn't greatly interest me."

"Then I'll make it so you can't fail to understand it," cried the girl with the unnaturally bright eyes. But he stopped her with a gesture.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough?" he demanded.

"Not until you've answered my question," she maintained.

A laugh can be the tenderest thing in the world; it can also be the cruelest. Yet when Gulick laughed, there were some who thought it cruel, and some who thought it otherwise.

"Well, if you're asking if I ever made love to you I'll answer quite frankly that I have."

There was a stir about the table. But it was neither seen nor considered by the artist with the big-lensed glasses.

"I've made love to you," he pursued, "and, what's more, I'm going to again. For I've learned something here tonight that one or two of you may have missed. I've found out that only the pure in heart are unafraid. It sounds bromidic, but most of the big things in life are that, after all."

"*Nunc dimittis*," murmured the weary-eyed Garretson. But the other man ignored him.

"And since we're on this subject of making love," he went deliberately on, "I'm going to do some of it right now. What I mean to say," he continued as he let his glance lock with that of the bewildered girl, "is that if you're willing to marry me, after the way I've acted in this matter, I'm humbly but honestly asking you to be my wife."

She studied him, studied him with startled eyes.

"But you've accused me of being no better than manhandled goods!" she reminded him.

He tried to laugh the tragedy out of her eyes, but the effort fell short.

"Don't imagine we're all going to die and go to hell," he protested, "because we've liked you a little. And there's one thing to remember, as well, about these manhandled goods we're talking of. The essential value is still there. They may look worse for what they've passed through, but if the fineness was there at the first it's there at the last. And if they fall into the right hands, the hands that can value that fineness, a little care and thought can soon bring them back to what they were before."

"This," observed the tired-faced Garretson as he got up from the table, "looks more and more like our cue for a get-away."

But the rapt-eyed girl saw neither Garretson nor his companions as, sullen or smiling, they prepared for their departure. She saw only Bob Gulick's solemn face confronting her across the deserted table.

"I love you for those words, Bob Gulick," she quietly admitted. "And I love you for your bigness of heart in trying to help me out this way. And when I'm back in Marysville you're the one man I'll think about. But I'd never let you waste your life on ——"

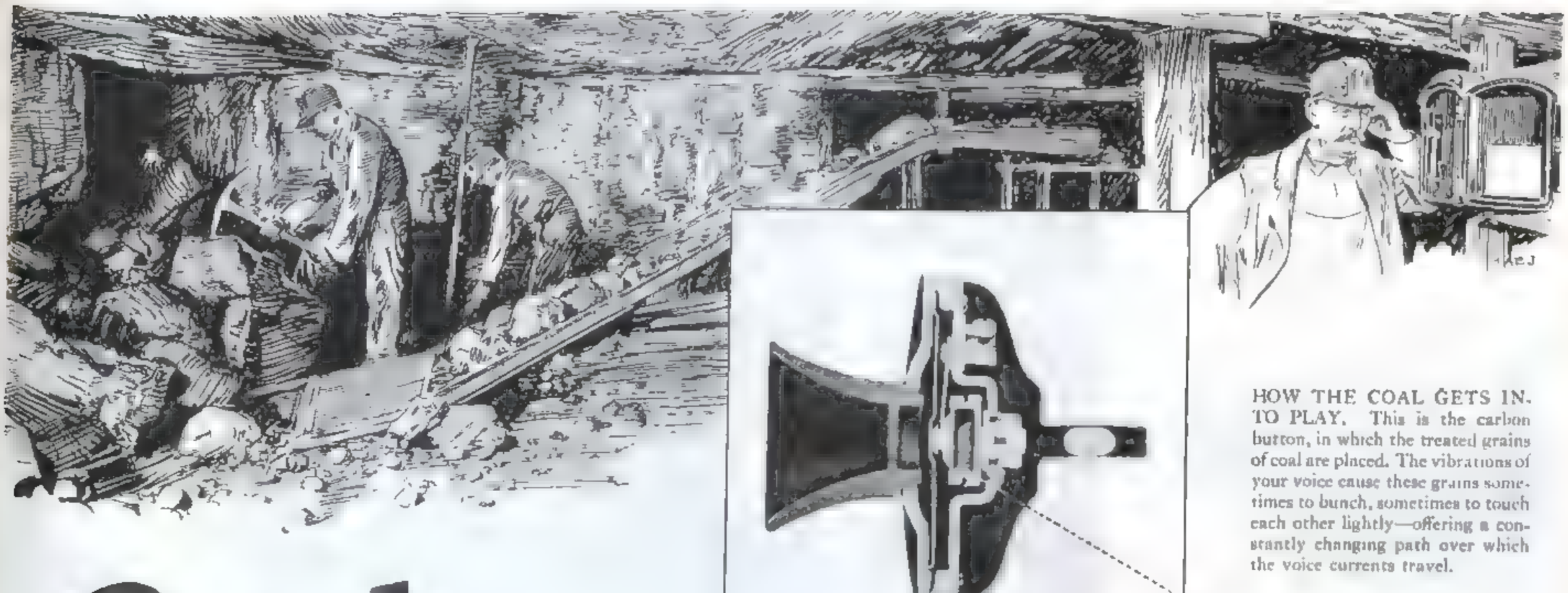
"You're not going back to Marysville," he interrupted as he crossed to her side. She made an effort to draw away, but his arms were about her before she could escape him. He tried to lift up her chin. But she resisted him. She even struggled for a moment or two in his clasp. In the end, however, he was too strong for her. Her struggling ceased. She became oddly passive, with her tired lids drooping as his lips met hers.

"You're—you're manhandling me," she gasped, when she could get her breath.

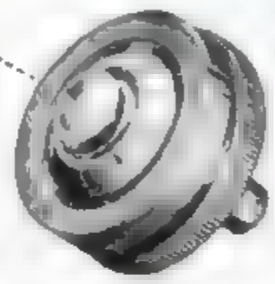
"After this," he proclaimed as he gazed down into her thin face, "that's going to be my one end in life!"

(THE END)

Sylvan Lake, Custer State Park, on the Custer Battlefield Highway, South Dakota



HOW THE COAL GETS IN. TO PLAY. This is the carbon button, in which the treated grains of coal are placed. The vibrations of your voice cause these grains sometimes to bunch, sometimes to touch each other lightly—offering a constantly changing path over which the voice currents travel.



YOUR TELEPHONE TRANSMITTER IN CROSS-SECTION. The thin edge just back of the mouthpiece represents a circular diaphragm which vibrates when you speak. These vibrations are carried through the treated coal particles, thence as electric currents over the wires.

Coal
*– in your telephone**

Coal, selected with painstaking care and subjected to a series of special treatments, becomes in the transmitter the very vocal chords of the telephone.

This treated coal offers a means of translating into electrical impulses the vibrations of the voice and even the inflections and mannerisms peculiar to any one voice.

Skill of a high order is essential in making the carbon button and indeed all of the 201 individual desk telephone parts. This craftsmanship has been a Western Electric standard ever since 1877.

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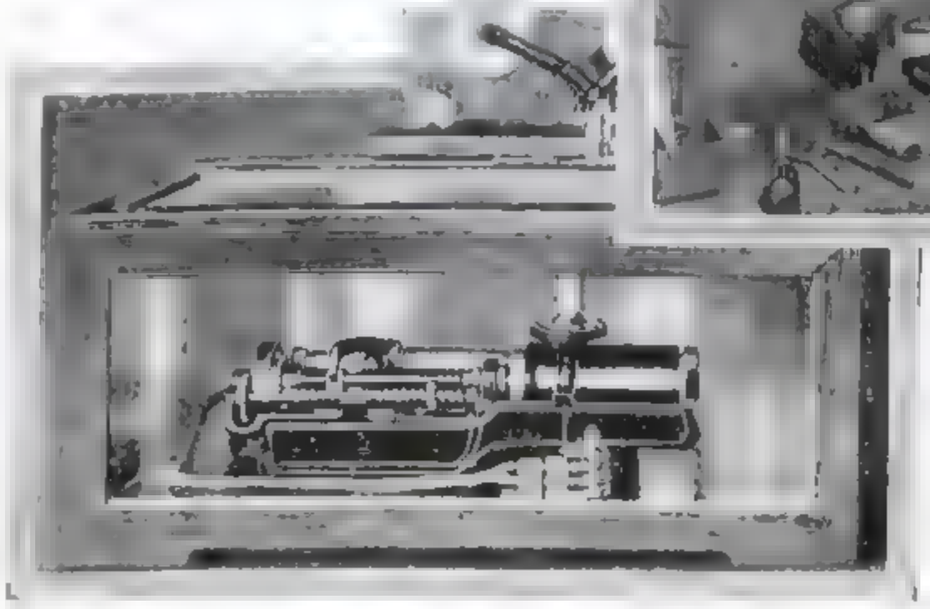
WHERE EVERY GRAIN COUNTS. Weighing the grains of coal that go into the carbon button. Either too many or too few would interfere with voice transmission. A skilled operative, using a chemist's delicate balance, checks the amount which this button contains.



AND THEN A PHONOGRAPH TESTS IT. To make sure that the carbon button is filled right, and that the whole telephone transmitter has been properly assembled, life tests are made under actual voice conditions. Phonographs like this repeat the phrase, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5," many thousand times into the mouthpiece.

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And this zinc coating is applied *after* weaving, so that the twisting and bending of the weaving process cannot injure the protective surface. This leaves no naked spots open to corrosion.

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(PAGE PROTECTION)

Galvanized after weaving

ARMCO TRADE MARK INGOT IRON Resists Rust

COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from Page 9)

Unexpectedly an assistant teller praised him, and it was blood to a tiger. From this point forward he began to regard his labors as an end in themselves, instead of merely the means of stifling sentiment and washing away chagrin. He was convinced that he was on the air line to destiny.

Within a twelvemonth he was sitting at the note desk, and accepted no compliments at par unless they came from the cashier; and in another two seasons he was behind a bronze grille, receiving money from confident depositors; and when he thought of the coal business, out in New Albany, Indiana, he smiled involuntarily. He had no recreations, no hobbies; habit had formed upon him and the mold was inflexible. The Fourth Avenue Bank monopolized his brain, tinctured his reveries, flavored his repasts. He was invited now to meet girls who were socially a few rungs higher than bank clerks, but he invariably declined. The vaccine was potent.

Letters came to him at intervals with the Coffin Club monogram on the flap of the envelope, but he destroyed them—unread. He had taken certain oaths to the club, but he considered himself absolved from them. And when he was asked if he were a college man he said, "Oh, not really. I had a couple of terms at a little place out West." For there weren't a dozen Eliot graduates east of Chicago; there was no one to recognize him and he preferred to cut the cable.

At twenty-five he was paying teller—and the coal company in New Albany had struck a snag. Maxwell overlooked all ancient history, remitted his parent exactly three hundred dollars and threw away another communication from the Coffin Club. By this time he recognized that he had been a fool, but he argued that it was too late to do anything about it except what he was doing daily.

The calendar sped past so swiftly that almost before he knew it he was twenty-nine, and lesser folk were saying politely to clients, "Well, you'd better see the cashier—Mr. Maxwell." And at thirty-three—when he was discharged from the Army—he was promptly called over to the immense Cooper National as a junior vice president. He stayed there until he was thirty-six and his hair was graying, and a hundred or so of Harvard, Yale and Princeton graduates took pains to say, "Sir." This should have flattered his vanity, but it didn't. He had no vanity to flatter. Indeed, when he was asked to assume the presidency of the Windsor Trust—not a first-rank institution by any means, but thirsting to grow under efficient culture—he delayed his acceptance for a fortnight. Titles were trivial to him; opportunity was what counted; and when he finally went to the Windsor it was because he knew he could put it on its feet. And at the Windsor the clerks referred to him as the Old Man, or sometimes the Old Crab. But they had to admit that he was a genius.

A few years later, on the last day of May, it rained. He never forgot that day, for early in the morning the greatest private banker in the world telephoned to him. Maxwell knew him slightly; they had done business together, served on charitable committees together, attended dull banquets together.

"Oh, Maxwell, how soon can you come to see me?"

"Why, immediately," said Maxwell; which was the correct answer, if you knew Morton, and if your own bank were interested in bond issues.

Morton was standing at the window, gazing out at the sullen rain. Presently, without turning, he inquired, "What's your artistic opinion of that desk of mine, Mr. Maxwell?"

Maxwell, whose mind had been chained to bonds, said, "Why—in what way do you mean, Mr. Morton?"

"Sit down in my chair for a moment." He tapped reflectively on the pane. "We're about the same height. Shall I order the same model for you—for the first of July? Or do you need more leg room?"

Maxwell realized gradually that this was a great man's whimsical method of suggesting a partnership. There was no loftier eminence in international finance; a Morton partnership was the climax of ambition. Incidentally, it was worth at least half a million a year at the very outset. And yet, because the calendar had had its own way with him, Maxwell wasn't so deeply thrilled as when he had received his first compliment from the assistant paying teller of a small bank. He was pleased and honored, but he wasn't thrilled.

He said gravely, "Thank you, Mr. Morton. I only hope to fit your organization as well as I do your desk."

On his way uptown he was philosophically calm. The money element interested him very little. Indeed, for several years he had simply allowed his funds to accumulate. As a bachelor and a social recluse, what did he want with money? No, it was the consciousness of victory that satisfied him—the knowledge that in spite of his father's prophecies he had touched the goal. He rather wished that his father could know; but the elder Maxwell was dead these eight years—and his debts had been paid by his son.

Back at the Windsor Trust he lighted a cigar and gave himself impassively to the second mail. The top letter had been twice readdressed. It ran as follows:

Dear Brother Maxwell: Since 1906, when the basis of the Coffin Club was changed, we've sent you a bushel of letters; but you haven't yet contributed a red cent for the new building, which cost $15,000—mortgage $10,000.

One of our difficulties is that up to 1906 the club kept no records, even of its members. It wasn't safe. And a lot of the older members, regardless of their oaths, haven't come forward to identify themselves. So that the rest of us have to pay a little more.

Now in joining the C. C. you swore to do everything in your power for Eliot. Our information is that you're with the Fourth Avenue Bank of New York. Statistics show that the average salary of Eliot men, twenty years out of college, is eighty dollars a week. Can't you come through with at least half a week's pay—call it forty dollars? Don't forget that Chancellor Carroll said last year that C. C. is the finest influence we've got at Eliot.

Yours fraternally,

HENRY AINLEY,
Treasurer.

Maxwell leaned back and read this letter again. It amused him. "Half a week's pay—call it forty dollars?" He laughed quietly. "You swore to do everything in your power for Eliot." Yes, and the oath had been administered by one who, for his own qualification, had stolen the lingerie of the regent's wife from the family clothesline. But what was this about an altered basis and a fine influence? Had they transformed the club into a sunshine society? And the old dean was chancellor! And out at Eliot, that queer little jerkwater college with a handful of students, they didn't even know who Maxwell was! "Half a week's salary—call it forty dollars?"

He opened the next envelope, which also was much readdressed:

My dear Maxwell: At a meeting of the trustees, held today, it was unanimously voted to confer upon you your degree of bachelor of arts, as of the class of 1906.

Although the journey from New York—where I suppose you are still living—is long and expensive, yet I hope that you will try to be present at commencement to receive this degree in person. We should expect you, of course, to be our house guest. Please don't disappoint us.

With kindest regards, in which my daughter Joyce, whom you must remember, joins me, I am

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE WARD CARROLL,
Chancellor.

Maxwell smoked meditatively. His degree—after seventeen years! What possible significance had the parchment for him now? Why, it was almost ludicrous! An Eliot bachelor of arts? Why, for the lifting of a finger he could be a doctor of laws! He hadn't been sufficiently interested to lift the finger. Was it likely then that he would travel a thousand miles to Indiana? But as if it were a question of expense!

Yet, after all, it was a rather nice thing for Carroll to have done. He evidently fancied that Maxwell would value it. But Carroll had always been a sentimental sort of person—and what a prince! Great Scott! It was seventeen years ago!

Bitterness and resentment had long since died; but he was embarrassed to recall what a young ass he had been. The adventure had saved him, however, from settling in New Albany, so that, in a manner of speaking, it was directly responsible for his success. But what a cad he had been towards Dean Carroll!

And "my daughter Joyce, whom you must remember." Yes, he did. Across the

!
ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing

IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contact or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person's teeth when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclean, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And all the while this same analysis is being made of you.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. Our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you *know it is cleaning safely.*

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—*LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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Large Tube—25 cents

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

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DEBONAIR is the word also the *reason* why the college chap and his "old grad" dad are keen about the Berg flat-brim felt. Turned down or up, it's smart either way and will *stay* smart for it's a Sta-Shape.

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

years he could see her as clearly as though she were before him now, in the flesh. Abruptly, too, he saw a moonlit garden.

"No, Susie—no, no! You mustn't!"

"Brownie dear ——"

"Please, Susie, please! I ——"

Then he had kissed her, and she was limp in his arms. And when he had whispered again, "Brownie dear," she had lifted her lips to him.

But when he was thrown out of Eliot, a day later, she hadn't so much as answered his note. Well, he could understand even that—now. She was the dean's daughter, and he had committed the crime of being caught. The Coffin Club was a distinction only if you got away with it; otherwise it was a stigma.

It was ridiculous to think of going out to Eliot, but he couldn't help wondering what Joyce was like. She must be thirty-five, and worse. From her father's letter, she was still keeping house for him—an old maid then? And undoubtedly, if he did see her again, she would spoil his memory of her. Not that the memory was vital to him; but as a matter of fact, since he had left her, no other woman had even remotely affected his life. He wondered what she was like and how she would greet him.

The pilgrimage would be absurd, of course; yet it might give pleasure to others. And he surely ought to have a brief vacation before he wound up his affairs at the Windsor Trust and moved down to Wall Street. Really, he owed it to himself. And a few days at Eliot, in the placidity of a college atmosphere, might be good for his nerves. It might be refreshing. Besides, he was obligated to Carroll for that degree; and she wanted him to come out—and he hated to hurt her feelings. It was only two days from New York, anyway.

He decided to think it over for a week or so before committing himself. Perhaps he had better reserve Pullman space, though, just in case his curiosity should overcome his judgment. On the very eve of departure he told himself that his mind was not yet definitely made up; but that he would have his luggage packed—just in case he felt inclined to go. Not even when he was actually on the train did he admit to himself that nothing short of a Federal injunction could have kept him in New York.

His first view of the college was from a flivver taxicab; and instantly he was without age, for the campus was absolutely unchanged. It was the shadowed past transferred bodily to the living present; and in spite of himself, his pulses quickened. And then the taxi drew up before a familiar white Colonial house, and a ghost was on the sidewalk.

"Maxwell! I'm delighted! By Jove, but this is good of you! Two suitcases?"

Maxwell was both shocked and apprehensive. Great heavens, if this fragile and impressionistic old man were the once dynamic father, what could be expected of the child?

"Joyce! Joyce! Where are you? Here's Maxwell!"

She came hurrying down the steps, to startle him even more than her father had done, for she was exactly as he had visualized her.

Alone in his room, he stood motionless for a full minute. It was a cheery little room, but the most stringent economy was everywhere visible. He reflected that the chancellorship was worth about three thousand, at the outside. Poor old Carroll! The boys had idolized him; but here he was, at sixty-five or thereabouts, worn and thin and spiritual; and his house was rescued from acute shabbiness only by the grace of a feminine touch and a few flowers. Maxwell moved over to the mirror to see how old he looked himself, for he had thought Joyce unaltered, and she had called him Susie

At dinner, however, he had to revise his estimate. She was astonishingly young, but she hadn't left time quite so far in the lurch as he had imagined. Yet she could have pretended, plausibly enough, to be twenty-seven or eight, and she was graciously, peacefully beautiful. Her eyes reminded him of two brown butterflies, just alighted. She was exquisitely rounded, yet not actually plump. Her complexion was a soft going and coming of warm color. Yes she could easily have pretended twenty-seven. Maxwell stared at her; he couldn't help it and he didn't want to help it.

She blushed; the two brown butterflies fluttered.

"I've Had Enough Good Advice to Last Me a Thousand Years," Said Susie Doggedly. "But I Always Liked You. Will You Shake Hands?"

"Whatever have you been doing, Susie? Are you still in a bank?"

"Yes," said Maxwell soberly, "I'm still in a bank."

"If you were the sort of banker I could wish you were," remarked the chancellor, with a flash of his former animation, "I'd pick you up by the boots and shake about fifty thousand dollars out of your pockets. Why didn't you burgle the vaults before you left New York?"

Maxwell was still so overcome by Carroll's appearance that he spoke as deferentially as to an invalid.

"Have you so many needs, chancellor?"

"Needs? I often wonder if we have anything else. Why, since the war, our endowment hasn't been sufficient, that's all. Each year now we have to depend on benefactions to make up a considerable deficit; and, unfortunately, most Eliot graduates aren't rich."

"He's nearly killed himself," said Joyce loyally. "He's worked more these last ten years, since he's been chancellor, than he did in the previous thirty, all put together."

Her father laughed.

"That's a trifle exaggerated; but, you see, the chancellor is the official beggar, so I beg. And I'm willing to state that it's appreciably harder than teaching Greek."

"We all used to wonder," said Maxwell, "why you ever wasted your time on teaching, anyway, chancellor. You had the hallmark of a man of affairs, if I ever saw one. Honestly, don't you enjoy administrative work more than you did hearing recitations?"

The old man nodded confidentially.

"I always did like administration, Maxwell. I liked organization. But—one serves in the place appointed, and I was appointed to the classical department when I was twenty-one. . . . Joyce, this is a party, and I'm going to have a demi-tasse if I die for it!"

They had coffee in the living room. Afterwards, the chancellor excused himself—there was a stated meeting of the board of trustees. So that Joyce put him into his light overcoat—in June, it was—and gave him his hat and gloves and cane, and he went out.

In the living room there was a prolonged silence. Joyce was absorbed in an embroidery frame, and Maxwell was smoking absently. He had noticed that the servant called her Miss Carroll. She glanced up from the needle.

"Why didn't you ever come to see me, Susie—after it happened?"

Her voice was utterly calm. He started.

"What? Why, under the circumstances ——"

She frowned adorably.

"What hurt both of us so much was that you apparently didn't trust us. You wouldn't give daddy a chance to talk to you—you wouldn't give me a chance—and then that brutal message you sent me! Daddy repeated it to me word for word. He didn't know what it meant, but I did, and it went pretty deep."

He regarded her quizzically. These women! What had she wanted him to do—get down on the floor and grovel for her?

"I was probably a bit upset, Brownie. Expulsion isn't any too pleasant. By the way, I hear that the Coffin Club has become respectable."

"Oh, very! They've got a building, and everything. It's the biggest honor there is."

He grimaced

"For which I'm partly responsible?"

"Yes; they reformed at once. . . . But, Susie, you know that was a terrible way for you to leave me."

"I was very young," he said; "and when you didn't take the trouble to answer my letter, I naturally took it to mean that you were through with me. And youth is almost as proud as it is sensitive. But I do apologize for that message. I was too crushed to be tactful."

She had looked up quickly.

"Answer what letter, Susie?"

"Why, the only one I ever wrote you."

She put down her work.

"Something must have gone awfully wrong then," she said, subdued. "Because, Susie, I never had a letter from you in all my life!"

He puffed at his cigar. Outwardly he was adamant, but his mind was confused.

"But I sent you one, Brownie."

"Truly? What did you say in it?"

He drew a long breath.

"Why, I asked if you wanted to see me. I told you not to bother answering if you didn't. You were the dean's daughter, and I wasn't any too sure how you'd like my publicity. So I hung around for two days and then gave it up, and—you mean to say you never got it, Brownie?"

She shook her head slowly.

"No. You see—I'd been waiting to hear from you. And suddenly it occurred to me that you might feel—shy. So I was just going to write to you myself when daddy told me that you'd gone, and what you'd said.

"And after that, I—I couldn't write to you so very well. Could I?"

Outwardly he was marble; he was not accustomed to betray sentiment. Moreover, he could think of nothing appropriate to say. He was a trifle dazed, but he was telling himself that it would be farcical to make a scene over what was seventeen

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

yours stale. He got up and began to pace the room deliberately.

"No, probably you couldn't. But what a ghastly—botch we made of it!"

"You should have come to us, Susie. Why, daddy believes to this day that if you'd given him a chance he could have fixed things up with your father, and your career wouldn't have been blighted before it began."

Maxwell coughed hard.

"He's a great man, Brownie; a great man."

"Do you know what he did for you—after the way you treated him? Every trustees' meeting for seventeen years he fought for your degree until they voted it!"

Still veneered with marble, but inwardly confused, he said, "He's changed a good deal, Brownie."

She bent over the embroidery hoop.

"I tell you, he's killed himself trying to raise money for Eliot! He ought to retire and rest, but he can't afford it. All he's got is his salary, and it takes a lot of managing, Susie, especially since the war."

He had halted close by her side, and now he put his hand on her arm. She looked up at him with the wisp of a smile.

"It must have been pretty rough sledding—sometimes," said Maxwell aimlessly; and then a strange tenderness came upon him with such urgency that without forethought he obeyed an irresistible impulse and stooped and kissed her forehead.

Her reaction was immediate and extraordinary. She turned pale and every spark of expression went out of her eyes. Her chin was set so firmly that it was almost rugged. And while they gazed at each other—Joyce whitely and rigidly intent and Maxwell self-conscious and perplexed—the clicking of a key sent them hastily apart.

"Ah, Maxwell, sorry I'm so late. How about another cigar?"

Maxwell took the cigar with extravagant thanks; but Joyce was tired, she said, and tomorrow would be a busy day—would they mind if she left them? She bade Maxwell good night without meeting his eyes. He sat down again and mechanically answered the chancellor's questions.

"By this time, Maxwell, you ought to be a paying teller at least, hadn't you?"

He side-stepped.

"Why, yes, I've done very well—considering a bad start."

"But never married?"

"No, never."

"Ah, that's too bad. I've been sorry about Joyce in that regard too. You modern young people place too much stress on independence. But I suppose that, like Joyce, you have an infinity of friends."

"Exactly," said the most friendless man in New York.

He tried to be enthusiastic about his degree; but the chancellor pooh-poohed—said that he should have had it years ago, and went on with his questions. And although Maxwell was drawn to his personality, and although he regarded Carroll almost as a martyr, yet he could have shouted aloud for respite.

He wanted nothing except to see Joyce again, and to discover what was the matter with her.

When at last he was in his own room, he was so restless and baffled that he smoked two more cigars. To be sure, Brownie had always been quick to resent familiarity. But good Lord, look at the facts! It was cold turkey now, of course; but both their lives had been governed by her failure to receive a note. But why be dramatic about it? It was distressing, but it was finished. They were now middle-aged and sedate. Hadn't she any intuitions? Didn't she know that he had only wanted to show his sympathy? Yet she had acted as though he had offered her a mortal insult.

Finally he went to bed; but the sandman, that night, must have followed some other route.

He came down early, but the chancellor was already on deck.

"Oh, I meant to tell you, Maxwell, I've borrowed a cap and gown for you. New ones would have cost twelve dollars. You won't need them this morning, though. Now the program is chapel at nine, trustees' reception at half past ten—I want you to be there—lunch at noon, commencement exercises at three."

Joyce was warmly impersonal. Had he slept well, and how did he like his eggs? But Maxwell was even more restless than last night, and whenever he looked at her he had symptoms that puzzled him. Her rebuff had grown in importance. What in the devil did she take him for?

Joyce, it developed, wasn't going to chapel. Maxwell went with the chancellor, and stared up at the founder's portrait and suffered. What a poverty-stricken little college it was, and how frail the old chancellor was! A sweet soul, Carroll, and nearly at the end of his rope. What a miserable shame that he couldn't retire! And what a shame that he had ever immured himself in Eliot, anyway. He had been far too big for the job.

He went to the trustees' reception. The trustees weren't particularly formidable; small-town doctors, lawyers, clergymen, merchants. But they were sincere and earnest, and at any other time Maxwell might have been mildly interested in them. As it was, he was moody and monosyllabic.

The reception dragged interminably. Then lunch—six trustees and four of the faculty—with one half-trained servant and not quite enough silver. Joyce was nowhere near Maxwell; so that he ate ashes and struggled to be affable.

But what was the chancellor saying?

"Now you and Joyce, Maxwell, don't need to come over to the hall until quarter of three. The rest of us ought to start along now. Your academicals are hanging up in the coat closet."

So that he was actually alone with her—in a living room full of disordered coffee cups and cigar stubs. As soon as the front door closed, Maxwell went straight to the point.

"Brownie—don't let's be children—aren't you ready to forgive me yet?"

The two brown butterflies fluttered.

"For—for being expelled? Why, don't be so silly!"

He wet his lips.

"No, no, no! Don't be so silly yourself! For last night."

She raised her head, and once more he saw that she was gripped by that same extraordinary emotion—that she was tense to the breaking point—but simultaneously he realized what it was. It wasn't outraged dignity at all—it was restraint! And as he sensed it, he also sensed, with a gasp, what had been happening to himself, and it astonished him so much that it temporarily deprived him of his wits.

"Why, Brownie!" he said stupidly. "Why, Brownie!" And awkwardly, he held out his arms to her, as though her duty were to take the initiative and run to him. She backed away.

"Oh, Susie, do I have to forgive you?"

Her voice was tragic. Maxwell gulped.

"What does that mean? You—why, you can't still love me, can you?"

She was leaning against the wall. Her eyes were almost closed. But if he heard her correctly, she said, "Yes, you poor, dear fool! Yes!"

For the second time in seventeen years—last night being the first—Maxwell became a creature of impulse. Inhibition broke down completely. He took three strides to her—breaking three coffee cups. He swept her roughly into his arms and kissed her with the cumulative passion of those same seventeen years. He was remarkably maladroit about it, but there was no doubting his good intentions.

"Then what did you behave like that for?" He kissed her ferociously. "I thought you despised me. What did you mean by it?"

She relaxed so suddenly that for a tremendous instant he thought she had fainted.

"Oh, Susie, how—how could I have known—last night? I thought—I thought you were just pitying us."

He laughed exultantly.

"I was, Brownie. But—we'll soon fix that."

She clung to him desperately.

"How could I let you know—I still cared—before I knew ——"

"If I did? You don't have to worry about it now, do you?"

Even after a long sedentary existence, his arms were powerful. She fought for breath.

"I—I knew you'd come back sometime, dear." She kissed him.

"How did you?"

"I willed you to."

"Didn't you ever see anybody you could have married, Brownie?"

His chin was thrust forward; he was prepared to slay any invader.

"Not when I—thought of you. Oh, it's been so long, dear—so long!" She was crying. "I thought you—hated me."

His warlike spirit collapsed.

"If you'd ever got my letter, sweetheart ——"

"It would all have been so different. Oh, don't think about it! It's too horrible."

He laughed in his throat.

"And yet ——"

"And yet?" She shivered. "Don't say that! As if anything could make up for it!"

"Still, I've got something to tell you—later."

He was twenty-one, at most, and she was nineteen; and so they smothered time in kisses until a clock suddenly chimed at them from the mantel. Joyce made a futile effort to rearrange her hair. "Susie—Susie darling, we must go! It's commencement!"

"Just a second, dear!"

He led her to the writing desk, and while she watched wonderingly he wrote three checks. One, payable to the Coffin Club, he put in his pocket; two he gave to Joyce. Of these, the first was to the treasurer of Eliot College, the other to herself. Each was in five figures.

"But—but, Susie ——" she faltered.

He laughed excitedly.

"Well, didn't your father say Eliot needs the money? Isn't that what's upsetting him?"

"I know; but ——" She regarded him fearfully, as though his sanity were in the balance. For surely no sane man would joke in an hour like this. "And—and this one! To me! Twenty thousand dollars! Susie, I'm afraid ——"

He held her close.

"It's my engagement present to you, dearest—for you to give the chancellor. He's through, Brownie. From now on he's going to rest or travel or do anything else he darn well pleases. Is my father-in-law going to break his back to raise a few more dimes for Eliot? No! He wanted fifty thousand and he's got it—in that other check. I tell you, he's through! And on this one he's going to loaf!"

She could not believe him. She was bewildered and weak. He sat down and held her hands and slowly persuaded her. He recited his biography. He showed her his check book. He pictured the chancellor's future and their own.

She was convinced; she capitulated; she was awed, and she adored him afresh—and in the midst of it a gentle voice said, "Well, I suppose it was a long journey—just for a diploma!"

They faced the chancellor, and as he came towards them he pointed to the clock on the mantel. It was five minutes of five. Commencement was over.

Towards midnight the chancellor, who was fully as radiant as his daughter, said, "I'm glad you're doing that for the Coffin Club, too, Edward. They've made it a magnificent society. It has a remarkable influence. The change began when you—were so unlucky." He smiled. "So you've redeemed your oath to the club by tribute, and I—by labor. We've done everything in our power for Eliot. It's our own private monument—yours and mine, Edward."

"Yours, chancellor—for firing me?"

"No, for founding it," said the old man simply. "I was the one who burned the carriage sheds in '85—when the library went. That's why I've stayed here so long, Edward. They'd always wanted me to stay on and teach Greek, and—and I wanted to be a lawyer. But when you accidentally hurt what you love, why, if you're a man you—you make up for it."

"Yes," said Susie, hushed, "you bet you do!"

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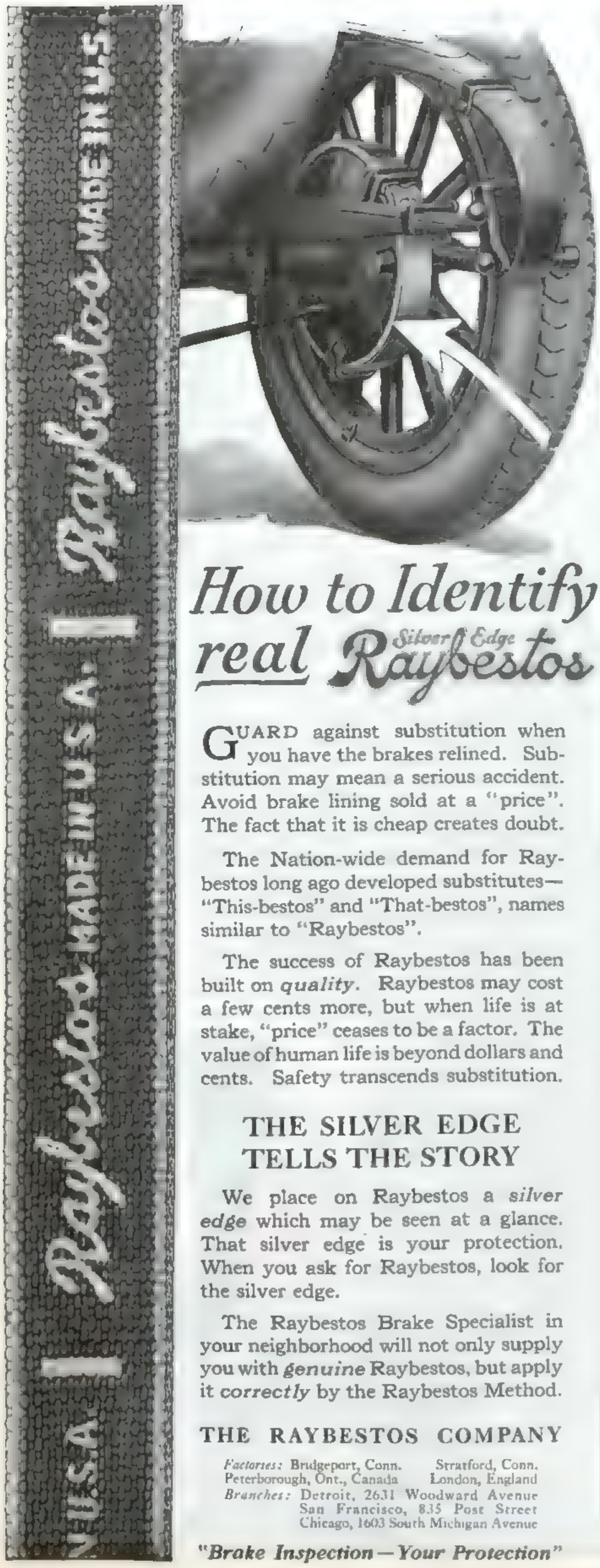

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COUNTERFEIT SHODDY

Continued from Page 11

her hat carefully from an elaborate coiffure, set it on the Phyfe cabinet, took off her cloak, dropped it across a chair, and walked with mincing steps out of sight around the high red lacquer screen. Trumper listened in vain for more than a trickle of water. No splashing; no sloshing or blubbing or whewing! He had heard that Frenchwomen lick themselves like cats, using a damp sponge for a tongue. Was that what Miss Thistle was doing? Whatever it was, it took her a long time, and when at last she came out he was curious. Apparently she had done nothing.

But no. Something was different, some trifling little thing. He had it. The tiny globes of mascara were gone; she had cleaned her long eyelashes so that now, instead of sticking straight out, they were entrancingly curved.

"Is that better?" she asked.

"Better? I should say so!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Now go back and do some more. That's a good girl."

While she was gone he speculated profoundly on the extraordinary ramifications of prudery. Was it possible that there were women who took instinctively to paint under the urge of modesty, as Eve did to a girdle of leaves, and the Puritan mothers to calico from chin to ankle? Again his mind wandered to France, specifically to the horrified Frenchman who exclaimed to a lady, "Dear madam, go back and paint your lips. I can't go out with you like that. Why, you're not dressed!" Who shall set the infallible limit to modesty?

Trumper looked up to find the girl standing before him, poised as if for flight. Her eyes had within them the telltale expression of one who intends to run at the slightest alarm. The next thing he saw was that though her mouth was still a carmine gash her cheeks were of a pink as fresh as apple blossoms—a shell pink rapidly deepening to a color, nameless, but lovelier than that.

"Go back!" he shouted. "Clean your mouth and loosen your hair."

She studied his face intently for an instant, and then turned to disappear once more behind the screen. She was gone a long time. When she came out again he gripped the arms of his chair to keep himself from rising. No man knows all there is to know about women, but many a man knows a lot of useful tricks in regard to women. One that Trumper had learned early in life is that no woman is afraid of a man while he sticks to his own chair. A few moments earlier he would not have cared whether he frightened Mary Thistle or not; now he cared very much. He even held his breath, as if to stir the air might dispel the vision he beheld, and the more rigidly he stared—the tighter he clung to his seat—the more did she seem to wince and shrink from him.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded, suddenly leaning forward. "What on earth are you afraid of? Sit down."

She let go a held breath, smiled and obeyed, sinking to the couch just behind her. He felt as if he could look at her forever, just as a thirsty man thinks he can drink a gallon of icy spring water. She was by far the loveliest and most soul-satisfying bit of humanity he had ever seen. She had brushed out her hair, tumbled it, and caught it in a loose roll at the back of her neck. She had scrubbed her face and lips and neck until they had attained to a supernal freshness, the kind of dewy freshness one sees on the cheeks of children just awakened or on the petals of a rose at dawn. Also she had taken off her dress and put on a black silk kimono which slanted across the breasts, cutting a small virginal V from which arose the slim column of her throat. Lights danced in her dark eyes.

"Laugh," commanded Trumper.

She threw back her head and laughed.

"Stop laughing, and smile."

She obeyed.

"Wistfully. That's fine. More wistfully. Stop smiling. Be sad. Sadder than that. Sadder still. A terrible thing has happened—something ghastly. My God, child ——"

He leaped to his feet, jammed his fists into his pockets and started striding up and down the room, muttering half to himself, half to her, "By the living sunfish, we've got it—got it—got it!"

"Got what?" asked Mary.

"Everything," declared Trumper, drawing out one fist and holding it tightly closed before his narrowed eyes. "The world at your feet, and the sun and moon and stars, if you only want them enough."

"Oh, I do!" exclaimed Mary anxiously. "I do indeed."

He went to the phone and called up Binotinelli, than whom no living mortal could better translate a vision into a frock.

"Bino," he said, "I'm going to send around a girl, a youngster, in about ten minutes, and I want you to promise to sit and look at her for a quarter of an hour. In that time you can think up thirty-two dresses which would look splendidly on her. I don't want any of them. I want her clothed in black from head to toe, including silk hose and shoes."

"Impossible, M'sieu Trumpère," broke in Bino's excited voice. "Black! A young girl! And the stockings too! It can't. Send her to a mourning house or an undertaker. Not even for you, Mr. Bromleigh."

"Oh, shut up!" interrupted Trumper. "When this kid starts wearing black you can scrap all the color you've got and buy a carload of the blackest chiffon there is. In less than a year after she sets the pace all the women in the world will be wearing black—morning, noon and night."

"God forbid!" moaned Bino.

"Well, He won't," declared Trumper. "Now listen. She isn't a weight carrier. I don't want any more clothing on her than the law demands; nevertheless, she's got to be covered. You are allowed a V beneath the throat, and bare arms. Right there you stop. Bring the stuff down from her shoulders on a slant. Suggest wings, but not at the cost of length. . . . What's she supposed to look like when you get through? I'll tell you. Like a madonna—yes, a madonna—but wait. She's got to look like a madonna that has lost her child. Bino!"

But Bino had rung off to have two hands wherewith to tear his hair.

Trumper hung up the receiver and sat for a long moment plunged in thought; then he turned slowly and rested his eyes on the girl.

"Mary," he said, "you can look sadder than any grief-stricken human being I have ever met. The question is, how long can you keep it up? Everything depends on that."

"Oh, for ages and ages," said Mary, her face assuming a look that made his heart feel as if it were crumpling into little pieces.

Illusion all but became reality. Only by pricking himself constantly with the sharp needle of reason could he avoid falling at her feet, gathering up her listless hands and begging her in the name of mercy to let him help her in her trouble. Anything! Why, a man would do anything for that look, even if it was stamped "Counterfeit" in letters an inch high!

"Could you do it for six months?" he asked.

"I love doing it," murmured Mary. "It makes me feel good all over."

"Mary," said Trumper, at the end of a long heart-rending silence, "it isn't enough to be sad; you must have a reason. Now don't laugh. Remember you are sad—terribly sad—and say these words after me, very low: 'Once I saw a great pool of blood; I have never forgotten it.'"

"'Once I saw a great pool of blood,'" breathed Mary, her eyes widening to a look of piercing anguish. "'I—I have never forgotten it.'"

Trumper reached one of those apexes of artistic or emotional satisfaction which make men want to shout, clap, yell, stamp their feet, scream or thump something. He rushed toward Mary, and she arose to meet him. Before he knew what he was doing he had hugged the breath out of her and kissed her. She was just getting ready to hug and kiss him back when he came to himself with a groan, pushed her away, and staggered to a chair. "What a rotten inexcusable scene," he was thinking. Just because such happenings were supposed by the misinformed to occur in his studio they never had before, not once. Ever since he had fitted out his modest workroom, it had been just that—never a trap, never an adjunct to his occasional affairs of the heart, so called. Because he had been fastidious to the very verge of prudery in this matter of stern differentiation, the room, with him in it, had attained to an atmosphere of safety for all concerned

Continued on Page 72

What is a Balloon Tire ~and Why?

ALL cars ride on air—some on more, some on less. The greater the weight of the car, the greater the amount of air needed to separate its wheels from the road.

Your car of a given weight must be carried on a *certain amount of air*. If you have small tires, you must crowd (pump) that given amount of air into the small space—and your tires will be HARD (inflation pressure of from 50 to 70 pounds). But if you use large tires, that *same amount* of air is forced into a *larger* space and your tires will be proportionately softer and easier riding.

A Larger Tire With Lower Pressure

This larger, low pressure tire is what is now known as a balloon tire. A balloon tire, therefore, may be termed one which has such a large air space to hold this given quantity of air that the inflation pressure, or hardness, of that tire is only from 20 to 30 pounds per square inch. Remembering that every car, depending upon its weight, must be carried on a *given amount* of air, it will be readily understood that if a small balloon tire is applied to a car of so great a weight that a pressure of from 40 to 60 pounds must be carried, this tire ceases to be of the balloon type and becomes merely an oversize (or possibly even an undersize) for the tire normally used on that heavier car.

Why Less Air Pressure Is Needed

The large air capacity, with the corresponding low inflation pressure of a balloon tire, enables it to absorb many road inequalities. This means that the side walls are continually bending more frequently than is the case with a hard, high-pressure tire. The balloon tire, however, is so large that proportionate softening and bending at the side walls does not produce so great an angle or "sharpness of bend" as with a standard tire. Furthermore, the low pressures at which balloon tires are carried enable them to be built of thinner tread and side walls and this further increases the flexibility and resiliency of the balloon tire.

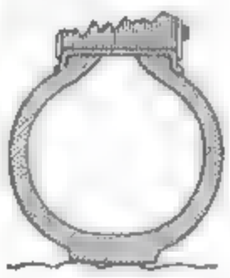
Balloon Tires and Wheel Sizes

The balloon tire has so great a diameter of cross-section—or width—that it must be mounted on a smaller wheel if the overall diameter is to be kept the same. For this reason, the majority of new cars to be equipped at the factory with balloon tires will be provided with wheels measuring 20, 21 or 22 inches in diameter. Cars built during the past four or five years are equipped with wheels measuring 23, 24 or 25 inches in diameter. For these another type of balloon tire has been designed which may be used without changing the original wheels, provided there is sufficient clearance between fenders and springs to accommodate the greater diameter and width of this balloon *type* of tire. The success of balloon tire equipment on such cars will depend very largely upon the individual design and such equipment is not to be recommended except where accurate measurements and inspection indicate that clearances are sufficient, and the gear ratio, steering system and springs properly designed.

Proper Design Important

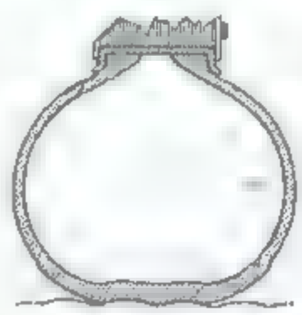
The design of a properly-constructed balloon tire has introduced problems to which the engineers of the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company have devoted much time and effort spent in investigation during the past eighteen months. The use of balloon tires is largely a matter of physical comfort, but to attain this physical comfort, mental comfort must not be sacrificed. It would be contrary to the well-known policy of the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company to rush into production of a tire, the comfort of which was thoroughly established, before its reasonable freedom from puncture and blow-out could be assured. The proper design and construction of a balloon tire which makes for freedom from tread and ply separation due to the greater bending at the side walls, and which gives perfect balance with freedom from puncture and blow-out, have finally been solved by the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company's engineers and our dealers are now ready to supply balloon tires for use on those cars which are best adapted for balloon tire equipment.

We will welcome any inquiries regarding the advantages or disadvantages of this type of tire. Mail the coupon below.



Standard Size
High Pressure

The standard-size, thick side-walled tire at the left is unyielding because it must carry air at high pressure. The low pressure balloon tire at the right—capable of carrying the SAME WEIGHT—is flexible and absorbs all of the inequalities of the road.



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HARRISBURG PA
Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

(Continued from Page 70)

which was felt without the necessity of a guiding barometer. Alas! Would it ever again regain its air of security?

"What's the matter?" asked Mary.

"Nothing," he replied, "except that I owe you an apology for taking an unwarranted liberty. Your contract was not intended to subject you to manhandling of any kind. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. I don't know what came over me. Can you forgive and forget?"

"Well," said Mary thoughtfully, "I don't know. You're so awfully strong"

"If you can't forgive," said Trumper promptly, "I shall consider that I owe you two weeks' pay, and you may go."

"Oh, no!" cried Mary. "I was thinking of the forget It wouldn't be right for me not to forgive, because I was just going to kiss you back when you pulled away."

"Indeed," remarked Trumper solemnly. "Well, in that case we'll consider the incident closed, and you had better put on your things and rush around to Binotinelli's. You heard what I said to him. All I ask is that you say nothing. Take along the kimono, put it on as you did here, and look sad—terribly sad. Think about the pool of blood, but don't mention it. You needn't come to the studio again. When your frock is ready tell Bino to call me up and I'll arrange to take you to supper."

"Oh, goody!" cried Mary, so genuinely pleased that her face radiated joy. "Where? At the Bonne Nuit?"

"What do you know about the Bonne Nuit?" asked Trumper sharply. "Have you ever been there?"

"No; never," she answered earnestly. "I've—I've only heard about it."

Trumper would have been a much worried man had he not possessed the faculty of keeping his varied interests in distinct water-tight compartments. There was his business, locked between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, and kept in such training that he could turn his back on it for a month at a time, almost at a moment's notice, without suffering any great loss.

His long summer afternoons belonged to polo and the open; his short winter ones to the studio. Bridge claimed the time from five to seven; the evenings were carefully distributed among people who promised the least boredom and in keeping tabs on the theater, music and all the ramifications of art. After the theater came his nightly telephone call to his wife, Janet—generally a most laconic interchange of stereotyped civilities. On the evening of this crowded day which had witnessed the advent and astonishing progress of Miss Thistle, the conversation was to be inordinately prolonged.

"You all right, Janet?"

"Fine, thanks."

That was where the talk usually began and ended, and Trumper was about to hang up when he heard Janet's voice continuing. "Trumper. Hello, Trumper!"

"Yes, Janet."

"Oh, nothing much. I'm just not quite as sleepy as usual. You know, it seems to me you've been surprisingly quiet lately. Does it take as long to launch a beauty as it does to build a warship?"

"Sometimes it takes a year, and sometimes ——" began Trumper, and stopped. He had been going to say "and sometimes it takes two," but the memory of the rapid budding of Miss Thistle sprang in between the thought and the words. Was it possible that only this morning he had not known the only girl ever kissed in his studio? The power that moves one man will move another; the power that moves two men will move a throng; the power that moves a throng can shake the world, apples off apple trees, and kings off their thrones. In a flash he saw all history as an orbit, an arc of writing destined to clamp itself in a circle limiting the limitless universe, and the first sentence read:

"In the beginning was woman," and the last sentence read: "In the beginning was woman." An old thought in a new dress, but never before stupendous.

"Trumper!" cried Janet's voice. "Trumper, don't go to sleep. Finish what you were going to say."

"I was going to say," he replied soberly, "that sometimes it takes twelve hours."

"I thought there was someone about due," remarked Janet coldly, and rang off.

When Binotinelli called up three days later to announce that all would be ready by the following evening, Trumper knew a moment of embarrassment. Time had been when he could ask Bino to keep his insignificant shop open until the supper hour, but those days were long past. Now it would be like asking to have the Twentieth Century await one's convenience. On the other hand, he dared not pass several hours alone with the power which without a moment's notice might start shaking the stars down around his befuddled head. Still more did he shrink from the thought of Mary dressed for conquest entering a public conveyance, threading lobbies, exposing cabmen, passers-by, clerks and bellhops to destruction. Knowing not what to say, he said nothing. As a consequence Bino began to talk, and as he talked the knot of trouble cleared from Trumper's brow.

"Oh, Mr. Bromleigh," said Bino in a wet voice, "if there was only something we could do for her! The poor child! The poor so small cabbage of a child! Last night I say, '*Ma pauvre petite gosse*, you no cry; Bino cry for you.' And I go home and cry three hours."

"Well, Bino," said Trumper, "since you feel like that I can tell you something you can do for her—something that will save her at least from a little trouble. You can dress her late tomorrow night and keep her in the shop until a quarter past eleven, instead of letting her wander the streets or sit in her room alone. Now tell me; what about the dress?"

"The dress, ah, the dress!" cried Bino. "When you see it you will know. It is not art. It is bigger than that—a million time. It is a great, soft, black sorrow with a living heart."

It took Trumper three hours to pick his guests for the following night. At any minute of the first hour of his acquaintance with Mary he would have been willing to bet himself a hundred to one that at her eventual launching Zelter, master mind in all corners in professional beauty for the stage, would head the list. Now he knew intuitively that the famous show director would be but a fish out of water, oozing at the eyes, gasping for breath, and possibly dying of a bloodless apoplexy. No; Zelter would not do; nor would any one of a hundred most eligible youngsters. The lightning would strike soon enough without his inviting it to the banquet. What he needed was case-hardened bachelors of thirty-five who could give the Jovian thunderbolt a run for its money. In the end he had to be content with three men besides himself. He had hesitated over Hilary Pell as not looking his age, but finally included him.

Trumper's table at the Bonne Nuit was distinguished by an idea which he had passed on to the proprietors on the condition that it be reserved for his exclusive benefit for ten years. He detested towering floral decorations; hence the inspiration which had devised a wide-flanged bowl sunk in the center of the table to the level of the cloth. Within this all but hidden font of life-giving water drifted flowers, "like lotos buds that float," and from it crept the tender green of tendril and tiny leaf. Incidentally, anyone could see across it from any part of the room; incidentally again, it was a badge, a distinction and the unfailing forerunner of an event. When it graced the table at the far end of the oval room—always the same table and always the same choice location—the common herd drew a long breath of satisfaction, sat back and waited.

Trumper scarcely dared take a full look at Mary as she sat waiting for him in Bino's atelier with Bino standing near by, tears in his eyes, and Madame Tifou Binotinelli sitting beside her, patting one of her listless hands and murmuring sweet nothings in French. But one fleeting glance was enough to tell him that his aspirations had been interpreted with nothing less than genius. At first sight nothing could be more simple than the frock of black chiffon with a fantastic flower making a single splash of red just off center beneath the high waistline, and yet there remained a distinct impression of dark hands folded across the breast of grief. He had not ordered the spilled touch of red, but immediately he perceived two things—that it was supremely right, and that Mary had been unable to resist the temptation to mention her great pool of blood. He hurried her into a cab and on the way to the restaurant felt forced to make certain alterations in his plan of campaign.

"Mary," he said, catching a glimpse of her profound sadness under the glare of a street lamp, "it's too much; I can't stand it any longer. And if I can't stand it, knowing you as I do, why, no one else can stand it at all. You are going to meet three men tonight, all of them nice, the pick of New York, in a way. Each will do his best to get your ear for a moment, and each has a way of succeeding in that sort of thing. They will, of course, ask you what is the matter, and what, oh! what can they do for you. If you should say your piece about the great pool of blood, and let it go at that, I tremble to think what might happen. Any one of the lot, or all, might go crazy before the evening is over."

"It is terribly excit ——" began Mary eagerly, choked off her words, and moaned instead, "it is terrible."

"Ah!" murmured Trumper. "What a relief! You forgot yourself for an instant, and it has helped me out. Now listen. You'll have a lot more fun being bravely gay part of the time. Now let's try something out. Get off your little piece, then throw up your head, shake it and say bravely, 'But life is like that, isn't it? The great adventure is to be gay in spite of it.' No explanations, mind you. Explain nothing to anyone. Now."

Mary locked her hands around her knee and stared beyond Trumper's feet, through the cab, through the city, the earth, the China Sea, and beyond the uttermost reaches of the pendent universe.

"Once," she murmured in a low clear voice, "I saw a great pool of blood; I shall never forget it." She kept her head bowed for a long aching second, then threw it back, shook it and said bravely, "But life is like that, isn't it? The great adventure—why, the great adventure is to be gay in spite of it."

Ah! Her shining eyes raised to his, her parted smiling lips! Peach, apple and hawthorn buds in her cheeks, mottling pink, red, pink again, as though her blood were breathing fast and slow! The scrubbed clean freshness of her, like the smell of a clover field in bloom. And her hair! "Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Jeanette, let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet!" Oh, Youth, unfolding petal to the dew of dawn! Oh, brave face. Oh, Mary—Mary Thistle!

"God help me!" muttered Trumper, hastily drawing out a handkerchief, pushing back his topper and mopping his brow. "It's—it's worse. But we can't help it. Too late to change again now, for here we are."

Before he knew it he was walking across the supper room of the Bonne Nuit in the midst of a great stillness, following Mary, who followed Margot, the glassy-eyed headwaiter; and followed in his turn by Hilary Pell, and two others, all holding their breath amid a world which seemed to have forgotten to breathe. What a girl, so young, so very sad, and so superbly clothed! And—heaven help her—four men, old enough to know better. Young beauty, alone amongst wolves, poignant whisper of tragedy in her mien, the dark slender arms of grief crossed upon her breast. Ah, to be near and to comfort, to save her from the dagger of her doom. Ah! and ah! Oh, exquisite and tragic loveliness!

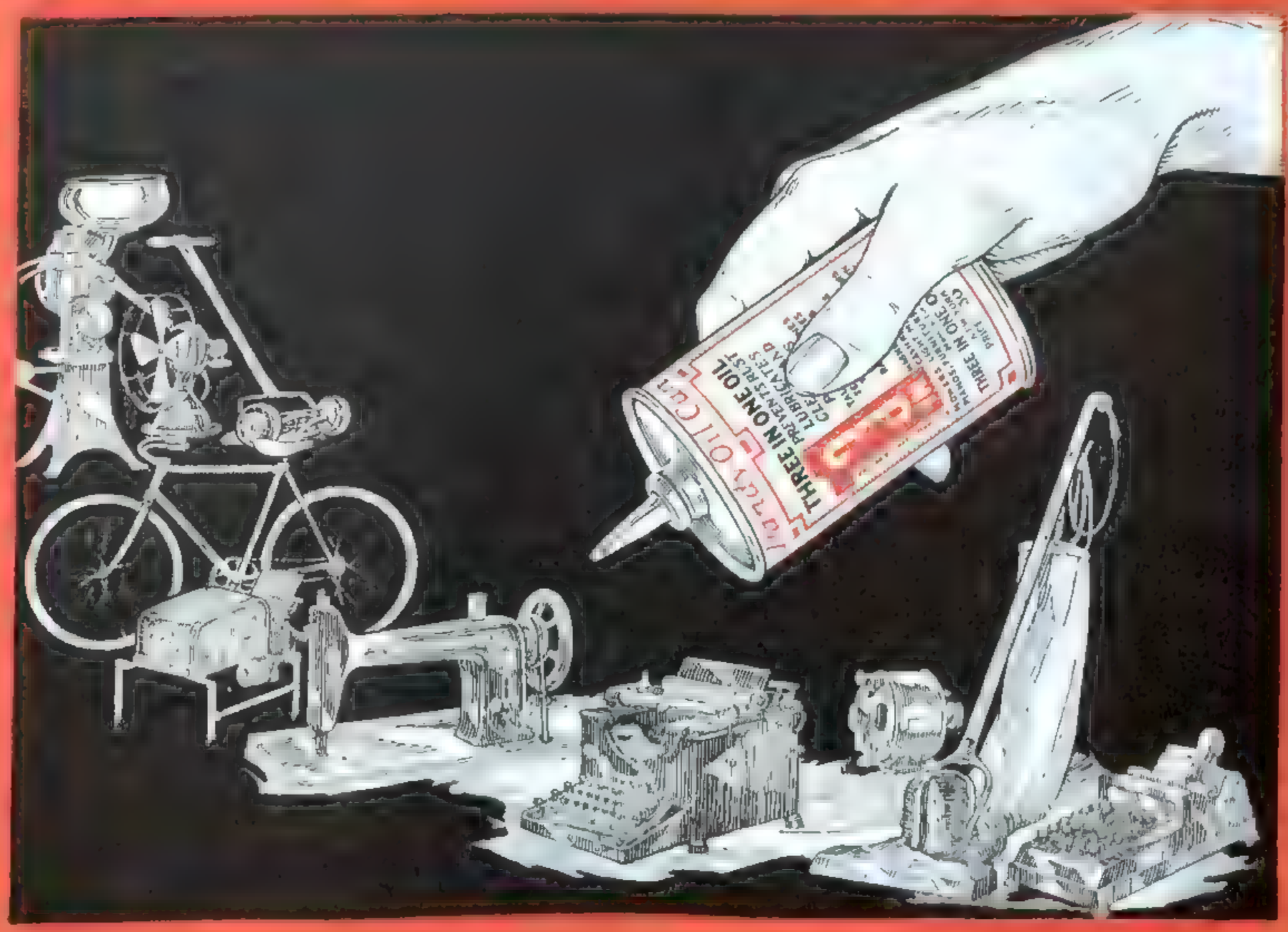
Trumper saw everything in a blur—the charmingly garnished table set for five, with Mary on his right at its head, Hilary Pell beside her, and the two other men —— Heaven aid him, he had forgotten their names! Well, what did it matter? Need deity know mortals by their names?

"This, gentlemen," he said simply, "is Mary—Miss Mary Thistle."

"What an adorable name," he heard Pell murmur, though each word seemed but a blur of speech. "I can see the beetling crags of Scotland, and you shining within a dark shadow. Please dance. You must dance. Come."

They arose, stepped out, glided away, Hilary's face fixed and white; Mary's heart-rendingly sad. Now was Trumper's chance; he could ask these men their names. He leaned forward, opened his mouth, and then closed it again. Something in the set of their uncompromising backs told him that it would be useless—that they, too, had forgotten. His eyes sought out the couple in black. They were on the outskirts of the floor, dancing slowly, ever more slowly to some unheard dying rhythm. They paused, stopped. Mary's hand lingered on her partner's arm, her head drooped, her eyes stared unseeingly, her lips moved. By Jove, she was saying it! Then she threw up her head, shook it, gave him her glorious eyes and smiled bravely. In that instant a great resolve was born in Hilary's face—a resolve to save her.

Continued on Page 74



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Continued from Page 72

A captain spoke to Trumper twice, and then touched him respectfully on the elbow Trumper looked up impatiently. The captain handed him a menu card with a great scrawl down its back. Words? Trumper concentrated, then coordinated, and gradually began to read but not to understand. Then he read again, slowly, painstakingly, and his blood, a moment before so racing and hot, congealed, ceased to flow, froze in his veins. The note was in Janet's familiar hand

"Trumper, are you gone mad," it ran, "or is it conceivable you don't know the child with you is my niece, Daphne Pruyn-Clayton, who is supposed to have sailed for Europe a week ago with Samantha Treadwell's select summer party as a sort of preparation for her coming out next fall?"

It was Trumper who half rose from his seat, but it was Two-Point Bromleigh who sank back again and promptly seized the whole ghastly situation as one who grasps thistles in clenched fists. ' No scandal at least, no more scandal. None should think that he snatched the girl away in a fit of jealousy. He waited, white lipped, until she was seated, and then leaned across to Pell.

"Hilary," he said, "an urgent message has come for Miss Thistle. She's wanted on the phone. It may be important, so please act as host for me if we don't come back." Out of the corner of his eye he thought he saw Mary startle and grow rigid. Well she might, he thought grimly, and then said aloud, "Come, Mary."

Together they threaded their way to the foyer, where Trumper handed her check and his to an attendant, with a bank note and instructions to fetch their wraps at once. Then he led the way to a telephone booth, jammed the fullness of her skirt between his knee and the wall so that she could not escape, and rang up Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton's residence.

"This is Mr. Trumper Bromleigh speaking. Awaken Mrs. Clayton at once and tell her that Miss Daphne has returned from Europe and will be at the house in ten minutes. . . . You don't understand? Well, neither do I. Do as you're told."

He turned from the instrument expecting fireworks of one kind or another, but there were none. Daphne put on her cloak and preceded him meekly to a cab. Once within it, she threw herself back in the corner and closed her eyes.

"A pretty kettle of fish, you little hoyden," he muttered. Then, as he thought the matter over, a look of genuine fright crept into his face. "Kettle of fish!" he continued. "Why, it's more like a caldron of boiling oil, with me in it! Your mother thinks I'm first cousin to Satan already. What's she going to think now? What's she going to say? Will you tell me that?"

"What need it matter to us?" murmured Daphne.

"Us!" choked Trumper. "Did you say, us? Look here ——"

"No; I'll not look there or anywhere," interrupted Daphne. "I'm very tired."

"Tired!" snarled Trumper. "I should think you would be. Lilith and Eve and the serpent and a whole apple orchard have worked night and day for ten thousand years just to get here in time to watch you step."

"*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner,*" murmured Daphne.

"Never you worry," rejoined Trumper promptly. "I can understand, yet never forgive you."

"I was thinking of myself," corrected Daphne. "I can understand, and forgive."

"Thanks," replied Trumper dryly. "Before we arrive, do you mind telling me how you got off that boat?"

"Not at all. It was very simple. I went up one gangway, kissed Celeste, and came down the other. Then I hid behind some packing cases, took a cab to the Dreslin, waited a couple of hours, and sent a wireless to Miss Treadwell telling her I had missed the beastly ship. No one has been particularly worried."

"Worried!" exclaimed Trumper. "What about me?"

A wan smile curved Daphne's lips. "A man's worry is sweet to a woman, Trumper," she murmured.

"How dare you call me Trumper? Why, you little brat, you ought to be turned up and spanked until you howl for mercy and your bowl of milk."

"Beat me!" gulped Daphne, tears gushing from under her fallen eyelids and rolling down her glowing cheeks without leaving a mark. "Beat me! I'd love it!"

"Well, wait until we get in the house," said Trumper weakly. "Here we are."

The marrow in his bones turned to water as he faced a distracted mother in the stately room, famous among the elect of generations for its routs, its tapestries, its cut-crystal lusters, its polished floor and slender-legged chairs; and long ago, but now no more, his familiar haunt. Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton's given name was Alexandra, and she had sided with her wronged sister to an extent which on more than one occasion had proved positively embarrassing to Janet. She invariably referred to the separated husband as "that Trumper Bromleigh," and years since had blocked out his name in her private copy of the Social Register.

"Daphne, my poor child, my baby, what has happened?"

"Please, mother, don't muss me. I'm quite all right."

Daphne released herself, stood back, unfastened her cloak and let it slip from her shoulders. No other action could have dammed the flood of hysterics in her mother quite so abruptly and effectually. What Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton saw was a strange woman, superbly dressed and possessed of an assured poise out of all proportion to her known years—a woman who actually exposed uncovered neck and naked arms without a qualm before the eyes of a man like Trumper Bromleigh! She whirled on him.

"You! You did this thing!"

At the moment Trumper was in no mood to deny it. Holding stick and hat in his hands and with his overcoat fully buttoned over a smart muffler, he looked to the casual observer as if he were on the point of leaving, but as a matter of fact he was glued to the spot by his eyes. Forgotten was Eglantine Buck in her setting of paint, mascara and paste; blotted out of mind was Mary Thistle, triumphant queen of the supper rooms of New York for five tense minutes. Here was Daphne herself amid pale gold and faded brocades, against a regal background as reminiscent of an age of beauty as are dried rose leaves of a garden in bloom—and she was at home! Oh, lovely child in black, with that single scarlet splash spilled between waist and thigh, how could the artist within him deny her?

"Cowardly!" muttered Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton, her eyes flashing, but her lips twisting nervously. "You and your kind know you are safe from the courts and even from a horsewhip."

"Stop that, mother," interrupted Daphne. "How dare you blame Trumper? It was all your fault yes, your fault. Haven't you talked and talked about his wickedness until I longed to meet him, and learned all his telephone numbers by heart?"

"Learned all his telephone numbers?" stuttered Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton. "What has that got to do with it?"

"A lot," declared Daphne. "You were too busy or lazy to see your own only daughter off on a beastly trip with nothing but girls and a chaperon. Alphonse to drive me, Adolf to look after the baggage, and Celeste to put me on board! Well, instead of crying my eyes out on the way down, I read the morning paper, and as usual I began with the advertisements, and —and there it was. Too good to be true. Trumper's own office telephone number asking for a secretary! When I got to the ship I went up one gangplank, kissed Celeste, came down the other, and hid behind some packing cases until she was well out of the way. The rest was easy. I went to a hotel and disguised myself as a secretary."

"A what?" interjected Trumper, the ghastly memory of Miss Eglantine Buck suddenly refreshed in his mind's bulging eye.

"A secretary," repeated Daphne calmly, dismissing the interruption with a wave of her hand. "Of course," she continued to her stunned mother, "I had all the money you gave me for the trip, and of course I wired Miss Samantha I had missed the boat. As far as I can see, no one has been especially worried."

"Worried!" cried Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton with a little awaking scream. "Why—why that was a week ago!"

"Ah, yes!" murmured Daphne. "A long, long week." Her lovely head drooped, a heart-rending sadness crept into her face, her eyes grew enlarged and stared through the floor, through the world, beyond universe, to fasten themselves on some terrible recollection. "Once," she breathed through pitifully tremulous lips, "I saw a great pool of blood. I—I shall never forget it."

"Oh, my baby!" sobbed Mrs. Pruyn-Clayton, advancing with open arms upon her child. "My poor, poor baby!"

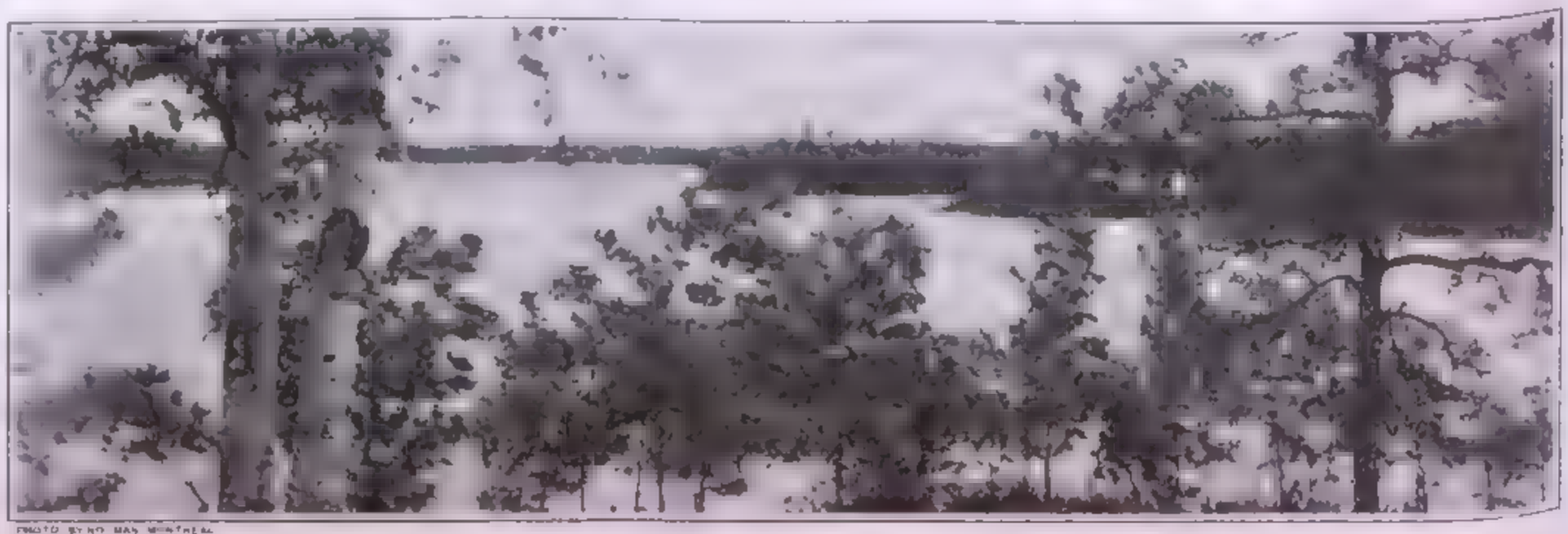
"Mush!" roared Trumper, forgetting that he was an artist and remembering only that he was a man, recently immersed in a caldron of boiling oil, and still in hot water. "She never saw a pool of blood in her life. What she needs, Alexandra, is something she's never had—a damn good spanking."

"How dare you call me Alexandra!" gasped Daphne's mother. "How dare you swear? How dare you live, you—you you!"

"Mother, you must not!" cried Daphne. "You shall not! You don't know what you are doing."

She freed herself, and so swiftly that neither of her elders could stop her she hurled herself into Trumper's unexpectant arms. Before he knew it both her hands were pushing his hair caressingly from his brow and she was murmuring, "Trumper, dear boy, if we must part, kiss me once more before you go."

There are moments when all memory, even the consciousness of existence, is blotted from a man's mind, and this was one of them. Trumper felt only a lithe young body, saw only a lovely glowing face, tremulous lips, glowing, tragic eyes, and within each eye a tiny dancing devil. Now, and only now, did the lash of Alexandra's tongue, saying with utmost scorn, "You—you—you!" get in its work. His stick and hat formed a cross, emblematic of farewell, in the center of Daphne's back. He pressed her to him, kissed those tremulous lips, and fled.



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We are asked many questions about it. Some of those most frequently asked are these:

Why is there so much difference between the price of sirloin steak and the price per pound of steers?

What is the truth about profits in the packing business?

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Are there any other questions concerning our business which you would like to have answered?

We will answer you either directly or through this series of advertisements. Won't you write us?

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NIGHT IN THE WOODS

By Jim Smiley

WHEN night falls in the woods the eyes seem to lose much of their importance, and the ears, the sense of touch and even of smell become keen in directing one's way about. For my part, a certain nervousness has always attended the coming of dusk. When I was just a woods boy I fought real fear. I could go anywhere in the woods by day; but at night, in my own home, in the highway through the clearings, and in all shadows of the settlement where I lived, I was afraid. Neither starlight nor moonlight calmed me. Every bush, every sound, every "feel" made me tremble, and I was ashamed in my heart.

The voices of wild life are heard at all hours of day and night, and when one listens into the concert of birds he learns that the peregrine falcon's scream by day has its echo in the cry of a wildcat at night. The mocking laughter of the blue jay during the day changes to a timid chirrup or peep up on the mountains, where jays have their nests and fear for their young.

I have listened to muskrats down on the flats at the long cove, a few hours after sunset. Their voices are tiny, thin and appealing. I have heard the death cry of the snowshoe hare when something—a fox—caught it on the snow crust. I was amazed and nonplused by that sudden shriek of despair until I read the source by the snow, and afterward verified the surmise by witnessing an abject hare as it cried out in mortal agony which I could not possibly mistake.

I spend many hours abroad in the wilderness darkness just to know what is going on. Generally owls are shouting to one another. Around old burnings especially, the sharp yips and barks of foxes are to be heard. One great night I heard the contented grunts and grumblings of an old gray-faced he bear pawing around under beech trees on a hardwood flat, munching and chanking away as he filled his paunch with the small but delicious nuts. I knew that old bear. He had an odd way of spreading his forepaw claws wide over the dead leaves as he walked that was unmistakable.

I don't know how many times I crossed his trail. I was on it that night in the hardwood, but he worked over the other way and finally slipped into the spruce knolls beyond, still grunting, still grumbling, when I went back to my nearest line cabin, about three miles away

A Test of One's Woodcraft

One calm night at Metcalf Lake a prodigious splashing awakened me. I hurried down in the starlight to find out what was going on. It seemed as though every trout in that lake had entered into competition to see which could make the loudest or hardest splash. They weren't jumping after flies, for it was a frosty autumn night. I don't know why they made all that commotion, but it lasted more than two hours. I was glad to hear it, for that was a new night sound for me to wonder about.

On the West Canada, in silences, a low thunder suddenly interrupts. It reverberates, apparently from the vicinity of the Natural Dam at the old Shaft Place. One night since the new reservoir was filled I paddled up the pond and saw a deer drinking, by moonlight. That voice of the ages of stone, or earth, quivered in the night, and the deer started back, threw up his head and stood poised in alert suspicion, a white specter in the misty gloom. That buck wondered, and so did I, about the sound.

Night tests a man's woodcraft. When I had overcome my night fears I found that I had entered upon a new interest in my satisfaction of the craving for forest life and experience. The boy who could go anywhere by sunlight immediately found moonlight, starlight and finally lightning entirely different propositions. I had never heard in those days of luminous compass dials; in fact, I had been a woods line trapper for many years before I deigned to own a compass. Surely, I ought to know my woods trails as well as a city man knows his streets.

I neglected sunset and sunrise in my coming home and going forth. In the first place, I was proud of having no fear of the dark. Then I found new experiences, novel spectacles, the strange sounds of night. All by myself I found that the flowers curled up asleep in the woods clearings; that daisies draw their straps close; that the blossoms of blackberries, raspberries and other spring and summer posies sleep at night. I have seen a heron standing on yon side of the long cove, with his luminous breast feathers like a flower in the night. Fish, frogs and, I think, young swimming birds draw near, and their curiosity makes them victims of the poniard beak.

Unexpected glows glimmer on all sides. With an oil lantern, and in recent years an electric-battery lamp, I have spent night after night seeing things, as well as hearing them. I have seen the furtive flash of a fox glancing at a light. I have often wondered why some animals' eyes flash red, some green, some pale blue, some pink, some almost white, when they look into a light, reflecting it. A reptile, a frog or a snake or even a turtle, will return light beams with its eyes. And a serpent's steady glare, although it is relatively quite rare, is one of the night horrors.

Intangible Rewards

A woodsman's curiosity is insatiable. The oftener I discovered some new thing the surer I was to find myself led to further inquiry. I must have tramped many thousands of miles at night in the woods when, as boy and man, I had the notion to take a walk under the balsams and spruces or in old burnings. All one brilliant terrific February night I spent on top of Fort Noble Mountain in the forks of the West Canada, when the frost crystals made a halo around every star, some pink, some blue, some green, and I shivered while I gazed—laughing at myself—for that night the temperature was twenty-eight degrees below zero.

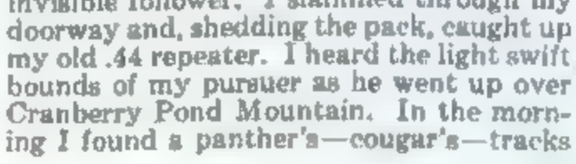
Just after dawn, a pink crystalline dawn, I had tangible reward for my patient endurance. I shot a great red fox that had a runway a few yards down from the summit of the mountain, where I had seen the tracks when deer hunting on the early snows, and I received Northwestern rates on this Adirondack pelt. The money from the fur was soon gone, but the memory of that sky full of crystal glows remains with me to this day. It is so with countless other episodes of the wilderness after nightfall. Neither two-bit muskrat nor double-eagle fox compares with the one swift glance of a shooting star bursting red, dying white in the sky of a winter's night.

One day I went down to Northwood for supplies. In midafternoon I headed for my trap-line cabin on Little Black Creek. My pack basket was heavy, my stride slow. The leaves on the trees were brilliant with autumnal colors, and when night fell I was plodding in a rustling trail in the pale moonlight glow. For some reason I grew tense and watchful. I stopped to listen. I heard a slow pressure of crackling leaves off to one side. I could see nothing in that direction.

When I walked, the animal, if such it was, walked. When I stopped, he stopped. I heard the slow pressure of his body as he crouched to await my going on. And then, through the gloom, as I listened, I heard a low, heavy, vibrating sound. I recognized it, the purr of a cat. It was an enormous purr.

The shock was considerable. I had no rifle. I drew a futile jackknife with a four-inch blade, bracing myself against the fight I thought was inevitable.

I went on with my face over first one shoulder, then the other, as the trailer circled behind me, just out of sight. I carried my pack with astonishing ease, come to think about it. I didn't exactly run with that eighty-odd pounds, but I kept moving, stopping only at intervals to confront my invisible follower. I slammed through my doorway and, shedding the pack, caught up my old .44 repeater. I heard the light swift bounds of my pursuer as he went up over Cranberry Pond Mountain. In the morning I found a panther's—cougar's—tracks for miles on my back trail, proof that I was not imagining.



Many animals, especially at night, will follow a man as he tramps. It is not by chance that owls appear along a trail. I have seen two owls fly noiselessly from tree to tree as I followed an old woods road, accompanying me for miles. Apparently they heard my noisy footsteps in dry leaves and joined me for company's sake. Chickadees, blue jays and woodpeckers, especially in autumn and winter, on days when they haven't much to do, will keep with me for miles, and I suspect that owls, panthers, foxes and other night travelers are with me far oftener than I know. Many a time after a night tramp in the snow I find tracks where I have had unsuspected company.

I hide my trap-line camps in gullies and knolls where men are not apt to find them. But the woods creatures come at night to these cribbed log cabins, especially when I am at home with a coal-oil lantern burning, and when the pale-blue smoke of birch, maple and beech wreaths toward the stars from the fireplace chimney.

I hear owls near by. The owls disturb grouse when it isn't too cold for them to sleep in their trees. When low frosts come the grouse dive into the loose snow and sleep deep under the surface in beds of feather flakes!

A large red fox always followed my trail for a mile or two up on Indian River, in the old Carnahan chopping, along Spruce Lake Mountain. He walked in my snowshoe tracks behind me at night more than once. I supposed it was imagination, when, coming along the trap line after dark, I felt eyes behind me. I stopped to look back, but saw nothing. In the morning, going out that way, when I saw my snowshoe's print where I had half turned, I remembered the incident. Back on the ridge behind me, ten rods away, I found the tracks of the familiar fox. He had sat back on his haunches and dropped on his breastbone in the snow, knowing that I could not see him. When I walked on he had followed to within forty rods of my camp, where he circled back into his own country again. I have turned countless times to look, without reason, but on impulse, to find myself seeing some spectator in fur or feathers gazing at me. The night has many pairs of eyes and ears keeping track of passers-by. In the dark I seem to be passing through waves and clouds and mists of friendly interest, resentment, curiosity and other divertisement.

Eternal Mystery

Doubtless I know many things that aren't so, and have built up questionable ideas and notions on the slender bridge of the flash of a fox's glance in the night, or an owl's hoot, or the walking of paws in dry leaves, but they please me a great deal. They are the fringe of a mass of unmistakable fact, and I like to recall the times when I could not be quite sure I knew why I did something that led me to a new woods lore or discovery.

Night in the green timber or big woods has countless aspects. Days are not more varied. Hues are seen only rarely, when the moon shines brightly. Shades are deep, or pale, as in snowy winter scenes. One feels his way along trails and listens as his eyesight fails in the thickness of gloom. Low whisperings, cautious, often dreaming voices, pervade the forest. The spirit of the living timber never is so obvious.

Had I lived always afraid of the dark I should have missed half of the wilderness pleasure and a great part of entrancing wilderness experience. Days abroad in the woods return memories of countless varieties while nights return experiences equally varied, often literally shadows, or echoes—perhaps I may say the other side of what one learns by day.

I am bound to say that as night follows day a certain gloom of spirit follows the exuberance we have in the brightness of sunshine. I overwhelmed the fear of the dark with boylike bravado, but always the mystery, the unseeable and unknown, remains the relentless and unanswerable question which the brightest full moon on snow crust does not answer, and which the black murk of a stormy autumn midnight intensifies beyond even imagination. The spirit of the night woods is gloomy, beautiful, fascinating and full of awe.

Glover's
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SLEEPINGWEAR gets a hard test from traveling men. The pulling and straining of dressing in sleeping-car berths—the abuse of rush laundering—to stand this grueling punishment, garments must be staunchly made

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Now, to the many styles of Glover pajamas and nightshirts, we have added a

Traveler's Special Pajama!

—special pockets for the watch and wallet!

—dark tan, to resist soil!

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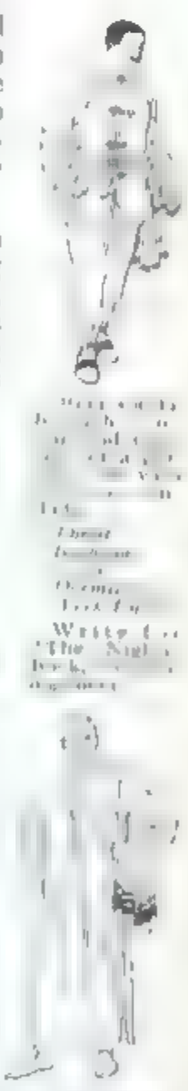
You will enjoy wearing these pajamas! Ask for them at your favorite store. If they can't supply you, send us $3.50 for a trial suit—sizes A, B, C, D *Satisfaction guaranteed*



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THE steam and electric locomotives in service on the New York Central Lines have an aggregate capacity of 11,000,000 horse-power. This is equal to a third of the power used in the manufacturing industries of the country.

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Adequate power is the first necessity of efficient transportation service. The capacity of the New York Central Lines to meet the test of heavy traffic—as was so strikingly shown in the war emergency—is in no small measure due to the New York Central policy of maintaining a power reserve to meet abnormal traffic demands.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

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AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER

(Continued from Page 21)

do your best, even on a place where from fifty to more than a hundred people are gathered together, not to destroy the impression of wildness and isolation.

And spiritually a dude ranch is very far removed from either a summer hotel or a summer boarding house. Unaware as dudes may be of this fact, there is a social and moral and actual responsibility unlike any responsibility attached to the job of being a hotel keeper. That is what in some ways makes the dude business a very pleasant business and in other ways a very trying one. You have, you see, upon your hands a number of people, most of whom are in an entirely new and rather bewildering environment. It is not sufficient merely to give them rooms and baths and then turn them loose; it is necessary to entertain them or see that they are entertained; and it is necessary for you to instruct them in a strange and wild and—if not properly handled—fairly dangerous country. You give them horses and teach them to ride; you beg them and argue with them not to override; you outfit them and send them out on pack trips; you flirt occasionally, if you have to, with some of the younger, or, as you get older, youngish ones; and you try to prevent some of the still younger ones from breaking up discipline by flirting with your cowboys; you tell innumerable stories, so that at times your voice becomes hoarse and your mind wanders; and you answer an infinite number of questions.

Host and Patriarch

It is a large patriarchal life in which at moments you feel you are the father of an unruly family and at other moments—especially when you are asked, as you are every hour or so, about the weather—as if someone had mistaken you for a minor deity.

As to discipline, we fluctuate, as do most dude ranches, between beautiful young cow-punchers who attract the eye and whom we keep until they become thoroughly useless and "trashy," and hideous old men, losing atmosphere with the latter and putting up with being told just what to do for the sake of work accomplished. The happiest combination, perhaps, is a beautiful young cow-puncher with a jealous wife. This is what we have been hiring lately, and we have had great success. I am speaking, of course, only of certain positions; others require by their nature mature men. On the whole, however, our discipline, especially lately, has been excellent and the summers recently have been busy and cheery ones, devoid for the most part of the added duty of chaperonage.

As a matter of fact, this chaperonage, even when needed, was never a very serious task. The younger generation of the East is abundantly well able to take care of itself, and the average cow-puncher is on the whole a pretty upstanding fellow, with a fundamental decency and a vast amount of common sense. Of all sections of the country, mothers need be least afraid of the Far West. Besides, one of the most charming qualities of the Far Westerner is his sense of loyalty—a feudal sense—to the outfit he happens at the moment to be working for. He is extremely jealous, even to the point of fighting, of its honor and dignity. As an example of this, although it has nothing to do with chaperonage, is an incident that happened last summer. Each August we hold little frontier shows—racing and bucking horses and roping contests—and it is interesting to see how seriously the men working for us take the victory or defeat of the ranch. One of them passed me as he came in breathless from a race and leaned over me. I congratulated him upon the purse he had won.

"That ain't nothing," he whispered between his teeth; "but I wouldn't let that hammerhead beat the old Bar B string."

That this loyalty is transferred immediately in case a man leaves one ranch to the next where he gets a job makes it even more interesting. It is the result of isolation and a close-knit communal life.

But you can see that dude wrangling on the whole is somewhat like playing a gigantic game of chess, and that the dude wrangler must be on the alert from the moment in the morning his guests open their eyes to the sleepy twittering of the birds, to the moment they close them at any odd hour of the night. He must cajole the obstreperous, encourage the shy, restrain the too active, propel the lazy and at times gently snub the impertinent. He must know just what each person is doing on that particular day, whether he or she is going fishing or shooting or mountain climbing or just riding; and if he finds a person or a group of people at loose ends he must insinuate into the bored mind or minds the idea of a new and delightful trip or occupation. Also he must be a solvent between antagonistic personalities.

Try as you may, careful as you may be in your selection, you cannot hope to get together fifty or more people of all ages and characteristics from all corners of the country, even from all corners of the globe, and expect them to adore each other universally. But the dude wrangler must see that they are at least polite to one another, for they are in a peculiar position; they—out of their usual surroundings, against a new background—are caught together into a little eddy of lonely life; they are more or less dependent upon one another, and one excessively disagreeable person can make life fairly disagreeable for everyone else. And lonely eddies of life, though they are the pleasantest spots in the world, can also be very dangerous ones if gossip is not looked after.

Nor do the dude wrangler's duties end, as I have already indicated, when most other honest men's labors cease—except the dairy farmer's—and that is at night. Again and again, when he is tired from riding or from manual work, or when he is wet from rain, or sleepy, he must conquer his natural instincts and be about. He has to listen to a great deal. Something about high altitudes perhaps, something about dislocation of environment, the patriarchal position a dude wrangler naturally possesses make his guests confidential and him a father confessor. People—ladies especially—tell him things they wouldn't tell ordinarily. The greatest personal dangers that the dude wrangler incurs are the dangers of becoming at too early an age gently world weary, and at too early an age anecdotal.

Splitting Up the Work

But—and here is the inner secret of it all—the dude wrangler must do these things—wrangle his dudes in all their bewildering complexity—without letting them for a moment know that he is wrangling them. A salient characteristic of the human mind—and very naturally—is a dislike of being herded, with an unconscious desire to have it done. People hate to be directed, but they get excessively angry if they aren't. The best way to direct them therefore, either in dude wrangling or the ordinary relations of life, is to let them think each new idea is their own. A fellow dude wrangler, a magnificent specimen physically, told me he lost about thirty pounds a summer directing people without letting them know he was doing it.

I have been describing the perfect dude wrangler, though there is, of course, no such creature; but there are rather a lot of them who are qualifying for some sort of busy and executive and story-telling sort of sainthood.

On top of these multifarious social and spiritual duties, the dude wrangler has the ordinary duties of the man who undertakes to feed and bed a number of his fellow citizens; feeding and bedding them in an isolated country, far from the railway, where as a rule nothing grows in profusion, not even eggs, and no delicate thing grows at all; and where most of his outfit—except in outdoor matters—is, to begin with, untrained. The dude wrangler is a ranch owner, a cowman, a horseman, a guide, a wholesale chambermaid, cook and storekeeper rolled into one. In most well-organized dude outfits, however, these duties are divided among several partners.

There is, for instance, one partner, chosen for his peculiar characteristics and training, who does nothing but wrangle dudes; another—the business man of the organization—who looks after the books

(Continued on Page 80)

Change Tires in *Half* Usual Time

—*"Look for the Attached-Lug"*

More and more, the attention of the wise motorist centers on the wheels of the car he buys. He looks *before* he buys, because *then* is the time when he can add to the convenience and shorten the time required in making tire changes. Motorists have one certain sign to guide them in making wheel-decisions—it is the Attached-Lug. It denotes the most approved wheel—Hayes.

The attached-lug means that tire changes may be made in one-half the usual time. There are no loose lugs to lose—no lost motion, temper or time.

Every lug bolt holds the rim and shares proportionately in the driving thrust instead of the usual practice of concentrated strain at a single point. Hayes rims cannot "run-out-of-true." They cannot squeak or slip and tear the valve stem; cannot cause uneven wear on tires and rims. This represents a decided saving.

Hayes wheels are *standardized* in wood, wire and disc—all instantly interchangeable; all demountable-at-the-rim. In selecting your next car have all these conveniences. Request Hayes Wheels with the attached-lug-rim.

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HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS — STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

Always Look for the Attached-Lug

(Continued from Page 78)

and the buying of supplies and the stores; and a third, who takes charge of the actual ranching; for most dude outfits consist of several ranches, on some of which stock is raised and wintered, and out of which is made what money there can be made in the at present uncertain state of the sheep and cattle and horse industries. And wherever it is necessary to come into actual contact with the labor employed, there are foremen; for it is an old ranch tradition, and an excellent one, that the owners shall not do the actual hiring, firing or giving of orders; even an owner as ingenious as the one in Mexico who used to sit all day long on the top of a hill in the middle of his ranch, armed with a .22 rifle and field glasses so that he could shoot dangerously near to any of his peons whom he saw taking out too many minutes of rest.

It is no easy matter to feed people in a country which, like my own, has an altitude of sixty-four hundred feet. No vegetable less hardy than a pea will stand the frosts that are likely to occur in any month of the year. And since it is a cattle country, meat, of course, is particularly hard to obtain. We can grow lettuce, onions, radishes, beets, potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers, spinach, carrots, turnips, chard and oyster plant; but we cannot grow fruit, corn, beans of any kind, tomatoes, or the rest of those vegetables that make the summer gastronomically delightful. These have to be imported from hundreds of miles away, from California and the hot country down in Idaho; and we import our meat as well. The latter we bring in in huge sides, or whole beeves or muttons, and keep in an ice house.

It is a curious commentary on human nature—although a very old one—that the more perfectly a system works the more people expect; the more they have the more they demand. Fifteen years ago my first visitors slept on balsam boughs and used blankets, because they had no sheets; and their faces became suffused with joy if they saw an egg once a week—yet they seemed entirely happy. Nowadays we supply—if you consider horses and such matters—considerably more than any hotel supplies; yet we have constantly to be thinking of something else.

Memories of Howard Eaton

The very liabilities, however, as I have said, that make the dude business trying also make it dignified. You may have the bothers of a universal father, but you also have a father's prerogatives. You can disinherit any of your children if they become too annoying. I know of no self-respecting dude ranch that does not retain the privilege of dismissing an overimportunate guest, and I know of one that kept a supply of time-tables on hand to present without comment in the face of unnecessary complaints. But that is going too far. The dude wrangler has, as a matter of fact, very little trouble with importunate guests. Most people who come to dude ranches are self-selected, pleasant and adventurous people who wouldn't come at all unless they knew fairly well what they were doing. Moreover, since most dude ranches limit their number and require references, it is possible to make choices and to make fairly certain what people are like before they arrive. After a while the dude wrangler acquires an uncanny ability even to judge people by their letters. He predicts personalities before he sees them. It is a tribute to the type of person who wants to come West, and the life they lead there, that in fifteen years I have had to request only one man to leave my ranch.

Howard Eaton started the dude business and invented the word "dude" as it applies to ranching. That was about thirty-five years ago. The word has none of the slurring connotations attached to the term "tenderfoot." It does not imply ignorance or softness; it simply means someone, usually a person not resident in the country, who hires some one else to guide him or cook for him, or who pays money to stay on a ranch. The governor of Wyoming can be a dude if he hires guides when he goes hunting; so can the oldest and toughest cattleman in the world. I know a Cherokee Indian who for several years was a dude. His homestead in Oklahoma contained oil and he used to come into our country after elk. Amusingly enough, his guides told me that he was a poor hunter, too easily lost, and what we describe as "an ornery dude"—hard to please. And often nowadays I, a dude wrangler, am a dude by deliberate choice. Last summer I was a dude for twenty-six days, for I was out in the hills that long, and took some of my own men to do the rough work of camping. To be a dude is a perfectly honest avocation.

Howard Eaton, if I have not heard the story incorrectly, became, like most of his followers, a dude wrangler by chance. He was an extremely popular man, originally from Pittsburgh, and with his two brothers had a horse ranch in South Dakota. Like most popular men who have ranches, he was overwhelmed with guests. After a while he discovered that what he made on his horses he lost entertaining. At first his idea was to make his friends pay merely their share of the expenses; but as they continued to come in increasing numbers he saw a business opportunity and took it. Eventually he moved his outfit to Wolf, Wyoming, and there it is today, a most interesting place and already historic.

A Strenuous Program

I do not understand about Howard Eaton. He died about a year ago, and nobody outside of his large circle of friends seemed to have realized that one of the great figures of the West had passed. Certainly the newspapers didn't; and yet here was a man who, at least to my thinking, was a more engaging and important person than Buffalo Bill; a man who had been West since the early 70's, who had seen five decades of Western life, who had participated in everything the West had to offer, who had the originality to invent an entirely new business, and who was as well that most charming and indigenous of Americans—a gentleman who is also a frontiersman. I would like to see him buried, as William Cody was, on top of one of the mountains he loved so well.

The last time but one that I came across this lover of hills and trails was on top of the continental divide. I had stopped for the night at a deserted ranch where I knew he was making his headquarters. About sundown he came in, after hunting all day, with his cook and his foreman. A big, burly, gray man he was, with absent-minded blue eyes that missed nothing, and could be as sharp as knives, and a bad limp in one leg. Half the bones in his body had been broken by falls from horses and by other accidents, yet he walked faster than almost any man I have ever seen. We sat up half the night listening to him talk about Indians, about the old West, about big game and hunting. He was more than seventy at the moment, and yet here was his program for the coming year:

He had just finished guiding a three weeks' hunting party, and now, his hunters having departed, he was hunting on his own account for a few days. After that he would go back to his ranch—two hundred and fifty miles away—and take a carload of elk East to plant in West Virginia, making rear-platform speeches about the preservation of game wherever the train stopped. Having disposed of his charges, he would go on his annual two months' tour of the athletic clubs of the East—perhaps the hardest part physically of his entire routine, although it was a necessary part of a carefully thought out campaign of advertising. During these visits he went to bed at any hour, told innumerable stories, saw countless friends and was entertained on every side. This over, it would be time to take his usual trip, with forty tourists or so, through the Southwest; and that would bring him to another scheduled trip, also with tourists, up to British Columbia for the spring fishing. It was in the summer, however, that he did his real work, for it was then that he made his two famous and gigantic annual expeditions into Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. And—after that—once more, hunting.

Rather a strenuous program for a man more than seventy. I am glad that Yellowstone Park, with the good sense and tact that has distinguished the Interior Department in the last few years, has named its new horse trail that parallels throughout the motor road, after him—the Howard Eaton Trail. I was on it last summer. One could feel the old man's ghost, debonair and smiling, riding by one's side.

Someone told me that he ran into the father of the dude business and his seventy-five or so mixed dudes up in Yellowstone Park a few years ago. Of course the father of the dude business couldn't know all his dudes; but he did his best. His real introduction was to get out every morning at the head of the company street and shave. After breakfast he and his entourage lined up beside their horses. There was a moment's pause, and then the grizzled leader called out, "Every he take a she and fly at it!" And they all got on their horses and two by two ambled down the road, Eaton out ahead.

My own business started in much the same way that Howard Eaton's did. I had an option on a ranch, and four or five Princeton men, hearing of it, expressed their desire to come out to see me. We built a couple of little log cabins and told the Princeton men to come. The next summer fifteen people followed their lead. The following summer, the third and last, we had forty people—our limit—and turned others away. I had had wished upon me a Frankenstein monster, although a very interesting Frankenstein monster; and when I split off from my original partner and took another partner the monster went along with me. Again we intended to take only a few tourists and concentrate upon cattle. We were more lucky than we knew. . . . Once more we had to concentrate upon dudes and run cattle as a side issue.

Small Beginnings

The doctor and myself had an infinitesimal capital—a couple of thousand dollars each, my share of it borrowed—and he was almost totally ignorant of conditions; while I, although not so ignorant, was handicapped by the frequently disastrous impetuousness of youth. Or is it disastrous? I don't know. Sometimes it is necessary. Without it youth would frequently get nowhere. Had the doctor and I appreciated what we were doing, perhaps we would have done nothing at all. And that would have been a pity, for we would have missed a considerable amount of success, a vast amount of happiness and an experience that has been invaluable. As it was, we set out in the most nonchalant manner possible to burden ourselves with debt, depending on the business of the following summer to recompense ourselves. What would have happened had no tourists shown up, I shudder to think.

By the time I had finally decided to dissolve my former partnership and the doctor had decided to abandon the East and become a Westerner, the year was approaching its fall and we had only about two and a half months in which to make our plans and look about us. We appreciated the necessity for continuity in the business. It would not do to allow a season to lapse, not only for the psychological value of not going into abeyance for any length of time but also because, having so little capital, it was imperative, as I have said, to take in some returns as speedily as possible. But this meant that with the best of luck—an early spring and all the materials on hand, and labor easy to obtain and hold, in a country where material is always scarce and labor always hard to obtain and hold—we would have only two months, May and June, to get ready in. In that time, out of sagebrush and deadfall, we would have to create a home for fifteen Eastern people and the five or six Westerners needed to take care of them; and not only a home for the former but a comfortable and artistic one as well—a very different matter from starting an ordinary ranch. Moreover, having taken care of the interiors of our guests and the interiors of our cabins, we would have to turn our attention to the outside world and see that there were cows to milk and horses to ride and other horses to do the hauling and farm work. In short, we had to build a small town in the wilderness, complete and self-sustaining in every detail.

Home-Made Furniture

Such a task might seem impossible unless you bear in mind the astonishingly short time it takes experts to build a log house and the genius of the Westerner for turning his hand to anything. Our fireplaces were built by a man who had never built a fireplace before in his life, and the rocks with which he had to work were the worst that can be imagined—slippery cobblestones and unshaped granite. The same man who is one day laying logs the next can manufacture the pleasantest kind of an easy-chair or a dining-room table. We made excellent dining-room chairs out of 2x2 lumber and elk hides, and are using them still. We made chairs and beds out of willows and alder and stripped aspens and pine poles, and we have not regretted it. The most beautiful furniture in the world, of course, is homemade; the most beautiful houses on the whole, unless really great architects are employed, are those built from necessity, not artifice. Nothing is lovelier and fits more perfectly into the background from which it came than a Western log cabin; nothing is more comfortable. In the summer it is cool, in the winter it is warm. Its walls inside are always restful to the eye, taking on a mellow ruddy patina as they get older. They form the best of settings for anything you choose to put upon them. There is something mysterious about the inevitable correctness of simplicity and usefulness—about the satisfaction you get from looking at Swiss chalets, Norwegian farmhouses, English villages, American log cabins. The compass is boxed, and simplicity, as we all know, approaches the subtlest kind of art. The same thing applies to the manners of the Far Westerner—only the extremely well-bred can meet him on his own plane of dignity and directness.

In regard to the things we could not make, I conceived the brilliant idea, if I say it myself, of reading from beginning to end the huge catalogues of two of the large mail-order houses—Western Bibles, the irreverent call them—and checking off what we needed, from adzes to zithers. In this way nothing was overlooked, although possibly a good deal was ordered we did not really need. These catalogues are dangerous. Things are visualized as well as described, little pictures accompany the text; and as a result you get the habit. I am sure the advertising managers know this—of sending for various objects just to see if they are as useful and pretty as the pictures make them out to be. By the time the winter was over I could repeat those catalogues backward.

As a matter of fact, we never did use a zither on the ranch, or order one, although we have had imported from time to time

PHOTO. BY GRANT. BY COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

A Canyon Ranger Station and Community Center

(Continued on Page 85)

You need the Film of Protection most while your car is still new

OF all the free advice you get with your new car there is one thing that you must *not* forget—lubrication. *Above all else* choose your motor oil with the utmost care.

Your new motor is a carefully built, finely adjusted mechanism. During the first 1,000 miles, new parts work in; stiff, steel muscles limber up. This is the period of greatest danger from deadly heat and friction.

To use any but the highest quality oil, suited to the mechanical requirements of your motor, is simply to invite motor troubles. Poor lubrication may pile up big repair bills, prematurely ruin the efficiency of your car and take the pleasure out of motoring.

A film that gives maximum protection

Any oil, bought casually here and there, will lubricate your motor, after a fashion. But it took skilled Tide Water engineers years of study, experiment and research to obtain, in Veedol, an oil which offers *maximum resistance to heat and friction*; an oil which forms a "film *of* protection" over all the vital parts of your motor; a film thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.

The tenacious Veedol "film *of* protection" reduces to a minimum the ever-present danger of burned-out bearings, scored cylinders and excess carbon deposit. It forms a perfect unbroken piston-seal which insures full power. And full power means greater mileage from your gasoline and oil.

A simple plan to protect your new engine

Tide Water engineers have worked out this simple but sure plan for protecting your new car:

1—Consult the Veedol Motor Protection Guide at your dealer's. This will tell you the proper Veedol oil to use in your car.

2—Have your crankcase drained immediately and filled with the proper Veedol oil. Replenish as needed.

3—After the first 250 miles redrain and refill with Veedol. After that every 600 to 800 miles.

Follow that plan faithfully and the "film *of* protection" will safeguard your motor, conserve its power and keep your new car new.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York; Chicago, 3433 So. Racine Ave.; San Francisco, 440 Brannan St.

The "FILM of PROTECTION"

thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.

Here is the Veedol "film *of* protection." Note how smooth, even and unbroken it is. The fact that Veedol resists deadly heat and friction has been proved *chemically* by scientists. It has been proved *practically* by hundreds of thousands of motorists. Veedol gives them more power, greater gasoline and oil mileage, less carbon and the greatest economy in operation

The picture below shows how a film of ordinary oil breaks, curls up and burns. Metal to metal contact follows; destructive friction sets up. You pay the toll—lost power, carbon knocks, scored cylinders and pistons, burned-out bearings. 75% of all engine repair bills are caused by the failure of the ordinary oil-film to resist heat and friction.

Motorists in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

COPYRIGHT, 1924

PALM

"Let's both keep that schoolgirl complexion"

Palm and olive oils —nothing else —give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

The lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beauty of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this budding beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that the exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlhood days.

That this proper care is based on mildest, gentlest cleansing she has learned from her own experience. For most young mothers of today were brought up on Palmolive.

Protects natural beauty

Palmolive plays the part of protector when used as baby's soap. It soothes while it cleanses, through the gentle action of its mild, lotion-like ingredients.

Baby's delicate, roseleaf skin is kept smooth and perfect, protected from all injurious irritation.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather develops this beauty year by year, until it bursts into the bloom of a radiant schoolgirl complexion.

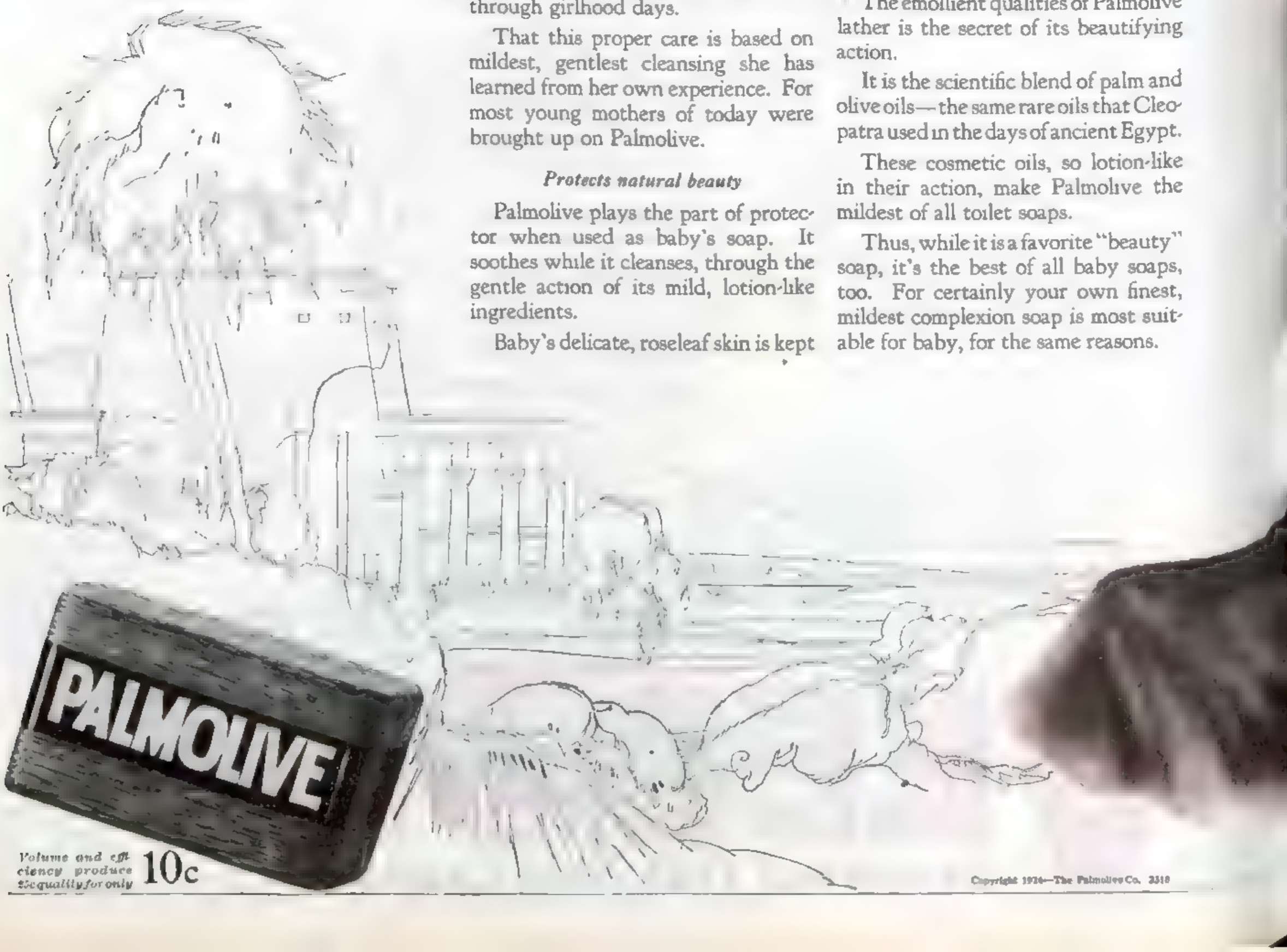
Rare oils the secret

The emollient qualities of Palmolive lather is the secret of its beautifying action.

It is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils—the same rare oils that Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt.

These cosmetic oils, so lotion-like in their action, make Palmolive the mildest of all toilet soaps.

Thus, while it is a favorite "beauty" soap, it's the best of all baby soaps, too. For certainly your own finest, mildest complexion soap is most suitable for baby, for the same reasons.



Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only 10c

Copyright 1924—The Palmolive Co. 2318

OLIVE

3,000 years old

Centuries ago the ancient Egyptians discovered that the use of palm and olive oils as cleansers would keep their skin smooth and soft. Flagons of palm and olive oils equipped the sumptuous marble bath of Cleopatra.

The crude combination of these by-gone days was the first Palmolive the world knew. It was the inspiration for the scientific, modern blend which is known the world over.

A Golden Girl from Somewhere

When the Spring is on the mountain and the day is at the door—a golden girl from somewhere stands wondering, expectant, on the world's far edge.

Somewhere beyond that unfathomable sky—beyond the purple hills—lie laughter and joy and smooth delight.

Lithe and splendid, touched with a happy craving that will not be denied, she is going to the place where fairy tales come true.

May she choose the Playboy for her companion to the end of the traveled road—then a wonderful horse on up the slope with Spring to the desolate lone of outer space.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

JORDAN

(Continued from Page 80)

plenty of ukuleles and guitars, and have always had down in the bunk house a plethora of mouth organs, that most typical of cowboy musical instruments.

Getting back to the task on hand, here, specifically, was what we had to build and assemble by July first of the following summer. . . . We had decided that we would take only fifteen people; and for some reason—why, I don't know—it never occurred to us for a moment that we wouldn't have those fifteen people, although it was not until the last few weeks before they actually arrived that we were sure of any one of them. We would have to have at least seven small sleeping cabins, fourteen by sixteen, with fireplaces; four bunk houses, a couple of storehouses, a meat house, corrals and necessary fencing, a well, and a large central cabin—the last with a kitchen, a dining room, a sitting room and two or more smaller rooms for writing and card playing. Those were not the days of bridge; but even then we had to make some provision for people who can find nothing to do at night but follow suit. Nowadays, with bridge and the added complication of mah-jongg—an extraordinarily spreading game—we use every unoccupied cabin and probably eventually will have to put up a mess tent somewhere out in the sagebrush.

We built for fifteen people; we have been enlarging ever since. This is what we have today: Forty-five buildings, ranging from single-room and double-room sleeping cabins to cabins designed for all kinds of use, amongst the later the central cabin with its two dining rooms, its kitchen, its two big sitting rooms and its two smaller rooms—a cabin ninety feet long and sixty feet wide. We have a blacksmith shop, a garage, a saddle shed, a granary, a camp storehouse, three ordinary storehouses, a root cellar, an office, an ice house, an outfit dining room, five bunk houses, a store, a laundry, four houses in which live the partners and the upper-ranch foreman, and a dance hall or recreation hall or whatever you choose to call it. We have eighty saddle ponies, two work teams, ten cows, sixty saddles, with their paraphernalia of bridles, blankets, and so on, complete camping outfits for about twenty people, a motorbus, a smaller car and an incredible amount of diversified supplies. We must be in a position to replace anything at a moment's notice. Heaven only knows how many sheets and blankets and quilts and things like that are stored away. These, I am glad to say, are in charge of a person delegated to keep track of them.

Furthermore, to this Indian village of an upper ranch we have recently added two more ranches—a lower ranch, which is a stock ranch and has an outfit and a life of its own, and another that we use as a boys' camp and as headquarters for pack trips for boys. I want to stop a moment to describe this boys' ranch, because we flatter ourselves that we have some original ideas on the subject.

Ranch Life for Boys

We are trying to keep the boys' ranch an actual ranch, where boys can learn something of actual ranching, and we send them out on pack trips, where they learn how to pack and where they get into country they could not otherwise see. Now strange as it may seem, this is an original idea, for most boys' camps, excellent as they are, do nothing of the sort. They put their boys on horses and let them follow a chuck wagon for a month or so. This is interesting and it is also valuable, but it does not take into account the fact that almost every real boy enjoys responsibility and likes nothing so much as learning new things. Pack trips, however, are much more difficult to organize than wagon trips, and of necessity the numbers that can go on them are limited; so what we do is to divide the boys up into shifts, and while one shift is in the hills learning to throw a diamond hitch and adjust panniers and make camp, the other shift stays on the ranch, waiting its turn, and learns to wrangle horses and milk cows and build fences and chop wood and take care of crops. Perhaps our idea is wrong, but so far it has proved successful.

These additional ranches—the ranch just described and the cattle, or lower, ranch—have added two more partners, two more foremen, about twenty more employes, half a hundred more buildings, considerably more than a thousand acres, and more than a hundred horses, counting saddle and pack and work horses. It is interesting to reflect that the whole thing started twelve years ago from practically no capital and directly—with the exception of the stock ranch—from sagebrush.

The dude business is the only business I know of in the world, certainly, as I have said before, the only business in the West, where such a thing would be possible; and even at that, we would have gone along considerably quicker and have made a net profit considerably earlier had we had sufficient capital to begin with. As it was, for years we put back into the business every cent we made, and having often to build hastily, lost money by this haste and by having to amplify and rebuild at our leisure.

We did not know in the beginning that the dude business is something like the old-fashioned game of idiot's delight—you no sooner get one thumb on top than you have to get the other on top of it. We found that fifteen tourists were not enough—the overhead charges ate up the profits. We tried twenty-five, thirty, forty people; eventually we discovered that you could run fifty people with just about the same outfit that you could run thirty, and we also discovered this simple fact: A dude ranch that takes only five tourists can be made profitable, because you can run it as an ordinary ranch and make little extra provision; but from five up to fifty people there is no stopping. Having once discovered these facts, we seemed never to be able to build quickly enough to keep up with the demand. I have nightmarish recollections of trying to get the builders out of a cabin before its first occupants were due to appear over the bench. And the oddness of human nature was never better exemplified by our difficulty in meeting the demand. Whatever limit we set, we had always more applications than our outfit could handle, the surplus showing a surprising evenness of ratio to the limit. Any place that limits its capacity is the one place most people seem to want to go to.

Hunting for a Ranch

"Outfit," by the way, has many meanings in Western phraseology, meanings that have come into general use all over the country since the war—it may mean the entire possessions of a ranch or the combined force working for that ranch, or it may mean the personal belongings of a man, or it may mean a pack train; again, it may mean the verb "to supply." You say, for instance, speaking of a ranch, "The Bar B. C. outfit"; or you say, "The XL has a lazy outfit," or "a good outfit." You say, meaning a man's horse and saddle and bridle and spurs and chaps, and so on, "That fellow has a first-class outfit"; or you say to some companion, overtaking a pack train or a wagon or a motor, "Whose outfit is that?" Or finally you say, "I outfitted that man and sent him up into the hills to prospect"; or, "He came in here and got me to outfit him."

The doctor and I utilized the last two months of that final summer at the lake ranch hunting for a ranch of our own. This was the first necessity and a difficult question to decide. It would have been easy enough to buy a ranch, but there was no site already occupied that exactly suited our purposes. We decided eventually that we would have to take up government land. Almost every day we would get on our horses and ride until sundown, exploring out-of-the-way corners of the valley. We argued and fought endlessly. We have done that ever since, but always with great mutual respect and forbearance. The doctor is a conservative man and sees the worst side of things first; I am just the other way about. Sometimes we have fought for days over a five-foot jog in a fence. But this combination of opposing qualities makes a good partnership. In the end our final half-and-half conclusion is frequently not so far from being right. While we were hunting for a ranch our respective characteristics were uppermost. We would no sooner find a likely spot than one or the other would discover a dozen objections.

There are many more things to be taken into consideration when you are choosing a dude ranch than when you are merely choosing an ordinary ranch, and heaven knows, even with an ordinary ranch there are a score of factors that require the use of experience and common sense—soil, the lay of the land, prevailing winds, timber for winter shelter of stock, nearness to range, water rights, nearness to building material, neighbors, five or six other considerations. But with a dude ranch all these factors have to be governed and adjusted to the factors of beauty of situation, of a certain amount of isolation, of opportunities for fishing and shooting and other sports, and of the close proximity of points of interest. Even mosquitoes have to be considered. A ranch along a stream where a river wind blows is much less likely to be troubled by mosquitoes than a ranch back from a stream or in thick woods.

The Western mosquito is an odd creature. Except in the timber, he usually appears only for a short while during July, and then his, on the whole, innocuous dew-sipping life is ended. He is nothing like his Eastern cousin in fierceness; but sometimes, as in Alaska, he can make up in numbers what he lacks in individual initiative. I have seen hardy men on the point of tears because of his ministrations, and I have seen horses gray with him. It is a curious sight to watch men harvesting in a mosquito section. They wear huge hats with veils suspended from them. But even in these sections the mosquitoes usually disappear when the crops are cut and the irrigation is ended.

At last, after many weeks of search, of delighted discovery and ultimate disappointment, the doctor and I found the place we were looking for. It was not perfect, but as nearly so for our purpose as any piece of land could be. It lay on three benches sloping down to the river. The first bench had no agricultural land worth speaking of; the second not so very much; and the final flat beside the river, although it contained rich soil, was stony and cut up into numerous little draws that would make irrigating a peculiarly difficult task. All this was emphasized later. Moreover, the whole place was covered with sagebrush—a good sign of its growing capacity, but a dreadful thing to clear off—and on the lowest flat, where we would want to put our houses, the sagebrush was of the giant variety, up to a man's neck, and there was deadfall piled like jackstraws.

A grim task was ahead of us. Yet on the other hand, aspens and pine trees grew in a half moon at the base of a bench and were beautifully parked out in the open; and to the south there were the beginnings of a meadow; and to the west there was a magnificent view of the Tetons, not over two miles away. The last literally overhung our prospective home. Farther off to the south, blue in the distance, closing the valley, was a gorgeous horizon of rolling mountains; and to the east, fifteen miles or so distant, the green containing walls of the Grovont Range raised their parapets.

Getting Ready to Build

The whole landscape, except to the north, spread out before you. On your left hand, bounding the flat on that side, was the Snake River, very useful in the fishing season; and along the Tetons, within riding distance, were a series of forested sapphire lakes. Ducks and geese were plentiful, the former along the river and the latter along the river and in some near-by sloughs. But there was no water on the place except at its southern end; we would have to dig a well and bring our irrigation ditch more than three miles. All in all, though, a lovely situation.

The doctor and I, after we had made up our minds, used to ride up two or three times a week to our future ranch and, dismounting on one of the upper benches, lie on our stomachs in the warm sunlight and roll cigarettes and dream of what we were going to do. Strange, I can still feel the warmth on the back of my neck and I have no sense of time. I might have been doing this yesterday. It is odd when you look back and place yourself in a situation that happened twelve years ago. The site we had chosen was eight miles north of the ranch we were then on, in what until we built was totally unsettled country; and as we looked down on this untroubled stretch of sagebrush we did not know how many feet before long were going to cross it, nor had we any idea how many things—some of them tragic—were going to happen to us there.

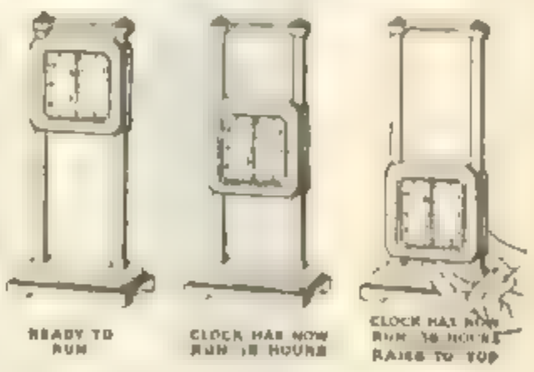
Pretty soon, however, the opportunity for dreaming ended, for the autumn came and on top of it a record winter.

That winter started, I remember, the second day of November. I recollect the date well, because, unfortunately, it was the date on which I had arranged to go out to Idaho Falls, the nearest good-sized town, in order to see a lawyer and definitely wind up my affairs with my former partner.

The Law of Gravitation and the ANSONIA *Gravity Clock*

IN 1665 Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation. In 1923 the Ansonia Clock Company applied the law to the running of a timepiece, and invented the Gravity Clock, without mainspring, key, or complicated parts.

It runs by its own weight, descending from the top to the bottom of the frame in 36 hours. Its position then reminds you to push it to the top. It does not have to be wound up.



The Gravity Clock is made of heavy metal in three finishes (all with silver dial). 10 inches high x 4½ inches wide. Distinctive in appearance, it is equally suitable for office or home, and is a thoroughly dependable timepiece.

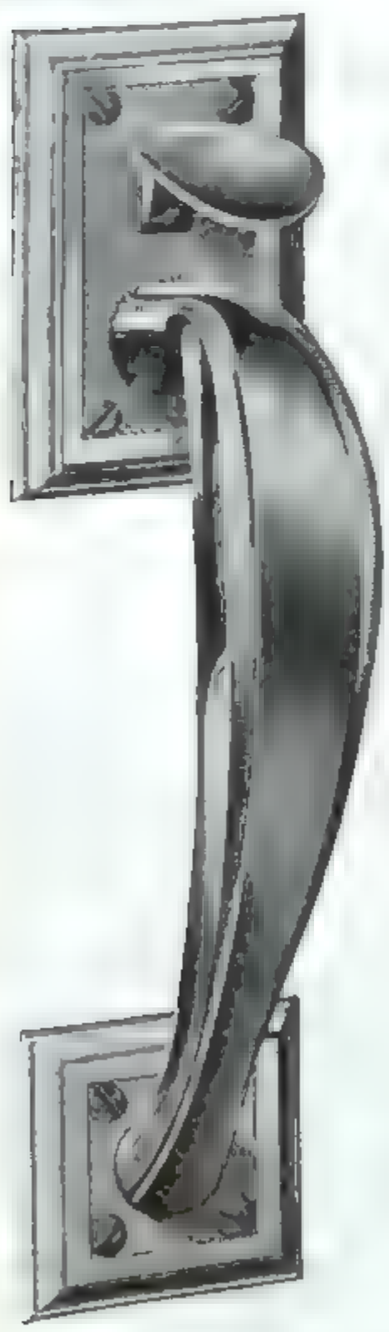
Bronze or Verde *(green)* $13.50
Gold Plate $20.00
Radium hands and numerals $1.50 extra

West of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada prices are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER
If he has none in stock, we will mail post paid on receipt of the price.

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
99 John St. Dept. P. New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS



Athenian Design Door Handle

ASK for Locks and Hardware marked YALE

Two locks may look alike—until you get beneath the surface.

Two keys may look alike—but what the *Yale marked* key does inside, in the dark, is wholly a different matter.

It is what goes behind the keyhole that does the work—the part you cannot see. *There's* where the real lock quality is hidden away. There you will find the sound castings, the careful machine work, the accurate fitting and the specially tempered springs and tumblers that characterize the lock marked YALE.

And even on the surface, Yale quality stands out; in the attractive and beautiful designs, the durability of finish and the perfection of every little detail. Yale marked builders' locks and hardware, *in solid brass or bronze*, are the highest expression of service, security and good taste.

Home owners appreciate it. Home buyers take it as an indication of careful planning. Better homes are Yale equipped because Yale builders' locks and hardware add to the value.

Ask for hardware marked YALE; for sale by dealers everywhere.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE

YALE MADE IS YALE MARKED

Usually in my country the winter does not really settle down until around the middle of December, and I recall one Christmas Day when all our guests rode up to the ranch on horses; but that year it started to snow the day I left, and continued to snow for a week, and the snow never again left the ground until the spring. I was outside several days, and by the time I was ready to come back the pass was blocked and we were the first team to start breaking it open.

Following this storm came weeks of iron-cold weather. The elk poured down to the feed grounds, just north of the nearest town, a month or two before they were due, and the world seemed suspended in a glimmering gray net of frigidity where the only color was the blood red of the sunsets.

The doctor was waiting for me at the little ranch of an old bachelor friend twenty miles up the river. He was as anxious as I to get started. There were a number of preliminaries to be got through with that would take us at least two months, before we dared go East to hunt out and pin down to the promises we might extract from them the extremely necessary dudes of the following summer. Before we left the valley we would have to see that everything we could arrange for at the time was lined up so that we could begin work at the earliest opportunity in the spring. There were logs to be contracted for, lumber to be ordered, teamsters and builders and ranch hands to be engaged; and all the supplies we would need, from nails to food, had to be ordered in advance so that they would surely be laid down at the freight station forty-five miles away by the time we needed them.

Our credit was extended mightily. We wrote businesslike and haughty letters to various firms, demanding wholesale terms and ordering what we wanted.

I had left a saddle horse at a ranch near the foot of the pass, so now when I returned from Idaho I had to take him upcountry where he belonged. The journey, usually accomplished in four hours, occupied two and a half days. Although the snow was not so deep, except in places, it was crusted, and I had to walk ahead, breaking the trail for my horse, which plunged and snorted after me. One night I was nearly lost in a blizzard that came up suddenly and raged until the following morning. I remember my relief when I stumbled across a wire fence, and followed it until I saw the dim glare of a house. I do not like wire fences, but they have occasionally saved a man's life—although they have also killed a great many horses and cattle.

Lost in a Blizzard

Have you ever been lost in a blizzard? I have a couple of times. It is a most baffling, weird, uncanny experience. You feel as if you were in the presence of a real demon. You alternate between hot gusts of anger at your own helplessness and the cold dreariness of despair. After a while you realize that only the slowest and steadiest and most cheerful sort of plodding will save you—even if that will.

On the morning of the third day I saw far off in the white expanse of the snow a black speck coming toward me on snowshoes, and it turned out to be the doctor, armed with a huge and rusty .45 revolver he had borrowed from our bachelor friend. He had set out to rescue me.

That is another one of the doctor's heart-warming characteristics. He will set out to rescue a friend at any hour of the day or night, and if he can't borrow a rusty .45 he will pick up a stone or go empty-handed, for although like all brave men—with imagination—he thinks himself a coward, he is utterly fearless where his duty or affection is engaged. That is a trait you cannot overlook. After you've lived for a time in a fairly adventurous country you begin to separate the world into two classes—those, a tiny number, who will stand by you through thick and thin, and those, the rest, who won't. I have a foreman who belongs to the former class; and that is why I love him far better than a brother and why, at present, he is not only a foreman but a partner as well.

A loyal man finds it hard to starve to death, and if he adds even a modicum of talent to his loyalty he is practically certain to be a successful man. If he adds great talents to loyalty, as this foreman does, he is sure to be more than a successful man. And yet loyalty is the rarest and least cultivated of traits. Before we found this foreman the doctor and I had turned over man after man in an attempt to discover some degree of faithfulness.

The week we spent with our old bachelor friend before going down to town ranks in my recollection as one of the most amusing in my history. I am very fond of this old bachelor. He is an interesting man; a tall, gaunt, fine-eyed old fellow who once punched cows on the Kansas trail; a good, frank, outspoken man. To my great regret, he has now left the country. Across the river lived—and still lives, I am glad to say—his younger brother; and I have never met two men I would rather talk to than this ex-cow-puncher and this ex-prospector. They read diligently through the winter months, and their ideas on important subjects are wiser than the ideas of the average half dozen city dwellers put together. I wish some of our politicians and philosophers could meet these brothers.

But even the most charming of bachelors have their own way of doing things, and very few of them can stand guests for more than a few days at a time. I don't blame them, and I realized that we were getting on the nerves of this particular bachelor and that it was about time to go, when, hunting around for some handle to his growing annoyance, he began to focus more and more upon the doctor's waxed mustache and the fact that the doctor left his window open at night, with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero, and appeared at breakfast with his hirsute adornment frozen and drooping. Our host complained to me bitterly about this.

"I like fresh air as well as anyone," he said; "but that sort of thing is gol-darn silly."

An Unfortunate Question

The climax came on a particularly cold morning. Our host was cooking hot cakes on his stove and the doctor and I, in rocking-chairs, were watching him. Our host looked over his shoulder to where, through the rime-covered window, the bulbous white shapes of bush and tree covered with hoar-frost were dimly visible.

"Days like these when I was punching cows we used plenty of grease," he remarked.

"Inside or outside?" inquired the doctor amiably.

Our host paused and glared balefully at the questioner, the handle of the frying pan suspended in his hand.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean, did you eat it—bacon and stuff like that—or did you rub it on yourself?"

The quiet kitchen, warm and cosy, smelling of coffee, a hot-water kettle purring, was stirred with sudden passion. Our host brought the frying pan down on the stove with such force that the batter flew in all directions.

"Nobody," he roared in a choked voice, "but a damned fool with a spiked mustache would ask such a question—ate it, of course!"

The doctor, always gallant, and just as frank as his host, leaped from his chair and, leaning across the stove, faced his assailant.

"And nobody," he said furiously, "but a damned obstinate old fool like you but would know that hundreds of people rub grease on themselves to keep off cold! How about Channel swimmers?"

For a moment or more the two continued to glare at each other; and then our host, ladling out some more batter, returned quietly to his task and the doctor sank back into his chair. The minds of both seemed entirely relieved. They were happy once more. . . . The doctor is a bachelor also.

The psychology of extreme loneliness is a queer affair anyhow. When you add cold to it, it becomes even queerer. Lock the best of friends up together in a snow-bound ranch house where they see no one else and before long they will begin to quarrel. I have seen men fight over the most absurd trifles, and I have seen women concoct—men also, I hasten to add—the most elaborate disagreements for the mere excitement attendant upon them. Scandal is relished by the best of people for the fillip it gives to monotony. I once came upon the trail of two aged prospectors who had been together for years, but had finally quarreled fatally—one killing the other—because there was a suspicion that the murdered man was taking more than his just share of the shrinking supply of sugar.

And, perhaps because of this element of isolation, of all the dwellers in the Far West,

(Continued on Page 88

Any adjustment, if ever desired, can be taken care of by the car owner in a few minutes time.

Build Your Own Road

By use of special testing machines Stewart Shock Absorbers are carefully adjusted to give *maximum shock resistance.* But Stewart engineers have gone further. They have made the Stewart readily adjustable so that the driver who cares to alter the adjustment slightly to suit his personal tastes, can easily do so. A partial turn of the adjusting nut with the little Red Wrench is all that is required. With Stewarts you have driving comfort at your command. You really "build your own road."

The Little Red Wrench is furnished free. Its brilliant color makes it easy to pick out of the tool box.

Simple in Construction

There are but two moving parts: the spring drum to which the webbed strap is connected and the coiled steel rebound spring. No valves, no oil, no joints, no packing. Nothing to rattle, squeak or groan. No oiling or greasing with Stewart Shock Absorbers.

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Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

(Continued from Page 86)

the old bachelors you find tucked away up narrow river valleys and in the folds of the hills are the most interesting and the most typical. At all events, ex-miner, ex-cow-puncher, ex-gambler—they are all marked by the same love of loneliness and the same love of the country. Under their gnarled and frequently thorny surfaces you find the true bards of the mountains. Most of them are mighty hunters before the Lord, and back of the loneliness of the majority are histories you hardly ever hear.

When we left our old bachelor friend of the flapjacks, the doctor and I went down to town and stayed at the hotel for a couple of months. The weather grew colder and colder. You hated to put your nose out of doors of a morning. Later on in the winter the elk died by the thousands. That was one of the fatal years that come to them ever so often. The hotel had no heat except the big wood stoves on the first floor. We slept in our clothes and piled overcoats on top of us. At six o'clock each morning the proprietor paraded through the halls blowing a trombone in order to waken his guests. I remember the doctor emerging from the immense mound of covers that concealed him and blinking at me sleepily.

"This damned luxury," he said, "will some day ruin us."

But what the hotel lacked in conveniences it made up for in social life. As winter draws down in a frontier country the principal town becomes the focus of life. Families move in from their ranches so that their children can be near the high school, and stray cow-punchers and ranch hands, with nothing to do, make it their headquarters.

I know of nothing more physically comfortable or more mentally enthralling than to sit about a warm stove all day and at nightfall watch, one by one, the snow-covered stage drivers and teamsters and riders come in, clouds of cold steaming from them as they push through to the warmth. Most of them have news to tell—the state of the storm, the news from up-country, men who have disappeared and can't be found, or a slide that has run, burying a sleigh.

The doctor inaugurated an antispitting campaign. The hotel blossomed with signs commanding and petitioning the patrons not to spit. I am afraid these commands were about as effective as are a good many other laws of a similar nature—even some constitutional amendments. I have never been in a gambling hell in the West where there was not, directly over the dealer's head, a notice calling attention to a state regulation forbidding under the severest penalties the very act in which the players were so calmly engaged.

Hardly a day passed without some delightful incident. A crowd of us played stud poker every afternoon by a window that looked into the snow-banked open space upon which faced the stores and the two hotels. A gentleman from upcountry, nicknamed Beaver Tooth because of his incisors, insulted a waitress, and a young cow-puncher undertook to avenge the insult. He chased Beaver Tooth across the snow; but when he caught up to him, Beaver Tooth flung himself upon his back and said, very justly, "You can't hit a man when he is down!"

"Get up!" commanded the avenger.

"No!"

The infuriated youth, tears of vexation streaming down his cheeks, borrowed a shovel and amid the cheers of the spectators proceeded to bury Beaver Tooth and pack the snow around him. When he had finished, he gave the rounded heap a disgusted kick and walked away. After a discreet interval Beaver Tooth emerged, dusted off his clothes, and unabashed, went about his business.

On another afternoon a young Englishman—one of the lantern-jawed, gangling Englishmen—who claimed that he was a cow-puncher, and who was working for the lady who ran the rival hotel, dramatically interrupted our game.

The lady who ran the rival hotel was a genius at cooking, but in order to enjoy her cooking you had to understand her. She was a half-breed and on the slightest provocation bit, kicked or hit you. She also used brass knuckles; and the story goes that, wishing one day to assault a six-foot-two cow-puncher, she obtained a chair and climbed upon it and struck her victim from behind.

Her exit from the country several years later was in keeping with her previous record. She decided that she had too many bills to bother about paying them, so she said she was going out to the station to meet a cousin, and got on the stage and never came back.

Before she left she chose for herself a trousseau, the apex of which was a handsome traveling bag.

She went over to the general mercantile store and said to the proprietor, "Rex, I haven't seen my cousin for a long while and I want to give her a present. What would you suggest?"

The proprietor, looking over his stock, suggested the traveling bag. The next morning he was up when the lady departed and she favored him with a brilliant smile and nodded proudly at the bag. I understand that she is doing very well at present down in Southern California.

The young Englishman, hired to chop wood and feed the pigs and draw water, always wore a gun—without anything to hold it to his leg—while performing these tasks. That was funny enough in itself, but it was still funnier when he suddenly appeared, bounding across the snowy square, or plaza, as it would have been called farther south, his gun flapping like a rag in the wind and his tiny employer only a foot or two behind him with an uplifted broom. He made our hotel just in time and refused to leave it for several days. A small mule and a little woman can do a great deal of damage if they have sufficient intelligence.

At the end of a couple of months the doctor and I, having completed our business in the West, went East to interview prospective clients. While I was East I further complicated an already complicated program by getting myself engaged. At least it looked like a further complication; but it wasn't, for it was one of the few completely sensible things I have ever done in my life. When you are first in love your critical faculties are not at their best; but without knowing it, I had found the charming, laughingly earnest young woman of my earlier dreams. As is the case with all happily married men, I was not complicating my life—I was simplifying it enormously.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Burt. The next will appear in an early issue.

WHAT IS RIGHT?

(Continued from Page 17)

grazing quietly in the yard, and she ran out to him, mounted on his back and started him off at a clumsy trot.

She was unaccustomed to riding and had to clutch the horse's mane. She was bounced about dreadfully and was in danger of slipping off every second. But somehow she managed to hold on, and when she was out on the highroad she kicked her heels in the horse's side to make him go faster. Disheveled, her hair dropping from its close coil, she was so intent on her errand that she did not realize what a mad spectacle she made until someone hailed her.

"Hi, sister," called a voice, deep and drawling and kind, "what's a matter?"

The horse checked at the sound and Annie looked to find a tall young man rising from the great straggling hedge of osage orange that divided the road from the fields beyond. An old valise was at his feet. The man was a stranger, but he looked as kind as his voice. Annie made swift decision.

"My father's took bad sick," she explained, "and I was riding over to Unc' George Thomas' to call the doctor on his phone. Now look, you take the horse and go on, and I'll go back to pa. There's not a soul with him. Tell Unc' George and Aunt Millie it's Annie Claiborne. Look, it's that white house right around the bend there You can see the chimneys; you can't miss it. Get the doctor, and—hurry, hurry!"

The stranger looked at the distant chimneys and advanced masterfully to the horse. Annie slipped off before he could reach out to help her, and commenced to run back down the road she had come.

"You hurry!" she commanded, calling back over her shoulder. "Don't forget the name—Claiborne—they'll know."

All the way back she prayed, a strange and pitiful prayer:

"O, Lord, don't let pa die while he's still so mad. Don't let him die till he's come round to peace in his heart."

There was an overwhelming terror to her that he should leave his hard life in his hardest mood. Surely a soul thus weighted and tormented could not rise up to the bar of heaven. Annie had very vague ideas of heaven, but she knew it must be a place where there was no anger.

Her father lay exactly as she had left him, and there was nothing she could do but sit beside him and wait for succor. It seemed a very long time, but it was in reality not more than fifteen or twenty minutes before Unc' George and Aunt Millie arrived in their noisy little tin car, ministering angels, almost as anxious as Annie herself.

"He's had a stroke," said Aunt Millie instantly. "I know; my father had one. We can get him to bed and make him comfortable, and that's all till the doctor comes. George'll go right on and get him. That young feller you sent is riding back with your horse, and he'll help us."

Presently the stranger came, dropping his valise in the yard. He seemed to know what was needed, and he waved Annie back.

"You let me lift him and show me where to carry him," he commanded, and stooping, gathered the broken man in his arms.

Jonathan Claiborne was big boned and tall, and the effort of lifting him made muscles leap out on the stranger's forearms and cords on his neck, sent blood up to his face, but he did not falter. He carried the old man, following Annie, up to his bare, whitewashed bedroom, with its few pieces of brown-painted furniture, and laid him down on his bed with its clean mended sheets and darned spread. He helped the two women undress him, and then, when there was nothing more to do but wait for the doctor, he looked questioningly at Annie.

"'Bout time to feed the stock, ain't it? I'll do it if you'll tell me what to give them."

"My soul, I'd forgot all about 'em!"

"Go on, Annie, and show him. I'll set by your pa," counseled Aunt Millie, settling herself.

She was one of those comfortable, egg-shaped, billowy women who long ago anticipated the discarding of the corset. She exuded competence and capability.

As Annie went downstairs with the stranger, she became conscious of her wild and fallen hair.

"If you'll just wait a minute," she asked, and stopped before the little muddy square of mirror in the kitchen, coiled it again, pinned it, without the least trace of consciousness or coquetry. "I'm all upset, pa being taken so," she explained. "I reckon the other horse is still out by the plow. Pa was took, plowing."

She explained her father's seizure, her premonition, her finding him, in a few words. At the barn door she paused.

"I don't believe I even know your name," she said, looking at him directly, "and you've been so kind, and all."

"My name's Frank Willett. I been in the Army, but now I'm through and I kind of thought I'd take a look at this here new country I been defending so hard." He smiled, his teeth very white against his tanned skin. "My mother—she's dead—come from around these parts and I kind of thought I'd like to see if I had any kinfolks down here. She was an Eliott from Dorchester County."

"I don't know any Eliotts, but then I'm not acquainted much down Dorchester way. I reckon you'll find 'em still there; we Shore folks don't move around much. I'll go down to the field after the other horse, and if you'll get down some hay—and there's the cornerib—they get four ears apiece. They ought to have more, but our corn's running so low. I don't feed the chickens at noon, but I got a couple setting hens I want to look after."

Frank Willett stood and followed her with an intent and somewhat puzzled gaze. In all his experience—and he had been the average soldier—he had never seen a girl like this one. She met him exactly as another man might, and it wasn't any put-on coolness or indifference. The way she had stopped and twisted up her hair! Gorgeous lot of hair she had, too; brown with reddish lights that caught and held the eyes. And there was something splendid in the way her arms had stretched up, and the line of

(Continued on Page 93)

Temples of Zion From Great West Rim, Zion National Park

Decorated by Arthur Yule for the Arts in Trade Exhibit held in New York City. Photographed by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

A new standard of cleanliness —with KLEARFLAX *linen rugs and carpets*

Woven entirely of linen, with pure virgin flax, Klearflax rugs and carpets have a unique capacity for cleanliness.

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All-over carpeting, which is again enjoying such vogue in finer homes, is particularly desirable with Klearflax; with the suction sweeper to get all the dirt, it makes a clean floor easier to maintain. The wide loom widths, joined with the practically invisible Klearflax seam (that never wears white), make a very handsome floor—so livable and artistically correct!

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You should have no difficulty in seeing this thoroughly satisfactory floor covering. Most reputable dealers carry Klearflax. In case of any difficulty, however, in procuring what you want, write to us and we will gladly direct you

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Soft-hued window shades, like lamp shades, tone the light

by Helen Richmond

"I would much rather have people just see my home in the evening," a friend told me recently. "Everything looks so much cosier and softer in lamp light. Sunlight is so hard and glaring."

"Sunlight is no harder or more glaring than artificial light," I immediately objected. "You simply never thought of toning and enriching it with beautiful window shades. Think how bare and crude your rooms would seem if they were illuminated with unshaded electric lamps."

Isn't it strange that so few women realize the decorative value of toned sunlight? Once you behold the miracle wrought by soft-hued window shades—how they transform hard, blinding sunlight into a mellow golden radiance—you'll never again be satisfied to *shut it out* with opaque or dark, semi-opaque shades. Even the most modest furnishings seem richer, more glamorous and velvety, under the magical touch of toned sunlight.

If women would choose their window shades with the same care and discrimination used in selecting lamp shades, they would feel just as proud of their homes in daytime as they do in the evening.

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It is hard to describe the feeling of satisfaction that comes to people who get things home from the store and find they're even better than the advertising said they were

If you want to have that experience, just give your dealer an order for Columbia Window Shade and Rollers the next time you buy shades. Be sure you get those noiseless, easy working Columbia Rollers

Elsie Sloan Farley's new book, "Beautiful Windows," is really helping hundreds of women to make their homes more beautiful. Here is a sample of the kind of letters they write us: *"Please send me another copy of 'Beautiful Windows.' I received a copy some months ago, but lost it and simply cannot do without it."* (Signed) *Mrs. W. W.* You, too, will appreciate the twenty beautiful decoration schemes, all of which are illustrated. Send 10c for your copy to *Columbia Mills, Inc.*, 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

Some colors great decorators advise

Egyptian Sand—No. 308
Shantung—No. 306
Circassian Brown—No. 484
Etruscan Ivory—No. 960
Plaza Gray—No. 305

AT those windows which must resist the sun most of the day, window shades of Plaza Gray, Etruscan Ivory, or Egyptian Sand banish the last vestige of glare, yet permit the entrance of a full, mellow light that creates an atmosphere of cheer and exhilaration. How different from the funereal gloom of rooms where daylight is excluded by drawing down opaque shades!

Windows which receive colder, feebler rays present a different problem. Here colors like Chamois, Shantung or Circassian Brown are needed to infuse the light with warmer tones. By this simple expedient the room fairly glows with subdued color and richness—new and subtle harmonies in the decorations are created—you revel in beauties that never before existed.

In order that your home may look attractive to those who see it from the street, it is desirable that the outer-side of your window shades be uniform. The new *Columbia Twi-tone* Shades (a different color on each side) achieve this uniformity while enabling you to use any color on the inner-side that harmonizes with your interior color schemes.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 88)

her body had been a long, faint, pliant curve—beautiful! And she was young, too—young and in all this trouble! The poor kid! Frank Willett himself was no more than twenty-five, but he felt old and experienced.

A little later he had cause to add another phrase to his description of her—she was a darned good cook, even though she had given him but the simplest of meals. The side meat had been sweet and crisp, the hasty spider pone the most delicious thing he had ever eaten. There were fried apples, too, and a man's size pot of coffee.

Aunt Millie came down to sit at table with him and lead the conversation. Unc' George and the doctor had not come.

"Prob'ly," said Aunt Millie, "doctor's way down in Tuckahoe Neck somewhere, and George had to go after him. Of course, Annie, you feel better satisfied to have a doctor; but he can't do a thing. Your pa is liable to lay right thataway and never come to, or he may rally and get round again. But he'll not be the man he was. I don't see how you'll get along."

Annie did not answer this last. The young man, watching her, wondered at her. Most girls of her age in such a situation, and in such circumstances—for he had seen the Claiborne poverty and knew it for real, not miserliness—would have been in tears and wringing their hands. He awaited her reply with lively interest.

"I c'd almost wish pa would die than lose the use of himself," she said soberly. "It'll be worse than death to him to be helpless and know it."

"That's so," said Frank Willett, struck with her wisdom. "Any man who's been active would feel that way."

He looked down at his own strong young body and felt an ardent sympathy for that poor hulk he had carried upstairs.

The dinner ended with the coming of the doctor. He confirmed Aunt Millie's amateur diagnosis. Dr. Tom Tithelow, one of these wise old general practitioners who flourish in country communities, spoke the tongue of the people and did not hesitate to probe every phase of their lives, as well as their physical symptoms, though it is doubtful if he could have spelled psychoanalysis, and he knew nothing of Jung, Freud and Co.

"He was having a bad spell of temper, wasn't he?" Doctor Tithelow asked Annie. "I always reckoned he'd get a stroke in one of his mad spells. Temper's a funny thing; it can poison a man worse'n spoiled meat. It can turn a man crazy or it can strike him down—like this. No, there's not a thing you can do for him, Miss Annie, but keep him quiet and wait. When he opens up his eyes and looks at you and knows you, it'll be the first sign that he's getting better. Or he may lay right still here like this till the end. I figure, though, that he'll come to. His left side's affected. See the way his mouth pulls down?"

"His left arm and leg'll be gone, won't they?" asked Aunt Millie. "Oh, the poor soul, the poor soul! I never expected to see him brought down like this. What an end for one who's struggled and strived and been an honest man all his days!"

In the country it is not possible to stop and moralize too long. The never-ending repeated work of a farm, the demands of its living dumb creatures forbid it. So Aunt Millie picked up her cape and put it on. Her stout face was creased with wrinkles of sympathy and concern as she looked at Annie.

"Child, I just hate to go, but you know how it is. I'll stop by the Jarrells and ask Lexine if she can't come over and set up tonight, or maybe if she can't, Sim can. And word'll be passed round so there'll be somebody else come tomorrow."

"What beats me," put in Unc' George, also troubled for the girl, "is how you're to get the spring work done. Jonty was behind, anyway, and there ain't a soul to be hired fer love ner money, right now in the thick of things, as you might say."

Frank Willett had been one of the bedside group, had followed the Thomases and the doctor downstairs, and listened to what they had to say, keeping silent and in the background. Now, somewhat to his own amazement, he stepped forward.

"I could stop for a while and help out," he said. "I useta work on a farm out in Wisconsin, and I guess I've not forgot all of it. I was just projecking around looking for my folks anyway, and not in no hurry."

"Who was your folks, young man?" asked Aunt Millie, over her glasses.

The story of the mother who was an Eliott from down Dorchester way was repeated and the Thomases nodded satisfaction. It was good stock. But before they could speak Annie settled matters.

"If it's not putting you out," she said, "I'd be grateful from the bottom of my heart to have you stay till the spring work's through, anyway. And I'll pay you the regular wages around here."

"That suits me," said Frank Willett. "I guess we won't quarrel about wages, you and me."

He went on out after his valise, amazed at himself. Working on a farm! He'd be a regular hick! And he'd offered to do it! He shook his head at his ridiculous, self-chosen situation.

Above the rattle and clank of their flivver, as they drove away, Aunt Millie lifted up her voice and shouted into Unc' George's ear:

"If it was any girl but Annie I'd feel kind of dubersome to leave her like that with a strange young feller that nobody don't know nothing about. I don't feel right easy in my mind, anyhow."

"Ner me," said Unc' George; "and yet it's manna in the wilderness to git an able-bodied hired man this season of the year. And if his ma was an Eliott, I don't believe he's liable to be crooked er mean. He looked open faced enough. I hope he's a good worker. But if he ain't, Annie'll make him into one. She ain't slack herself, and she won't put up with slackness. Where she's going to get the money to pay him anything beats me."

"Poor child, she's got it hard!"

"And she's always had it hard."

The same thought was uppermost with Frank Willett. This girl had it hard, and had always had it hard, "it" being life. He thought of it while he took out the horses and hitched them to Jonathan Claiborne's plow and started again the furrow broken by the old man's fall. He had asked, "What can I do that's needed the most?" and Annie had replied, "Go on with the plowing."

He was still in a state of amused irritation and surprise that he should have abandoned his pleasant, leisurely tramp and put himself into this hard environment. Yet the fresh earth smelled good to him. The soil, light and friable, made holding the plow easy; but he thought the old man's furrows too shallow and set the point for greater depth. The horses were so used to the work that they only needed steadying; they turned at the end of the field with patient, clumsy instinct. Kindly old horses they were, their bay coats flecked with the white of their age, their strength not great. They were in accord with the worn and mended harness. Frank Willett looked at all this and realized anew the poverty of this family which he had so suddenly, so strangely joined.

When he brought the team up to the stable in the twilight, Annie joined him and helped him with the chores. There was no change in her father, and Sim Jarrell, sent by Aunt Millie, was already there to sit up with the sick man for the night.

"When you're done bedding down," said Annie, stopping at the stable door with her milk pails, "come along up to supper."

The last flare of the sunset caught her face as she stood there and a sudden trembling and trouble seized Frank Willett's heart.

Why, she looked like a saint in a holy picture, so quiet, so gentle, and yet with a sort of strength. She went on, unknowing the tumult she had raised, and he stopped in wonder at himself.

"I guess you got it this time, Frank, old boy," he told himself shakily. "I guess you're up against something you don't know nothing about, and never wanted to learn. I guess this was why you stopped on. Why, that girl ——"

But words failed him. He was still troubled and abashed when he came in to supper, but it did not spoil his appetite for the light soda biscuits and sirup, the fried potatoes and fried eggs which made that plain meal.

"Would you mind if I light my pipe?" he asked Annie after he had eaten.

Annie considered.

"If you wouldn't mind sitting in the kitchen whilst you smoke," she said. "Pa was always so set against tobacco, but I don't mind it, and he surely can't smell it from down here."

"I'll go outside and set on the porch, or walk around a little," Willett offered. "I don't want to bother you."

"It don't bother me, honestly. I kind of like the smell. It's too cool for you to set outside; the spring evenings are pretty chilly. No, you just come in the kitchen, if you don't mind."

He followed her out into the kitchen and lit his pipe, being careful to sit near the half-opened outer door so that the smoke would not linger within. He watched her moving back and forth, washing the dishes, making a pot of coffee for the watcher upstairs, starting a sponge for bread. The little kerosene lamp made a glow about her, he thought, as the sunset had done, and he wanted to say things to her, crazy things, wild things, things he had never said to any girl before, for all his past of light loving. But he was tongue-tied; and Annie, anxious, disturbed and trying to see into the future, had little to say. Once she spoke, in grateful acknowledgment of all he had done that day.

"I can't help thinking I was led to find you this morning," she told him. "I don't see how I could have gone along if I hadn't come on you so, and to think you're willing to stay and help—well, it's a real providence. Seems like it was intended."

And Frank Willett, he who had always been so bold with women, so ready with his replies, hardly knew how to answer. But at last he managed it.

"I kind of feel that way about it too." But he did not tell her how differently he meant it.

The smoke of his pipe, strong and fragrant with a sweet common tobacco, drifted around them and seeped, little by little, through the small house and up the stairs. It assailed old Jonathan Claiborne's nostrils; and because of the very taboo he had so sternly put on it, it roused him out of his day-long stupor. Slowly he pulled at his reluctant eyelids; slowly, slowly they lifted, and the black, rebellious eyes peered out, at first dully, then in slow protest against this breaking of his orders. But he could not move and he could not speak.

Sim Jarrell, fat and flaccid, had leaned his head against the bureau, fighting sleep—not with much spirit—when he became aware of those black and staring eyes. Instantly he came awake. He tiptoed to the head of the stairs and whispered loudly, "Annie, Annie, come up here."

Annie came, hurrying, breathless. She hung over her father and spoke to him, but his lips twitched aimlessly and he could not answer. Only his eyes gathered flame, rebuke, stormy question.

"He don't know he's sick," said Annie. Then, to him: "You had a bad fall, pa, and you got to stay in bed a few days." She said it over twice, three times, low and distinctly, hoping he would understand. But still his fiery eyes sought hers, trying to find out who had trespassed against his rules.

"He looks awful cross about something," said Sim Jarrell uneasily. He had never liked Jonathan Claiborne, had always been afraid of him.

Annie sighed.

"He don't know why he's in bed and all. Poor pa, it's terrible hard for him!"

Below, in the kitchen, the young man was still smoking, and the faint blue wreaths were incense to the shrine where he had begun, dumbly, to worship. He was unaware, as was Annie, that they were also the first intimation to Jonathan Claiborne that his omnipotent control of his house, his land, his livestock and his child was over. Yet it was so, and the old man lay there helplessly raging against it. He knew, if they did not.

With a supreme effort he held his eyes open, mutely protesting, battling against his forced abdication; but at last Nature was too strong for him, and his eyes shut and he slept, his stertorous, puffing breath now eased a little and his face not so ghastly beneath his weather-beaten tan.

"He's dozed off," said Sim. "That's good for him. Maybe he'll be able to say somethin' in the morning. You go 'long to bed, child, and get your rest. You're going to need it. A stroke's a long business."

Reluctantly Annie did as he said, but first she went down to Frank.

"You can take the lamp and go right on up the back stairs. There's a good bed there, if there isn't much else. Good night. I'll call you in the morning."

"Good night," he said, stretching out his hand.

He wanted terribly to touch the warm firmness of her hand, and her look of hesitant surprise reminded him that it was not the usual good-night salutation to the hired

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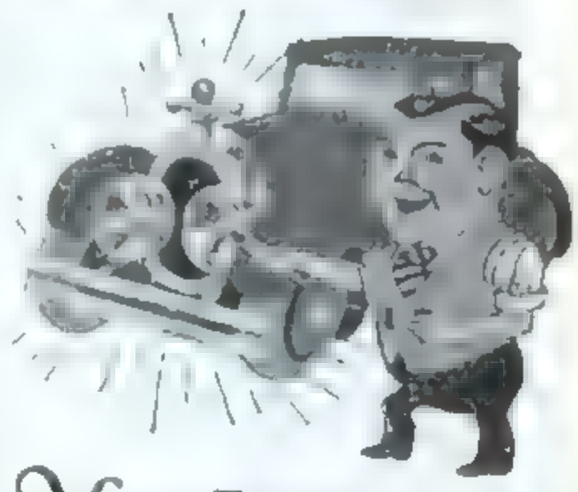

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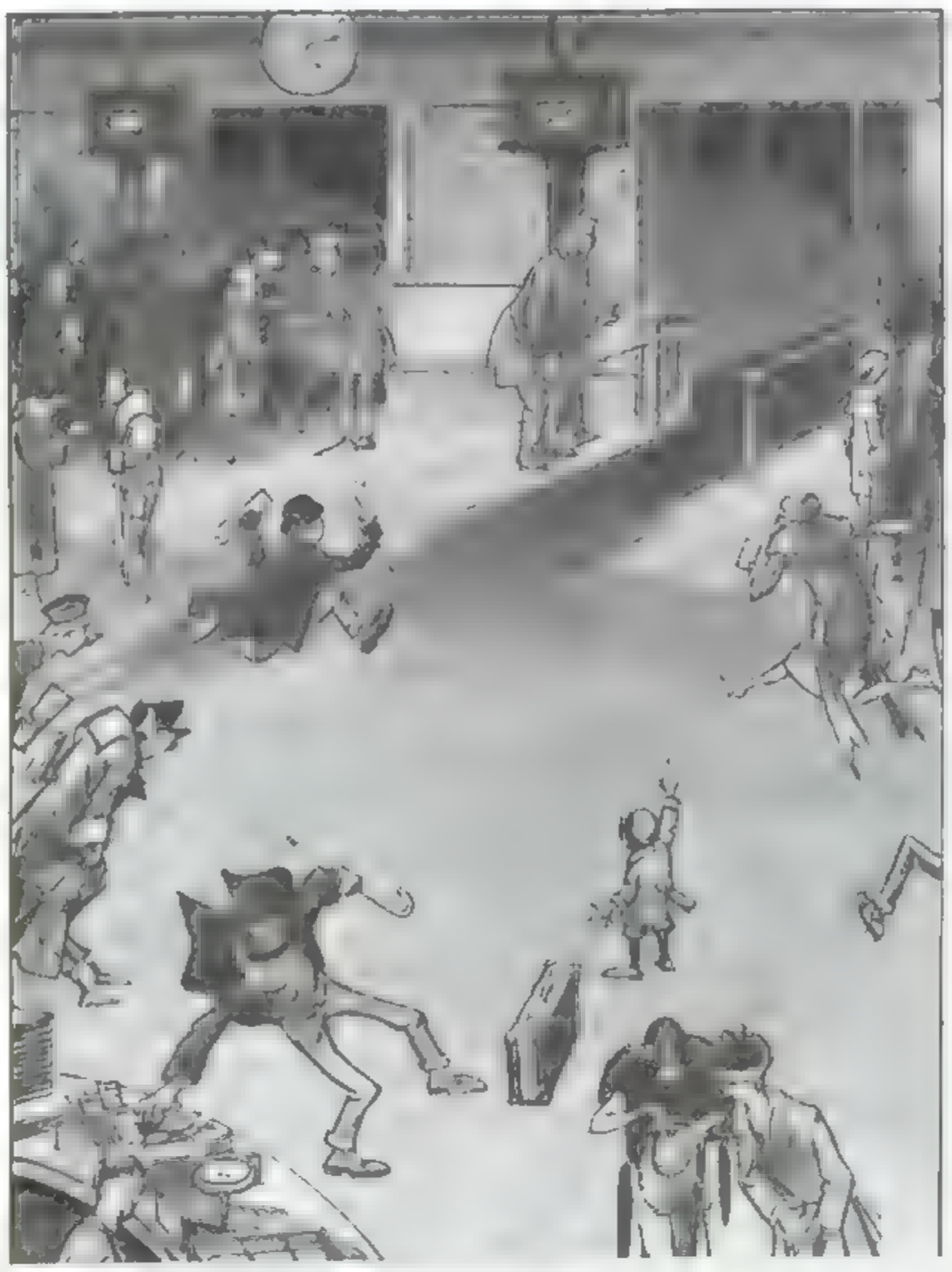

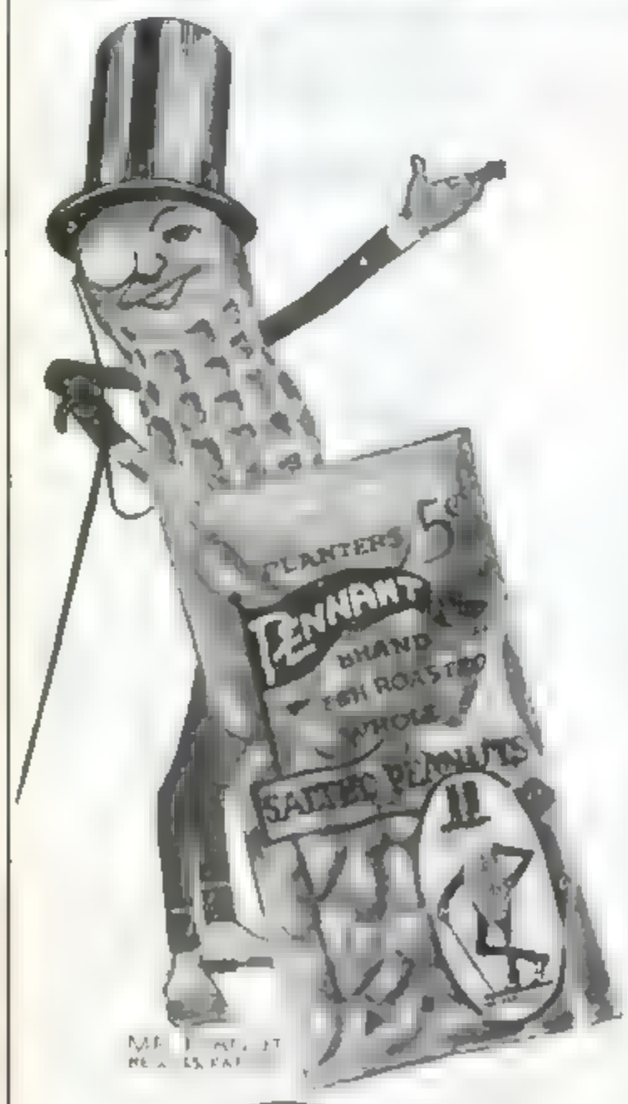

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man. But she waited only the least fraction of a second. Her hand came out and grasped his and shook it heartily and she smiled.

"You get a good rest," she said kindly.

Satisfied, and yet unsatisfied, he stumbled up the stairs. The bed was comfortable, as she had promised, and he dropped on it gratefully, to think of her. He wished she would not be quite so easy, so unembarrassed. He didn't flutter her a bit, as he usually fluttered the girls. But it was nice, somehow—nicer than anything he had ever known. Maybe after she got over being so upset about her father—why, of course, a nice girl like that wouldn't be thinking about a fellow when her father was so sick, and all! Sleep claimed him as it had claimed Jonathan Claiborne, just the other side of the wall; but his sleep was buoyant, happy. He dreamed of the way he was going to take hold and make that old farm hum. He'd stand by her—he'd help her—he'd——

It seemed as if he had slept only a moment when he awoke to a glorious ascending odor of coffee and frying pancakes, and a moment later he heard Annie's call. He leaped up to find the sun in his eyes, and when he had rushed downstairs to splash in the cold pump water he swaggered into the kitchen whistling.

"I'm going to do a man's size day's work today, I bet you," he told Annie.

He could not remember, for the life of him, to attune himself to the lugubrious thought of the sick man upstairs. The sight of Annie in her blue cotton frock that matched her serious blue eyes made any shadow impossible. But upstairs old Jonathan Claiborne heard that impudent whistle, and his impotent eyes blazed anew with wrath, and he tried with all his strength to force his lips to speak his angry commands.

Sim Jarrell, yawning and stretching, appeared, but would not have any breakfast.

"Lexine expects me at home," he said. "So long, Annie, call on me f'r anything you need."

He left the two young people in a scene that might have been wholly domestic. They sat at table together, she waited on him, they talked of the day's work. Frank bared some of the enthusiasms that had lightened his night's sleep.

"I'd like to go all over this place, soon as the plowing's done, and get some good idea of it, and make a plan for the season's crops. Don't look to me as if this was good corn land, though it might grow sweet corn."

"The canneries are going to take peas and sweet corn as well as tomatoes this year—the Weekly said so. But pa never will grow things for the canneries." She offered this as information, not as a check.

He pushed back his chair.

"Well, it's up to you what you want to do, but cannery crops might be worth looking int'."

He went on out to the plowing and Annie started her day's round, broken by visits to the sick room. She gave Jonathan Claiborne what ease and comfort she could, but his expression worried her. Still, she did not guess the real reason. Doctor Tithelow drove in for a few minutes and pronounced his patient better.

"Will he be able to talk any time soon, do you think, doctor?" Annie asked, following him downstairs. "I kind of feel he wants to say something, he looks so sort of fierce and eager and struggling out of his eyes."

"I can't tell. Maybe he'll talk, and maybe he won't. We'll just have to wait and see. By him opening his eyes so soon—some of 'em lays for two-three days, you know, without a change—I think he may be able to speak again pretty soon."

Perhaps it was Jonathan Claiborne's harsh will that forced his unwilling flesh to speech. Two days after his stroke, as Annie was bending over him, tending him, he gave his bitterness, his resentment, his struggle against losing mastery of all he held dear a violent utterance. One word—"No!" It startled Annie, but thrilled her with joy.

"Oh, pa, you can speak!" she cried.

"No!"

"Can you hear me—can you understand me?"

"No!"

"Do you hurt—do you feel sick anywheres?"

"No!"

Gradually she came to comprehend, as did he, that this was the only thing he could say. Strive and struggle, pull on the reluctant muscles as he would, "no" was his sole utterance. It expressed the profound negation of his life as none other could have done.

Gradually Annie came to understand its inflection, for with a certain thickness he could shade it, change its meaning. Sometimes it meant yes, she was sure. Sometimes it was a request for something, and she would search about until she found what he wanted—the shade lowered, perhaps, or a drink of water, or his covers lightened. But mostly it meant what it was—denial, refusal, rejection, protest.

He would say "No!" with all his power when neighbors appeared, and Annie realized that he did not want them, kindly as they were, any more than he had wanted them when he was well. He would say "No!" at sight of the doctor, so that Annie knew he wanted as little attendance as possible, because it would be so hard to pay for it. But harshest of all, venomously, he would spit "No!" at the sight of Frank Willett.

Yet there were times when Annie was forced to call on Frank to lift and shift her father in bed. There was no one else, but she always did it with distress, because it upset him so. "No!" he would cry out. "No, no, no!" as Frank advanced to help him, and his eyes blazed, all the more furiously because Frank was so earnestly compassionate, so unconcerned with anything beyond doing what he could to make him comfortable. If Frank had been disturbed, or had answered the old man's hatred in kind, it might have appeased him, for that would have made them equals. But so long as Frank pitied him and disregarded his black dislike he was Frank's inferior.

Something of this Annie comprehended, but she did not speak of it to Frank. She could not offer such an insult to his openheartedness, his generous willingness to aid.

And there was something more. Never in her life had she been so happy. She felt that it was wrong for her to be so happy while her father lay helpless upstairs. But happiness persisted. It was as if all the shadows of her life had lifted. She worked tirelessly in the house, and when she had a chance went out to the fields and worked beside Frank as she had worked beside her father. Then she was happiest.

The farm was aware of its kindlier masters. The land seemed to wake to a renewed fertility under these hands that wrought with it in young and joyful strength. Jonathan Claiborne's stubborn, angry wrestling with it had turned the land against him, made it stubborn, too, unwilling to nourish him. And now he looked from his pillow that he could not leave and saw the land bloom and be generous, as it had never done for all his labor.

There had been a prolonged discussion between Annie and Frank about the crops. It seemed as if he divined all that she had wanted to do in the past. She knew, she knew so well those long-cherished plans, suffocated by her father's will. She brought them out, one by one, to Frank, and they talked them over. Plant for the canneries this year? By all means.

Frank asked the neighbors who came in and they confirmed him. It was the best thing to do, they said unanimously, and gave him sound advice as to the reliability of this packer and of that.

"A contract's good's far as it goes, but a man's character is worth lots more'n any contract he makes," said Unc' George Thomas shrewdly. He liked to talk to Frank and advise him, tacitly assuming with masculine solidarity that Annie would be swayed by Frank's advice.

So she was—swayed; but not wholly convinced at first, though it followed her own inclination, and she had been the first to suggest it. She had brought out her long-silenced opinions more for the pleasure of telling them to him than from any expectancy that they would have weight. It was so strange and pleasant to be encouraged to express her opinions and her thoughts, after these years of her father's repression.

But this matter of the crops worried her. It somehow did not seem quite fair to plant the things that Jonathan Claiborne would not even consider when he was well and in command. But yet how foolish not to do it when it was their greatest chance of prosperity for the year! If she insisted on the old corn, wheat and hay triumvirate, they would be as poor as ever in the fall, and she must have money to pay Frank's wages and the doctor's bill.

The canners were making good contracts and they would advance money to get the

(Continued on Page 96)

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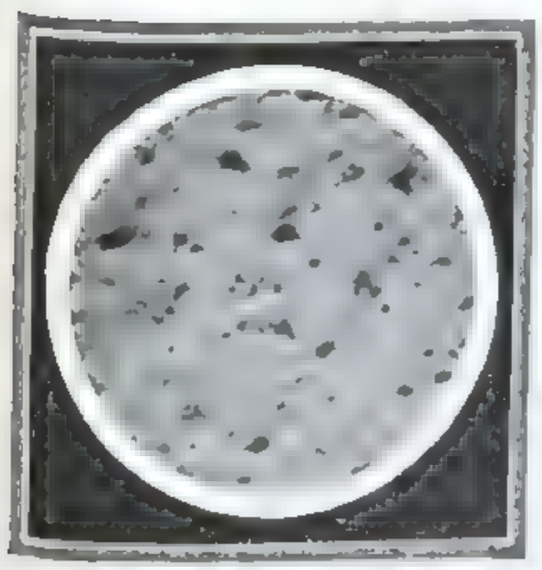

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Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

(Continued from Page 94)

needed fertilizer and seed. Sweet corn, peas, tomatoes, and herself and Frank to plant and till and harvest them! She was confident of success, and yet she hesitated. At last she went upstairs and sat down on the edge of Jonathan Claiborne's bed and told him exactly how things stood.

"It's the only way I know to keep out of debt, pa," she concluded. "I hate to do the things you wouldn't like, and I didn't feel that I could do them unless I told you. But it seems to me it's right."

"No," said Jonathan Claiborne, his eyes flaming. "No, no!" And Annie knew that he meant it.

She got up off the bed and leaned over him to shift his pillows to greater ease. She did it tenderly, carefully.

"I'm sorry you feel thataway, pa. But I've got to do what's right, just as you've got to. I reckon it can't be helped."

It was terrific and sinister, the battle of wills that went on in that small house. Though his body might be but a useless hulk and his tongue able to utter but one word, Jonathan Claiborne had never been more intensely alive, had never projected his personality more strongly from him toward his desires, his autocracy. Annie felt it, but now Frank stood between her and her father and warded off his power. He could not reach Frank. He could not penetrate him. Unconsciously, infuriatingly, Frank used his will against the old man, finding him negligible. He could not understand Annie's tradition of obedience, for he had never known Jonathan Claiborne save as a dumb and broken creature.

Next year! Annie pondered what the words signified. If he meant to stay it would be wonderful beyond anything! There never was a man in the neighborhood who worked so long and so well. Where he had forgotten the ways of the farm, he easily took them up again at her direction. And there was his friendship. She could talk to him, and he actually made her laugh with his stories and his jokes. The sound of laughter was strange in that house. Serenity Annie had had, but never mirth, the causeless, gay mirth of all young people. Frank brought it to her.

It was in April that Jonathan Claiborne was stricken, and it was June when Doctor Tithelow said that he might be brought downstairs and propped into a chair for part of the day at least.

"That's good," said Frank heartily. "I'll fix that old chair in the setting room with a front piece for his legs to stretch out on. I'll fetch him down tomorrow."

Annie told her father of the plan.

"No!" he snapped. "No! No!" But she could not believe he meant it.

"Why, pa," she protested, "it'll do you a lot of good. You'll be better soon's you can get outside and smell the fresh air and set in the sunshine."

"No, no!"

But she disregarded him.

"Don't feel so distressed about it, pa," she begged. "It's the right thing to do. If it wasn't, indeed I wouldn't do it. I want to see you getting round again, pa. This'll help you."

"No, no, no, no!"

It availed him nothing. The big chair with its leg rest contrived by the man he hated was cushioned generously with quilts and pillows, and then Frank carried him down and placed him in it. They had chosen a sheltered corner of the back porch for him, because the day was so beautiful and so balmy that it seemed a shame to leave him in the house. Jonathan Claiborne reclined there, his knotted, useless hands spread open on the quilt that covered his lap, an old shawl that had been his wife's thrown round his sagging shoulders. He looked out over his fields and saw how they smiled, promising a harvest such as they had never yielded to him, and his soul was shaken with the injustice of it.

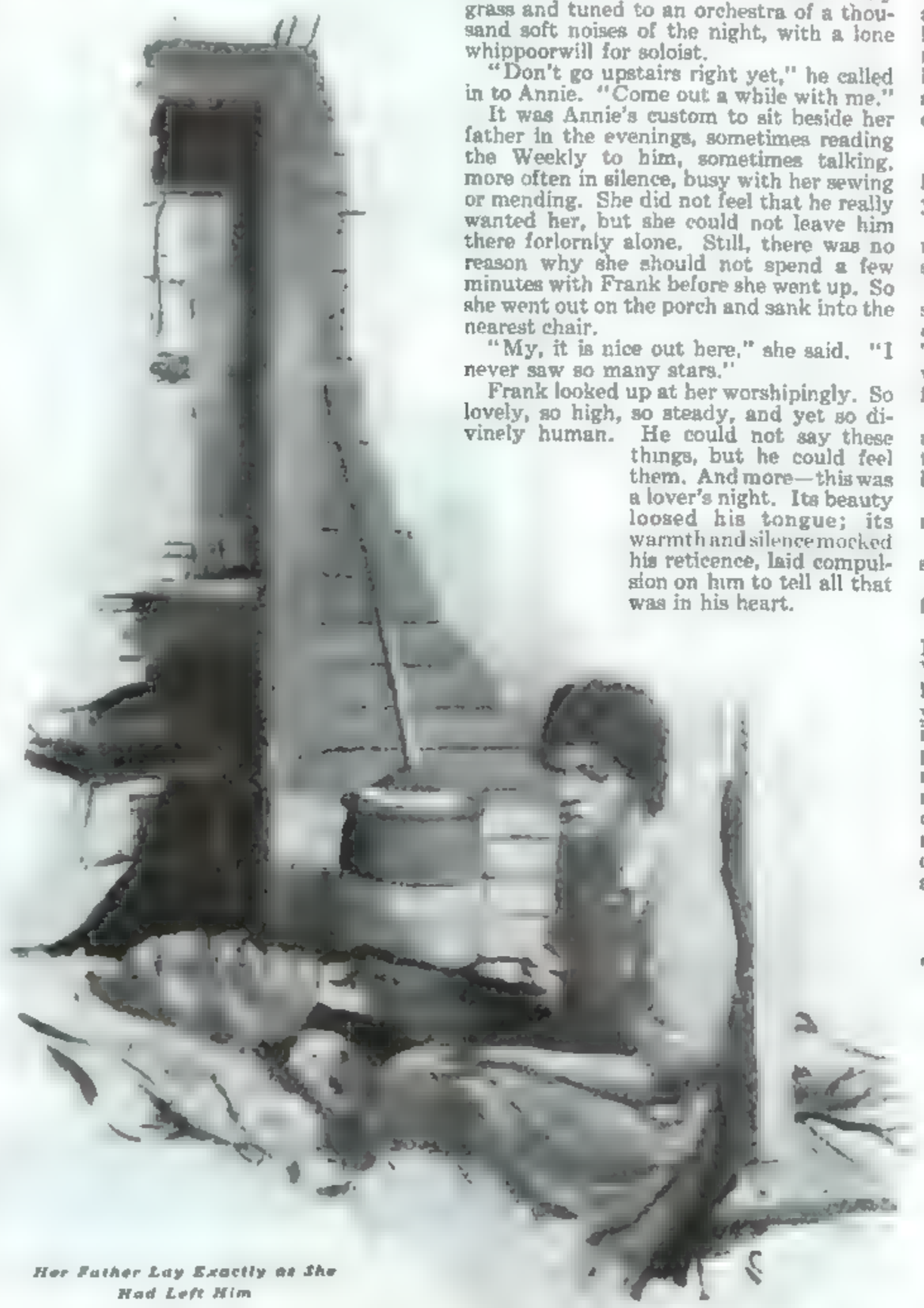
"No, no, no, no!" he cried, with such evident anguish that Annie was near to tears.

"He can't bear to see it, and him not able to work," she said, misinterpreting. "Oh, Frank, he makes me feel like that hawk you shot the other day, and broke its wing. Pa looks like he was struggling just the same way. I can't stand it."

"There, there," said Frank, himself moved, but more by her distress than her father's. "Don't take on so. It's hard for him, but the change is a-going to do him a lot of good, see if it don't."

"No," said old Jonathan Claiborne; "no, no."

But he was helpless against them, and they were intent on what they felt was the right thing for him—right to go against his every wish, his every habit, his every intention and desire! Annie would never have dared to do it alone. It was this impudent young stranger who incited her to it and turned her from her lifelong path of filial duty. All the little hates and prejudices of Jonathan Claiborne's soul rolled together into one were as nothing to the hate and prejudice with which he beheld this young usurper, careless, laughing, smoking his fragrant tobacco with a cheerful disregard of the passionate, reiterated "No, no!" with which he tried to express his displeasure and resentment.



Her Father Lay Exactly as She Had Left Him

"There now, Mr. Claiborne, what's eating you?" Frank said to him one evening with a touch of real solicitude and concern. "Look, everything's going fine. The cattle's all right, the crops are all right. Miss Annie, she's all right. Why, things might be a lot worse."

The old man forbore to use his one word, feeling its inadequacy, but detestation leaped out of his eyes. Frank had carried him up to bed and gently laid him down, covering him as thoughtfully as Annie could have done. He drew back a little as the force of that look struck him, and blinked his own eyes. Then he came downstairs, shaking his head. Annie was getting supper.

"Your pa, he sure don't like me," said Frank. "I suppose I can't blame him getting a grouch on the world, laid up so and not able to talk and thoughts just buzzing round in his head. But I haven't meant to hurt his feelings, anything I've said or done, Miss Annie."

"It's pa's way and always has been," she told him gently. "He don't like anybody much. Set down—everything's ready."

They ate in silence, save for a word or so about the crops.

"Peas'll be ready for the cannery next week. They look bully."

"Sweet corn looks good too. Unc' George says it's the best anywhere around."

"I never knew it, but I reckon I'm a born farmer."

"You're taking on our talk. You said 'guess' when you came. Now you say 'reckon' like we do."

Her voice was teasing, gay, a voice she never knew she possessed before Frank came—a real girl's voice.

When the meal was over Frank lounged out onto the porch with his pipe. It was a perfect July night, warm and soft as a velvet blanket, silvered with myriad stars and a dim little crescent moon slipping down into the apple orchard, scented with dewy grass and tuned to an orchestra of a thousand soft noises of the night, with a lone whippoorwill for soloist.

"Don't go upstairs right yet," he called in to Annie. "Come out a while with me."

It was Annie's custom to sit beside her father in the evenings, sometimes reading the Weekly to him, sometimes talking, more often in silence, busy with her sewing or mending. She did not feel that he really wanted her, but she could not leave him there forlornly alone. Still, there was no reason why she should not spend a few minutes with Frank before she went up. So she went out on the porch and sank into the nearest chair.

"My, it is nice out here," she said. "I never saw so many stars."

Frank looked up at her worshipingly. So lovely, so high, so steady, and yet so divinely human. He could not say these things, but he could feel them. And more—this was a lover's night. Its beauty loosed his tongue; its warmth and silence mocked his reticence, laid compulsion on him to tell all that was in his heart.

"Oh, Annie," he began, still hesitant, "I'm nothing. I'm nobody. Just a fool careless fellow that's somehow stumbled against the biggest thing he ever knew. I've not said a word, but you surely must've seen—how I feel about you. I'm just crazy about you, Annie girl. Can't you—won't you care a little bit about me? I'm not worth it, but I can't help asking, for I love you till I don't know what I'm doing or saying, or whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. Annie ——"

"Don't," said Annie. "You sound as if it hurt you so!"

"It does hurt me—it hurts me till I can hardly stand it! Annie, that all you got to say to me?"

"Why no, you big baby. My goodness, don't you know—I never cared a snap for any fellow but you."

He had his arms around her.

"How could I know? You been as cool as spring water. I couldn't hardly tell if you knew I was here. Oh, Annie, tell me it's real! Tell me it's real! My head's going round."

She stroked his hair, she pressed his head against her shoulder as if he were a very little boy.

"It's real," she said slowly. "It's the realest thing that ever happened to me—and the best. All is ——"

She hesitated, a cloud coming over her.

"What, honey? What, darling girl?"

"Well, I don't know what pa's going to do. He's always been so mad when any of the fellows round about tried to spark up to me. He always said I shouldn't get married whilst he lived, that I had to do my duty by him as a daughter."

Frank laughed, a shout of untroubled happiness.

"Say, I owe the old man a lot for driving the other boys off. He's my best friend, after all. But don't you worry about him, honey. He'll be willing. He'll see it's the right thing to do. We couldn't've gone on living like this, two young people alone in a house, and me so wild about you. I couldn't've stood it. I'd've had to go away."

"I wouldn't've let you go away."

"Anyways, I'm not going—now. Annie, honey, let's get married real soon. Will you?"

"I don't see why we shouldn't. There's nothing to hinder. Frank, I want to go upstairs and tell pa."

She went up with misgivings. Suppose he should be so angry that he would have another stroke! Suppose it should kill him! Then his death would be her fault, she would have murdered him—and he was her father, helpless, ill and alone.

His restless piercing eyes questioned her, and she sat down beside him for a moment to collect her thoughts, strengthen her resolution.

"Pa," she said at last, "Frank wants to marry me, and I want to marry him too."

"No, no, no!" He said it with all his strength; his eyes were lit with fury.

Hesitating for words, sighing, Annie set forth her simple thesis.

"I was afraid you'd feel thisaway, pa. I—I wisht I could make you see how it is. When you was up and around I always did like you wanted, for that was your life, and you had the say of everything. But now—it's my life. I got to do what I see is right, pa. Why do you grudge me marrying? You married, and you thought a lot of ma. I remember how you looked when she died, child though I was. And Frank's a good man, and he's worked so hard and faithful on the place. I don't want you to hold anything against Frank, pa."

"No, no!"

It was denunciation, unplacability.

"You think it over, pa," urged Annie. "It makes me feel so mean to go against you when you're helpless. But it is—right."

She made him ready for the night, gently and carefully, though she could feel in his body the stress of his anger and resentment against her, and his reiterated "No, no!" beat powerfully against her will. But it did not beat it down. These few months of normal life, released from the tension of his autocracy, had helped Annie to a surprising courage. She was free, and she knew it, and she loved her freedom; but dimly she saw that it was dearly bought if it cost her father such distress. She had always oddly pitied him for his thwarted and frustrated nature, but it could not prevail on her again. To love, to marry—it was right. There was her simple measuring rule for all things, and by that she saw that she must go on and do the sane thing, the sound thing, the thing that meant progress. To refuse to marry Frank, to turn back the farm to her father's old negative ways, was to become too much like her father, to change her nature for his, and she could not do it.

Aunt Millie and Unc' George, when told of the contemplated marriage, gave high and jocund approval.

"The very thing I've been expecting," declaimed Aunt Millie, kissing Annie loudly. "I've had my eye on Frank for you ever since he come along so mirac'lous, at the time when he was sorely needed. You just get married right away, my child, and I'm a-going to give you a piece of fine white Swiss for your wedding dress and help you make it up."

"I would like to be married in white; I always intended to if I ever got married. But, Aunt Millie, it's too much to take from you."

"You go on, child. Me with no da'ters, and just itching fer a chancet to dress a

(Continued on Page 100)

The Force that Builds, Equips and Operates

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

ONE may not think that electricity plays a big part in the erection of a building, yet the extent to which it helps in construction is remarkable.

In the production and fabrication of materials that go into a building; in the tools and machinery used in its construction; in much of the equipment necessary for its use as a business or industrial establishment; in the power that keeps all this equipment operating day after day—back of every phase of building, equipping and operation, you'll find electricity, the *power* behind so many human activities.

Westinghouse has played an important part in this development. Apparatus that generates and transmits the electricity, apparatus used in utilizing it—even the principle of *alternating current* which, to a large extent, makes possible the use of this apparatus—are part of the Westinghouse contribution to mankind.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.
Offices in all Principal Cities • Representatives Everywhere

Westinghouse

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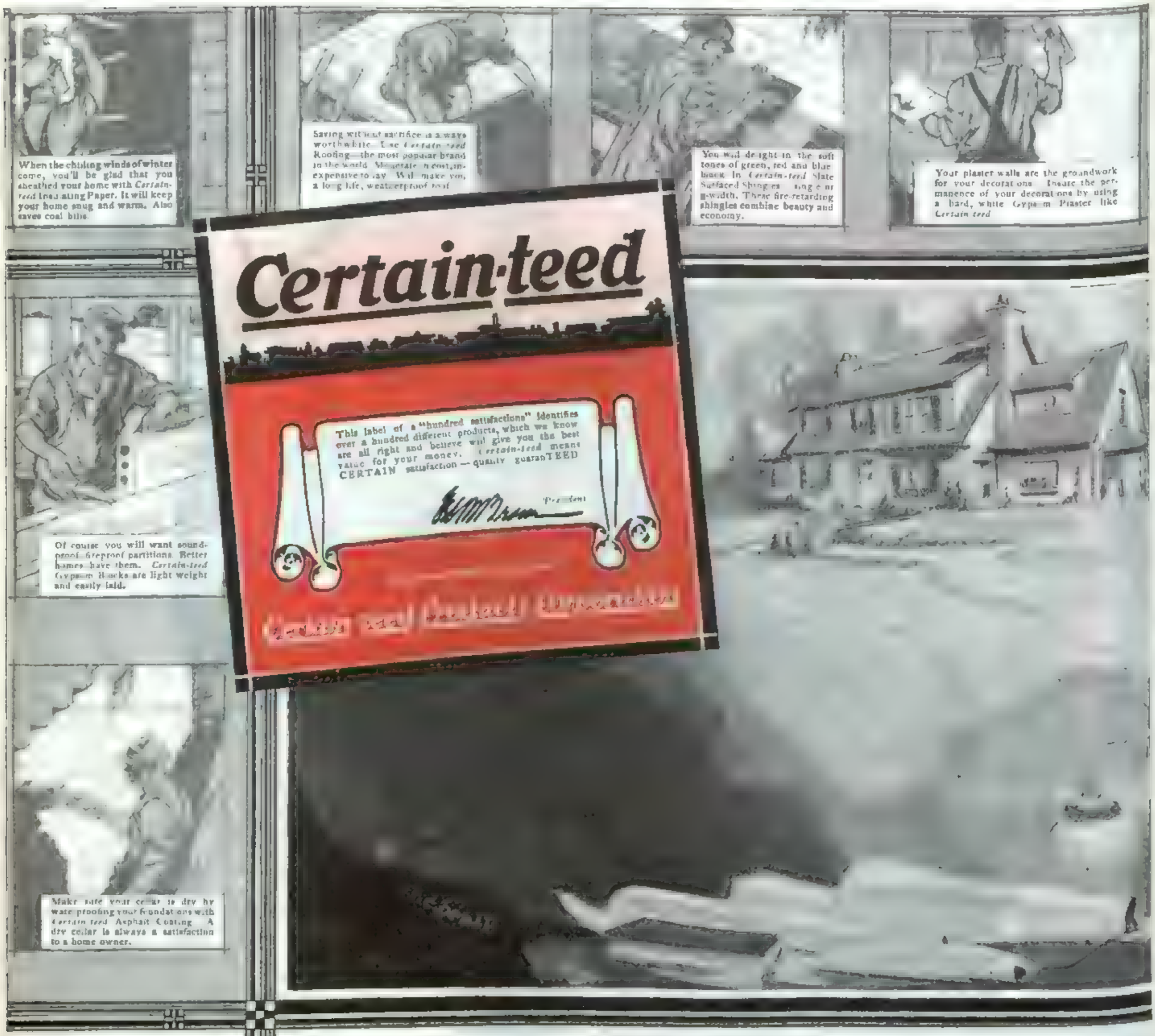
When the chilling winds of winter come, you'll be glad that you sheathed your home with Certain-teed Insulating Paper. It will keep your home snug and warm. Also saves coal bills.
Saving without sacrifice is always worthwhile. Use Certain-teed Roofing—the most popular brand in the world. Materials cost inexpensive to lay. Will make you a long life, weatherproof roof
You will delight in the soft tones of green, red and blue black in Certain-teed Slate Surfaced Shingles—single or in-width. These fire-retarding shingles combine beauty and economy.
Your plaster walls are the groundwork for your decorations. Insure the permanence of your decorations by using a hard, white Gypsum Plaster like Certain-teed
Certain-teed
This label of a "hundred satisfactions" identifies over a hundred different products, which we know are all right and believe will give you the best value for your money. Certain-teed means CERTAIN satisfaction—quality guarantEED
President
Of course you will want sound-proof, fireproof partitions. Better homes have them. Certain-teed Gypsum Blocks are light weight and easily laid.
Make sure your cellar is dry by waterproofing your foundations with Certain-teed Asphalt Coating. A dry cellar is always a satisfaction to a home owner.

CERTAIN-TEED PLANTS

Each a complete manufacturing unit producing a group of allied products

Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Louis, Mo.
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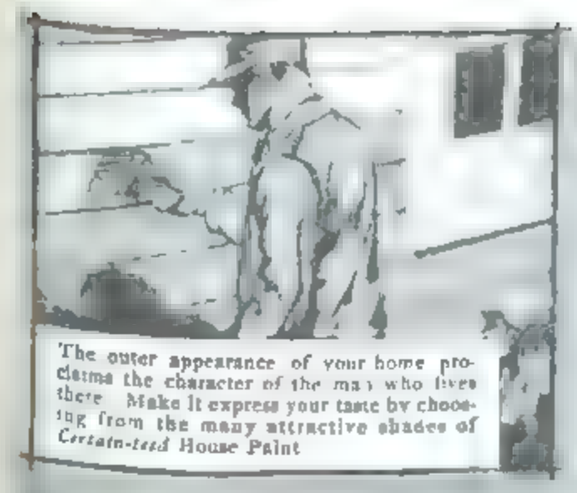
When you build that home of

THE builders of Colonial days knew the truth of the old adage, "A building is only as good as the materials that go into it." Those who built to endure secured, in spite of every difficulty besetting them, sound and enduring materials. This often entailed the personal inspection of the materials, even to the active supervision of the sawing of the lumber.

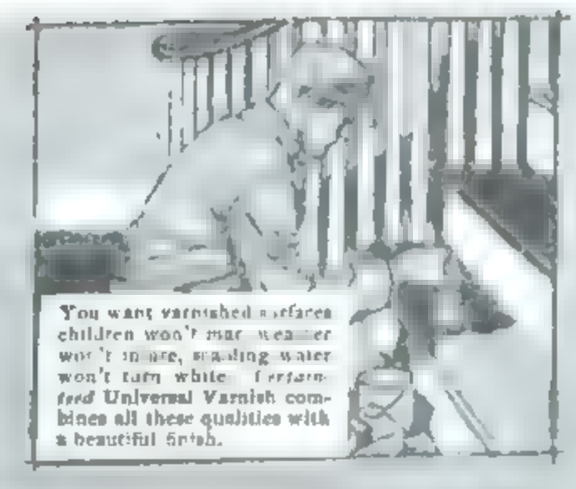
In building your home, you will not have to face the problems faced by the early settlers. The world's choicest materials are at your disposal for immediate use.

For an endless supply of raw materials, from far and near, wherever Nature yields them in their finest form, is brought to the *Certain-teed* Plants. These materials, after careful in-

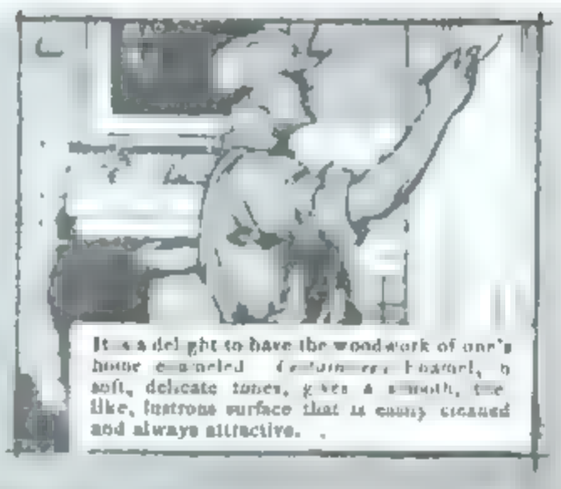
BUILD TO ENDURE



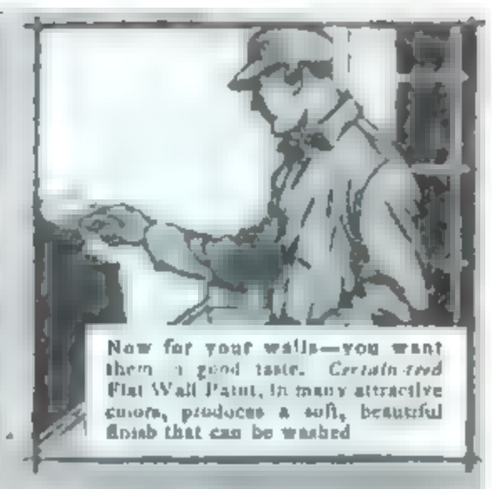
The outer appearance of your home proclaims the character of the man who lives there. Make it express your taste by choosing from the many attractive shades of *Certain-teed* House Paint



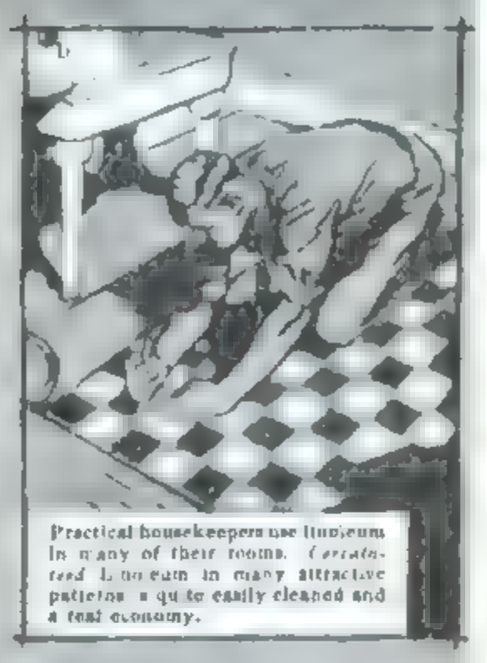
You want varnished surfaces children won't mar, weather won't injure, standing water won't turn white. *Certain-teed* Universal Varnish combines all these qualities with a beautiful finish.



It is a delight to have the woodwork of one's home enameled. *Certain-teed* Enamel, in soft, delicate tones, gives a smooth, tile-like, lustrous surface that is easily cleaned and always attractive.



Now for your walls—you want them in good taste. *Certain-teed* Flat Wall Paint, in many attractive colors, produces a soft, beautiful finish that can be washed



Practical housekeepers use linoleum in many of their rooms. *Certain-teed* Linoleum in many attractive patterns is quite easily cleaned and a real economy.

Your rugs will be the finishing touch to your home. *Certain-teed* FLOORTEX Rugs, in attractive patterns, combine beauty and utility. They are inexpensive, durable, easy to clean.

your dreams—Build to endure

spection, are converted by skilled workers into more than a hundred *Certain-teed* products which will help you, at moderate cost, to have a better home.

Certain-teed products are available to you wherever you live. Each is made to serve best its particular use. Each is made to a rigid standard of quality. Each, through economies effected by large scale production and distribution under a single management, sells at a most reasonable price.

Whether it be in the construction of a new home, or the repairing or redecorating of your present home, *Certain-teed* products will give you, as they have given millions, certain satisfaction and enduring service.

WITH **CERTAIN-TEED**

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS

of which more than one hundred are included in the following classifications

Asphalt Roofings
Asphalt Shingles
House Paints
Varnishes
Enamels
Stains
Gypsum Plasters
Gypsum Blocks
Keene's Cement
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Linoleum Rugs
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FLOORTEX
(Felt Base Floor Coverings)
FLOORTEX RUGS

Use BRONZE *or* COPPER Screens for Hard Wear and Long Service

Sturdy Copper screens in Pullman car windows are a familiar sight.

Copper and Bronze (Bronze screening is 90% copper) have no stronger endorsement than this use; for the Pullman Company buys Copper on the basis of actual experience with screening materials.

Exposed to every weather condition, these Copper screens make good, year after year.

To screen any building—home, hotel, hospital or apartment—you, too, will find Copper or Bronze the best and most economical.

Ordinary screen has to be painted, patched and replaced periodically. Bronze or Copper screening will last for a generation or longer.

The slight difference in first cost is returned to you over and over again. Use Copper or Bronze screening. It pays.

Copper and Bronze are cheaper because you pay for them only ONCE.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway ✦ New York

Write for a copy of a new book—"The Story of Copper and Brass"—in rotogravure. Something different.

(Continued from Page 96)

pretty girl for her wedding. That'll be my present to you. I know how a girl feels about finery when she gets married, I reckon. I had a changeable silk and a pair of gold bracelets and I thought I was grander'n the Queen of Sheby."

On the way home she confided to Unc' George:

"I may be onchristian and mean, but there's a lot of satisfaction to me in seeing old Jonty Claiborne laying there not able to spile that child's happiness. He can holler no, no, till he splits his lung, but it won't stop that wedding. I'm going over there tomorrow with goods fer the wedding dress and my roll of patterns."

"I think I'll give them that young heifer," said practical Unc' George. "I've always thought a lot of Annie, and that heifer'll make her a good cow. When did they figure to have the wedding?"

"After morning service, Sunday two weeks. They said there wasn't any reason to put it off."

"No more there is."

"They'll make a handsome couple," said romantic Aunt Millie. "Frank's a gallant-looking feller, and Annie'd be a beauty if she was only dressed in something that didn't come out of the rag bag."

It was true. Annie, in fresh white Swiss, ruffled and thin, with white shoes and stockings and a wide white hat, was startlingly beautiful. Those at the church agreed that they hardly knew her. And Frank was tall and straight, clean shaven, with the soldier's swagger in the lilt of his walk and the squareness of his broad shoulders. His best suit didn't fit him too badly, and his straw hat had a bright striped band. Aunt Millie had brought Annie a big bunch of pink thousand-leaf roses that matched her cheeks. So they were married, and the sun shone on them, and friendly feeling surrounded them, for it had made something of a stir in the neighborhood, a wedding with such a flavor of unusualness.

Others than Aunt Millie and Unc' George came and brought gifts and good wishes. Annie was quite overwhelmed by this cloudburst of neighborliness, expressed as it was in lemonade sets, towels, glass butter dishes, sugar bowls, some specially fine seed corn, three magnificent bride's cakes, a chenille table cover, two infant piglings, a tablecloth and napkins, a lamp, a pickle fork, a patchwork quilt and a dozen jars of homemade preserves. She looked at them with ecstatic awe.

"I certainly never knew I had so many friends," she told Frank over and over again.

"I could've told you how much ever'body likes you. My gracious, they can't help it, honey, any more'n I can."

Only old Jonathan Claiborne, angry and estranged and helpless, refused to join in the day's rejoicing. When Annie came to him before she went to the church, he did not soften at the sight of her radiance, her loveliness, the appeal of her bridal garb.

"No! No! No!" he parroted still fiercely, still unreconciled.

"Oh, pa," said Annie, "if you could only be a little happy, too, it'd take such a load off my mind."

But still he flung at her his scowling "No!"

She stooped and kissed him shyly—she did not remember when she had ever kissed him before—and went on, leaving him there in his defiant bitterness. Perhaps it was the very excess of his desperation that drove him to the effort—the effort made so many times before and always without success, the effort to raise himself with his right arm, to pull up the dead weight of his other side, to move of himself, to feel again the mastery of his own body. He strove and struggled, sweat on his forehead, his teeth clenched and his lips drawn back in a strange grim travail. And then—he achieved, he won! He got himself upright, away from the weary pillows, and though his left arm swung stupid and numb, and his left leg lay like a log, he had done the impossible—he had sat alone once more, of his own strength and volition, not because someone he hated had lifted and placed him so!

If his stricken throat would have permitted, he would have shouted aloud with joy. Exultation flooded him. This was the first step, this was the beginning. He would get well now. He would be well and strong and powerful again, and take his rightful place once more. He would drive out the young fool who had taken his place, he would properly chastise his erring daughter. In his thoughts, twisted and tortured as his body, he took no account of reality. He saw himself restored, made whole again. And then ——

"No," he said; "no, no, no!" And he meant no to all this light and trifling life that had come into his austere, God-fearing house since his illness, all this going against his will, his desires. He looked forward and saw his will again paramount and all things as they were before. He looked forward and saw his land once more out of alien hands, his child once more under his rule.

When Annie returned from her wedding she found him lying as he had been when she went away. He meant to be canny, to use his strength carefully, to exercise it only when he was alone, so that finally he might turn on them and confound and ruin them all, even as the blind and captive Samson had shaken down the house of the Philistines. He let Frank lift and help him without his usual protesting "No!" And in his heart he prayed—prayed as he had never prayed in the days of his strength, prayed to his God who was a just God and a jealous God and a God of vengeance for the righteous.

They were very happy, Frank and Annie. For the first time there was someone who really cared about her, thought about her, claimed more from her than her labor. Frank wanted her love, her attention. He was childishly jealous, which pleased and amused her.

"I hate to so much as have another fellow look at you," he told her; "and yet it makes me feel all set up and cocky to think how they all must envy me."

"You think up a lot of things that ain't so," she told him, laughing. "Nobody envies you. You're foolish."

"Foolish about you and always expect to be, Mrs. Willett."

Annie flung out her arms.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, "it's so grand to say right out all the things in my heart! I didn't suppose there was ever, anywhere, anybody like you."

"Well, Annie girl, I know there isn't anybody anywhere like you. There couldn't be."

"And I'm so sinful proud of you, Frank. Look at the farm! It never did so well. I don't see how pa can help being pleased."

"But I think he is. He's not near so crusty to me when I'm waiting on him. I think he likes me better."

Annie laughed again, and upstairs old Jonathan Claiborne knitted his brows fiercely at the gay sound.

"Maybe I'm partial, but I don't see how he can help liking you."

To be young, to be strong, to love, to work in the sunshine and know the fruitful kindliness of all the little earth gods—this makes a perfect life. It was not light work, but it seemed easy to them. And the land, nursed and tended and fed, gave them its bounty freely. The peas were heavy-filled pods; the sweet corn ripened evenly—thick, sweet, milky grains; the tomatoes were big and meaty, rich-colored, weighty in the hand. Annie was astounded at the cannery checks; she found it hard to believe in such good fortune.

"We can paint the house," she said.

"And get you a winter coat with fur on it, and a blue hat. I want to see you in a blue hat to match your eyes, Annie."

"We better get a new cultivator and some harness, and we must lay some by, Frank. Maybe next year things won't go so good."

"Next year things'll go better; don't you worry about that. I want you to have some pretty things like other girls. You've never had any, as far as I can see—and some nice things in the house too."

"I don't want things, Frank. I've got you."

Upstairs Jonathan Claiborne bided his time. When they were safely out of the house he tried his feeble strength, pulled himself up, first sitting, and finally to a standing posture, insecure, unbalanced, maintained only by a frenzied clutch of his right hand on the bedpost, but standing. If he had had a stick he would have dared a step; but he had none, and there was no way to make his want known, even if he had been willing to release his secret by doing so. His heavy, dragging left leg, his useless arm, precluded the possibility of walking without support. He was not yet able to articulate any word but his constant wearisome "No!" But he had confidence that he was getting better; he was sustained by his will.

He listened to what Annie told him about the crops, the money, their plans for progress and improvement, quivering with anger, but silent. He must wait. His time was coming. He set the bond of silence on his tongue. He closed his eyes so that she would not see the anger and resentment in them. But inwardly he was unappeased. To be set aside, overlooked! He could not say he was neglected, for both Annie and Frank cared for him thoughtfully, with far more than ordinary care; but in their normal upward tide of life he had no real place. He was an old stubborn rock whose stubbornness could neither divide nor stem that tide.

Ah, but wait until he was himself again! Wait—wait!

He did blaze out once, just once. It was in early winter, when Frank put Annie aside one night as they were preparing him for bed.

"I don't want you to do any heavy lifting, Annie," Frank said tenderly. And then it was clear to Jonathan Claiborne that Annie was going to have a child. "No!" he screamed. "No! No!" His voice was terrible.

"You go out of the room, Annie," Frank said gently. "Please, honey."

He shut the door behind his wife and turned to his father-in-law:

"Now look here, Mr. Claiborne, I know you're helpless and all that, but you go easy with Annie. I won't stand for her being upset and worried now. My Lord, man, she's your daughter, your own flesh and blood, and this child that's a-coming is of your blood too. Sick as you are, you cert'n'y ought to have some feeling."

Jonathan Claiborne closed his eyes. He felt that he was dying of rage. This ragtag, this tramp picked up on the road, to tell him his duty, to lay commands on him! Perhaps he would have died then and there if he had not had the prospect of revenge to live for. The day when he would turn and scourge them all, and most of all this scum, this vermin of the roads, who dared to oppose him. Frank drew back from him, puzzled. Dimly he could feel something of that silent, warring venom; and yet—shucks, that was nonsense. The old man was just peevish, like all sick folks. He was sorry he'd spoken so roughly, but he'd done it before he thought, on account of Annie. He couldn't bear that the least thing should touch Annie.

"You see how it is," he went on in a lower key; "we both got to take care of her. Well, now, I'll just slick up these quilts and I reckon you'll be comfortable."

The days went on peacefully—the short, dark days of winter. It was not so cold that Frank could not do odd jobs of carpentry around the barn and stable, making them warm and weather-tight. He mended all the old harness and oiled it. He went over all the tools and implements to put them in good order, and pruned the orchard, awkwardly enough, for this was the first time he had ever done anything like that, and Unc' George Thomas showed him how, and poked fun at him good-naturedly.

"All the same, you ought to get a right good crop of apples offen them trees," the old man promised.

There was always the stock and the chickens to feed, and Frank learned to milk so as to spare Annie from doing it. He brought in her wood and water, too, though she protested.

"You think no woman ever had a child before, seems to me," she teased him.

"My wife never had," he told her soberly.

He was serious these days, Frank. He had lost some of his boyish lilt. Annie loved him more for that. His solicitude was heavenly sweet to her. She had no doubts or misgivings about the child. It would be a boy, and it would look like Frank, and it would be gay and strong like him. She bloomed with happiness and was supremely content. She went about her work singing, and the sound went up to Jonathan Claiborne and mocked him as he panted and sweated to use his slowly returning strength.

And it was returning. Not on the stricken side, though he imagined that that, too, was better. But he was learning how to handle himself, to manage this body that was only half a body, and give it back some of its old uses and skill. Day after day he pulled himself up, again and again and again, but he would not get up out of bed while there was anyone in the house. They would hear him and find him. But when Annie and Frank went out—ah, then he doubled his endeavor. By pushing a chair before him he could get across the

(Continued on Page 102)

We made 491 reproducers before we found one good enough

for the New Columbia Phonograph

Console Model 550
Price $200

Upright Model 450
Price $175

FIVE YEARS AGO we determined to make a *new* phonograph which would be the finest the world had ever produced. To-day that phonograph is an accomplished fact. It is new throughout—so new and revolutionary from the standpoint of construction that it has astounded the industry.

Think of a reproducer, for instance, which absolutely controls vibration. We did not do it easily. 491 reproducers were made by us before the secret was discovered.

To-day it is no longer a secret. You see it in the tiny steel shock absorbers with which this reproducer is equipped, and which absorb the impacts of excessive vibration. The blaring, trumpeting sounds in all phonograph music in the past were caused by excessive vibration. All this is absorbed by the new Columbia reproducer.

Thanks to this ingenious device, the tone of the New Columbia is marvelously pure. There is not a trace of blast or blare to mar your enjoyment of the music. Nor is there any change of pitch. You hear a soprano as a soprano, and not a contralto—a violin as a violin, and not a 'cello.

The New Columbia motor is as remarkable an achievement as the new reproducer. It is accurate and efficient as the finest watch, and is practically wear-proof and trouble-proof. Connected with the motor is the new automatic start and non-set automatic stop. It starts the music when you move the tone-arm over, and the record stops revolving when the music stops. This new feature like all the others is exclusive to the New Columbia. Exclusive also are the pipe organ tone-control leaves, which enable you to subdue the music without muffling it or shutting it off.

The cabinet designs for this new phonograph are beautiful examples of modern skill in design, and the dark, rich woods will harmonize with any furniture in any room. The New Columbia comes in both console and upright models.

Prices $50 to $600

* * * *

Columbia New Process Records have a quiet surface which does away with needle noise. And they bring you the world's best music. They can be played on any phonograph.

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1819 Broadway, New York, N. Y
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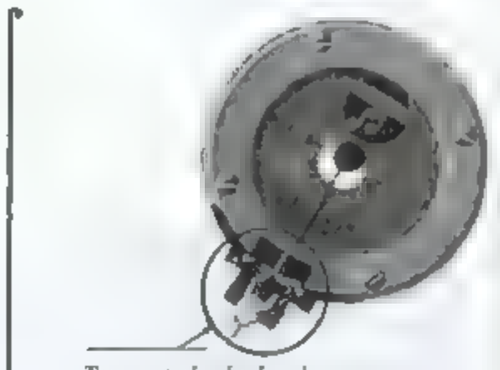
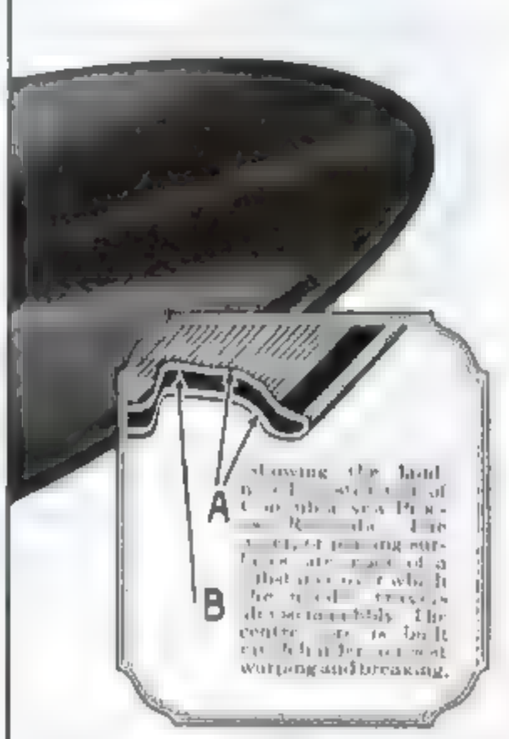


Tiny steel shock absorbers here absorb excessive vibration and eliminate blast.



The NEW

Columbia

The Blabon Dispensary for first aid, shown above, has a Blabon floor of Inlaid Linoleum, red-and-black tile pattern No 106.

The sanitary floor for any building!

Many industrial concerns, in considering the health and efficiency of their employees, have established dispensaries or first-aid stations. The ideal floor for this purpose is a Blabon "Invincible" Battleship, Plain, or Inlaid Linoleum. When permanently laid and waxed, it forms a sanitary, durable and resilient floor that can be easily cleaned by merely going over it with a damp cloth.

Linoleum is ideal for hospitals, public institutions, libraries, stores, offices, auditoriums or any buildings where large assemblages gather. With its smooth, splinterless, crackless surface there is nothing to hold dust or dirt. Being non-absorbent, liquids spilled upon it are readily removed. A Blabon floor of Inlaid, Plain, or "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum is quiet and comfortable to walk upon, is adapted to fireproof construction and is low in cost.

There are many places where Blabon Printed Linoleums, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage.

Any good department or furniture store can show you Blabon Art Linoleums. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, mothproof. They lie flat without fastening.

Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free upon request. Address us at Nicetown Station, Philadelphia.

Look for this label on the face of a Blabon Art Linoleum

Write for this new 32 page, 8"x11" brochure, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home." Beautifully illustrated in color. Sent anywhere in the U. S. upon receipt of 15 cents

Important Notice:
Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 73 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 100)

room and back, a short journey enough, but to him a pilgrimage.

If Annie had not been so absorbed in Frank and the coming child, she might have guessed what her father was doing. The first few months after his shock, the enforced idleness had put a film of flesh over his gaunt bones—pale, flabby, poor flesh. But now his efforts to use himself again melted that off and left him startlingly well in appearance, though some of his dark, weather-beaten tan had faded. And as the winter yielded into a smiling, whimsical, stirring spring, he felt the sap of it in his old bones as well. He was better—he was getting well. What if it was slow—painfully, fearfully slow? Sap must move slowly in old bones, as in old trees. He could wait. He schooled himself to a sour patience.

Frank and Annie were married in July. It was early May when their child was born, just a year and a few weeks from the day when Jonathan Claiborne had fallen at his plow. The child was not a boy, and it did not resemble Frank. It was Annie in miniature, an infantile likeness so quaintly exact that it was amusing to see. There were Annie's blue eyes, Annie's fair skin, Annie's brown hair, albeit nothing much but fuzz, and there was Annie's grave serenity. It was impossible to imagine a more placid, amiable baby—plump, pink, adorable. Even Doctor Tithelow's nurse and helper in baby cases, a colored woman of supreme dignity and dependableness, could not look at this small replica of its mother without jocosity

"I never seen nothin' like it in all the years I been er-nussin'," she declared time after time. "That chile might be er doll baby molded in Miss Annie's image, ef I do say it."

It was she who took the baby in to see her grandfather.

"Looker heah, Mist' Claibo'ne, ef you want see a picksher," said Maria, with an affability that was all for the child and none for the man.

Old Jonathan Claiborne looked and looked again. Ha, blood will tell! The child was like Annie and not like that upstart rascal of a husband of hers. The child was a Claiborne, even if her father was a wastrel It tickled some queer strain of pride in his nature that it should be so, gave him a twisted satisfaction.

"No," he said to the baby almost gently. "No, no."

It was the first gentle thing he had said for years, and it made a strange fissure in his bitterness. After Maria had gone out again he could not keep his mind on getting well and driving Frank from the house, taking back his land. That tiny round pink face kept pushing in before these thoughts with the most surprising pertinacity. And when from the other room young Annie lifted up her voice and told all of her world of a devastating hunger, Jonathan Claiborne almost smiled. The little tike—to yell like that! Annie had yelled just the same when she was a baby. There was nothing numb about Jonathan Claiborne's memory, no matter how poor and numb his arm and leg might be.

It complicated matters, that baby and its likeness. He could not quite see himself driving a Claiborne—a Claiborne as small as that, and as helpless—from his house, even though he drove out Annie. He wondered if it would be necessary, after all, to drive out Annie. Perhaps, since she had married without his consent, he could legally require her to stay with him. It would save him hiring help—he hated the thought of a strange woman in the kitchen. Annie had been dutiful enough before Frank came. Once he was gone, she would return to her duty. Looking at it in all its aspects, it seemed satisfactory that Annie and the baby might stay. He found himself wishing that he could look at the mite again, just to be sure that it was all Claiborne. He listened, hoping it would cry. Presently it accommodated him, because it had discovered the secret of all feminine humanity—that most things are obtainable if one cries for them.

Beyond his windows lay the spring, beautiful, fertile. The maples had showered their little winged scarlet seeds, and now were budded, their tender first green veined and suffused with that same cardinal color. The May wind told of fruit blossoms, and his grandchild's cry made harmony with these things.

He was more alone than ever, but he did not mind, for it gave him a greater chance to exercise his returning strength—for it was returning. He could go from the bed to the bureau now, almost easily, and he had learned how to juggle and balance the dead half of himself so that it gave the least hindrance, offered the least resistance. And then one day, when the baby was crying, he found that his speech had returned; that, without knowing it, he was speaking aloud and speaking aloud to that willful commanding cry that came up from downstairs.

"What's the matter with you, miss?" he was saying. And then, realizing that he had spoken, in strange and sudden ecstasy, "O God, I thank Thee ——"

He put his right hand up to his face to wipe away tears that blinded, that burned. Mercy had been given him at last—mercy and justice! He lay there shaken and weeping, thrilling with the wonder of the gift, lifted to heights he had never known before. Now was he delivered of the worst of his infirmity; now was he justified of himself; now was his righteous vengeance drawn near to him! With speech restored, what might he not now hope?

Annie came into the room a little later.

"Pa, I've sort of neglected you, I'm afraid," she said. "But with the baby, and Frank so busy in the fields—but when he comes up at noon I'm going to have him bring you downstairs to set on the porch a while. It's a grand day."

She busied herself, tending him, cleaning the room, changing his bed linen, dusting, wiping the windows. She was like the spring, fresh and blooming. She talked to him as she worked, but he did not answer her. He hardly heard her, was not aware of her presence, so rapt was he on what had come to him.

When Frank came in he brought Jonathan Claiborne downstairs and established him comfortably on the porch. Annie carried out his dinner to him and fed him, there in the soft air, and Frank came, too, bringing his own plate, like a hungry boy. Then they must bring the baby in the little old crib that had been Annie's, a cradle that Jonathan Claiborne had made with his own hands more than twenty years ago. He looked at it curiously, and at the sleeping child.

"Now we're all here," said Frank jovially. "Will you get me another piece corn bread, honey girl? My, this is grand. Mr. Claiborne, I wisht you could see how everything looks round the farm. I'm going to see if I can't fix you up a rolling chair and get you out. It'd cherk you up wonderful."

His gaze to the old man was full of innocent good will. Over him Annie leaned, serving him, loving him. There was their child, sleeping. Beyond them the fields he was tilling so faithfully.

He went on: "Days are too darned short for all there is to do, that's the only trouble. I wisht I could cultivate by moonlight, only it wouldn't be fair to the team. And hired help's so worthless."

Perhaps it was this last sentence, which had always been one of Jonathan Claiborne's shibboleths. Perhaps it was the sight of Frank and Annie, young and happy and supremely content with simple things and with each other. Perhaps it was the child who touched and entreated him in helplessness greater than his own. Perhaps it was all these things. But something—something he did not know, could not define—was forcing Jonathan Claiborne to think strange thoughts, to see that from this peaceful, affectionate young life around him there came a yield that his own twisted, stern struggle had never achieved. The very normality of it, its easy order, cleared the dark places of his mind, reduced his wish for revenge to tatters, banished it. Or it may be that anger and rage must not be held too long, that their own violence burns them out, defeats them, and when one calls on them they are gone and will not return. Nature is just and inevitable. Having at last moved to conquer Jonathan Claiborne's body, she would not rest until she had conquered his perverted will.

Something humble and honest wrestled with him, tore at him, and under its compulsion he pulled himself, with a powerful wrenching effort, up from his chair and his swaddling wraps. He leaned to them, turned his new-found gift of speech to stammer out words such as he had never said, had never felt before, the only words he could find to tell them he was no longer their enemy, that he was no longer apart from them.

"This," said Jonathan Claiborne—"this is right!"

His Name is Glücklich— but It Wasn't Luck

It was Brains and the Multigraph that built a big business in a 30x40 ft. store

For Instance— that Broom Sale

"Saturday morning, bright and early, the people started coming. The sale was a big success. Besides a profit of $22 on the brooms, my ordinary Saturday business during August jumped from $100.00 to $300.00. My total expense of the sale was $11.50."

This is only one of many remarkable stories of modern merchandising to be found in our new booklet, "Going After the Customer." Retailers, jobbers, manufacturers—all will profit by reading these practical tested plans, which have brought big results at very small expense.

Your copy of "Going After the Customer" is ready for you. In it, you will find suggestions that will help *your* sales and profits.

(Below) This is the New Multigraph equipped for turning out typewritten letters, forms, etc.

(Below) This is the Multigraph Typesetter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph.

THE MULTIGRAPH

Here is the story of another sale conducted by Mr. Glücklich: "My usual Easter week sales are ordinarily $600 to $700. This year (1923) with the help of my Multigraph, I ran $1,200, and the total cost of my Multigraphed circulars was $15.75."

Mr. Glücklich's story shows how brains and a Multigraph can make a small business pay big returns. "Going After the Customer" not only tells his unusual story, but gives details of modern merchandising successes in all parts of the country.

(The New Multigraph, with Typesetter (see small illustrations), $37.00 down, balance on easy terms. Cash price $185.00. Printing Ink attachment, as shown on machine in large illustration, $35.00 extra).

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your new booklet entitled "Going After the Customer," and inform me just how the Multigraph will be of service to me.

My Business Is _____

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

S E P.—3-29

The most Satisfactory Tread ever designed

At the Sign of the HOOD Service Man

You can judge for yourself
the greater safety and added durability
in the White Arrow tread

Much can be said for the Hood White Arrow Cord. Very little need be said, if you will take the few moments required to step into the store and go over the tire *yourself*.

Lift the tire, for weight; feel the rubber in the tread; put both hands on the side walls, to judge thickness and strength. Let the dealer show you how the tread absorbs a portion of the traction wave [which means more comfort as well as more wear].

We would like to have you go further, and take the names of a few Hood users in your neighborhood. Men may be prejudiced in favor of the cars they drive, but if their tires have been giving them any trouble you will hear about it.

This is a different way of working out the question. It is the sensible way, and certainly fair to you. There are enough advantages in knowing the White Arrow to justify the little extra effort suggested.

Hood Rubber Products Company, Inc.

Rubber products for more than a quarter of a century
For Summer comfort—Hood Canvas Shoes. Ask your shoeman.

Watertown, Massachusetts

The HOOD WHITE ARROW Cord

ONLY THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Continued from Page 13

dime. Mr. Byington returned the surviving nickel to his pocket. It was quite alone there. At night it would be set free to pay for the nocturnal cigar.

The quarter thus daily spent was, seemingly, a magic coin, akin to the never-empty milk pitcher of mythology. Almost every day for years Mr. Byington had disposed of it, and yet each morning he found it anew on his chest of drawers. He accepted gracefully this convenient miracle.

His head held high, Mr. Byington made his way, without hurry, to a large establishment on Fifth Avenue. There he took his accustomed seat and became a not inconspicuous part of the fashionable and prosperous patrons of Van Zile's Auction Rooms—Rugs, Collections, Early Americana, Art Objects. There he remained all day, scorning lunch. There he frequently bid, with some spirit and an acutely developed sense of values, on the larger and more costly objects offered for sale.

Experience had perfected Mr. Byington's technic. A genuine Jacobean table would be introduced by the eloquent Mr. Van Zile. Mr. Byington would study the table appraisingly, perhaps even approach and finger it. The bidding would begin.

"Surely," Mr. Van Zile would say cajolingly, "this handsome old piece is worth a thousand of anybody's money! Why, ladies and gentlemen, just look at those legs! Look at them! Who'll start me with a thousand?"

Mr. Byington would hold up a well-tended finger.

"Thank you, Mr. Byington," the auctioneer would say. "Mr. Byington bids a thousand and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, he knows furniture. Who'll make it twelve hundred? Do I hear twelve hundred? Think of it! Only twelve hundred dollars for this handsome old piece! Why, the legs alone are worth that! Ah, twelve hundred is bid by the young gentleman with the horn spectacles. Thank you, sir. Who'll make it fourteen hundred? Just look at those legs! This is a collector's piece, if ever I saw one. The last table of this sort we sold brought—let me see—something like twenty-four hundred, if I remember correctly. Do I hear fourteen hundred? Come now, surely ——"

Mr. Byington's memory was a shade more accurate than the auctioneer's. He remembered that the last table of that sort had fetched eighteen hundred dollars. So Mr. Byington, clearing his throat, said, "Fourteen hundred."

"Thank you, Mr. Byington." The auctioneer bestowed on him Smile No. 6—the one reserved for old and valued patrons. "Fourteen hundred is bid by Mr. Byington. Do I hear sixteen? Why, ladies and gentlemen, sixteen hundred dollars for a genuine Jacobean table is not a sale—it's a gift! Thank you, sir. Sixteen hundred is bid by the gentleman in the corner. Do I hear eighteen? Well, seventeen then? What do you say, Mr. Byington? Think how well the table would look in your library. Will you make it seventeen hundred?"

Mr. Byington scrutinized the table, holding his head now on one side, now on the other, so as not to miss a single curve in the perfection of its legs. He glanced at the other bidder, who glared back bellicosely. Then Mr. Byington tightened his lips regretfully and shook his head. It was a speaking gesture and said, "Yes, the piece is beautiful and I wouldn't mind having it in my collection. But, as a connoisseur, I know it is not worth more than the fifteen hundred I bid for it. If another, less conversant, perhaps, with values than myself, wishes to outbid me, let him have the table. What's one Jacobean table, more or less, to a man like me?"

The horn-spectacled bidder got the table at sixteen hundred. Mr. Byington did not bid again until an early Colonial highboy engaged his fancy. He bid earnestly on the piece till the bidding reached nine hundred dollars; then he stopped. The highboy was sold to another for nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. Mr. Byington bore his defeat with philosophy.

On the days when the Van Zile Auction Rooms had no sale, Mr. Byington appeared at the Kahn-Kelly Galleries, where pictures were sold. His ability to gauge within twenty dollars the price at which a painting would sell had come to border on the uncanny. On those rare days when no auctions were held, Mr. Byington sat in the lobby of the Ritz, waiting for a telephone call. When at 5:30 it had not come, he walked regally up Fifth Avenue, now and then pausing critically before the shop windows. Dinnertime found him, in excellent spirits and appetite, presiding with a courtly Old World grace at the head of the table in the dining room of his wife's boarding house.

Bidding was brisk that day at Van Zile's. Oriental rugs were being sold and the patrons were rising to them like trout to flies. Mr. Byington had some warm tilts. There was that large Dozar, for example. He had bid twenty-six hundred, only to have it won away from him by a stout lady with chandelier earrings at twenty-seven fifty.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," purred Mr. Van Zile, "here's a little gem—an Anatolian prayer rug a collector's piece if there ever was one. Turn it round, Gus, so they can see the other side. It's two by three and a half, madam. Just look at these colors!"

He waved a puffy pink hand at the rug. It was not a particularly interesting rug, being faded and a bit frayed.

"Isn't it a beauty?" crooned the auctioneer. "It isn't often you see a rug like that offered at a public sale. Why, I've a good notion to buy it myself!"

Mr. Byington had often heard Mr. Van Zile express this notion, but he had never known the auctioneer to give way to it.

"Who'll start the bidding on this unusual rug?" queried Mr. Van Zile. "How much am I bid?"

Mr. Byington's mind, trained by long practice at this game of his own devising, surveyed quickly, first the rug itself, then the faces of the possible buyers. The rug, he could see, would bring four hundred dollars, possible four-twenty-five. That he could gamble on.

So he raised his eyes to the auctioneer and said, "Two hundred and fifty."

"Two hundred and fifty is bid by Mr. Byington—and he knows a good rug when he sees one," declaimed the auctioneer. "Who'll make it three hundred? Gus, turn it round so they see the other side. Isn't it a beauty? Two-fifty I'm bid; who'll make it three hundred? I give you my word this rug would be a bargain at seven hundred. Who'll pay three?"

The stout lady with the chandelier earrings enunciated "Two-seventy-five."

"Two-seventy-five is bid," said the auctioneer; "who'll make it three hundred?"

"Ahem," said Mr. Byington—"three hundred."

"Thank you, Mr. Byington. Three hundred I'm bid; who'll make it three-fifty? Three-fifty for a genuine Anatolian prayer rug is not a sale—it's a gift. Who'll say three-fifty? Three hundred I'm bid; who'll make it three-fifty? Are you all through at three hundred? Going at three hundred. Going at three hundred ——"

Mr. Byington turned round to look at the lady with the earrings. Then apprehension appeared in his eyes. She had gone. He heard the bland professional voice of Mr. Van Zile.

"Do I hear three-twenty-five for this rug? Going at three hundred. Going at three hundred ——"

Mr. Byington's heart was not going.

"Smack!" The auctioneer brought down his gavel. "Sold to Mr. Byington for three hundred dollars. Bring on the next rug, Gus."

Mr. Byington, his brain numbed, saw Mr. Van Zile's alert assistant bearing down on him, sales book in hand.

"Stop, Alice, Please. You Don't Understand Me"

"Your address, Mr. Byington?"

Mr. Byington started, then answered automatically, "No. 788 West Eighty-first Street."

"Three hundred dollars, please."

Mr. Byington fumbled in his pocket.

"Forgot my check book," he muttered. "And I don't seem to have that amount in cash with me today. Suppose I stop in tomorrow ——"

The man hesitated.

"These are cash sales, you know," he said. "But I guess tomorrow will do, since it's you, Mr. Byington."

To Mr. Byington came a ghastly clarity of vision.

"I tell you what," he said, "I'm leaving town tonight. Just remembered an important business meeting in Chicago. Couldn't you stick the rug away? And I'll get it when I come back."

"Well," said the man, "we don't do that ordinarily; but I guess, under the circumstances, we could. When will you come in?"

"Next week," got out Mr. Byington; "next Friday."

Mr. Byington did not wait for the end of the sale that day. He went out into the thronged streets and walked. He did not know how far he walked, but it must have been very far. He had a lot of thinking to do.

When they were alone together that night, he told Alice, his wife, what he had done.

"It's not really my fault," he explained hastily. "The rug should have brought more. I was justified in bidding three hundred. Of course, I've got to take it now. They could sue me for breach of contract if I didn't. And even if that were not the case, I'd have to pay for the rug. I've said I'll take it. I've given my word. In one way, I suppose I'm lucky. Just think, Alice, it might have been a big, expensive rug! Fortunately, I'll have to pay only three hundred dollars."

His wife did not say anything for a minute. Her voice was toneless when she finally repeated, "Only three hundred dollars."

"Yes."

She repeated it again—"Only three hundred dollars." Then, almost listlessly, "Sit down in that chair, Stewart. I want to talk to you."

In some surprise he sat down in a chair, facing her.

"Stewart," she said, looking full at him, "what I'm going to say to you now I've had inside me for years. I've tried to keep it back. For a long time I wouldn't admit even to myself that it was there. But it was there, wanting to get out, struggling to get said ——"

"I don't understand, Alice," he began; but her eyes checked him.

"I'll make you understand," she said. "First of all, you say 'only three hundred dollars' so easily, so carelessly. Do you know what three hundred dollars means? Don't speak! It means little enough to you, perhaps. But I'm going to tell you what three hundred dollars means to me."

She was holding her hands tight shut. Her voice was low.

"Three hundred dollars means months of saving and scraping," she said. "It means doing without things I long for. It means getting up at six every morning and working all day till late into the night so that this old, inconvenient house can be kept clean and comfortable and my boarders satisfied. It means rowing with servants and haggling with hucksters. It means dunning poor devils for their board bills and being hard when my whole impulse is to be generous. It means always trying to please a houseful of people who are often irritable, who often complain. It means going to cheap movies, when I want to go to the opera. It means wearing last year's hat and shabby, shoddy clothes. It means having no home—just a house where strangers pay to live. It means backaches, headaches, heartaches ——"

"But, my dear, dear Alice ——"

"You needn't say, Stewart, that you never heard me talk this way before. I never did. But it was in me, and it had to come out."

He tried to take her hand, but she drew her hand away.

"That's all over," she said.

"Why, Alice, what do you mean?"

"I mean we can't go on like this, that's all. It isn't honest —— Oh, I don't blame you. Your parents started you on the wrong path and I let you stay there. When I married you I took you at your own valuation of yourself. I was young then; but I'm not young now, and I'm not blinded by romance. I thought you were strong; but now I know ——"

"What?"

"—— that you're a weakling. God knows I hate to say that, Stewart, but it's true."

"I—I, a weakling, Alice? You can't mean that!"

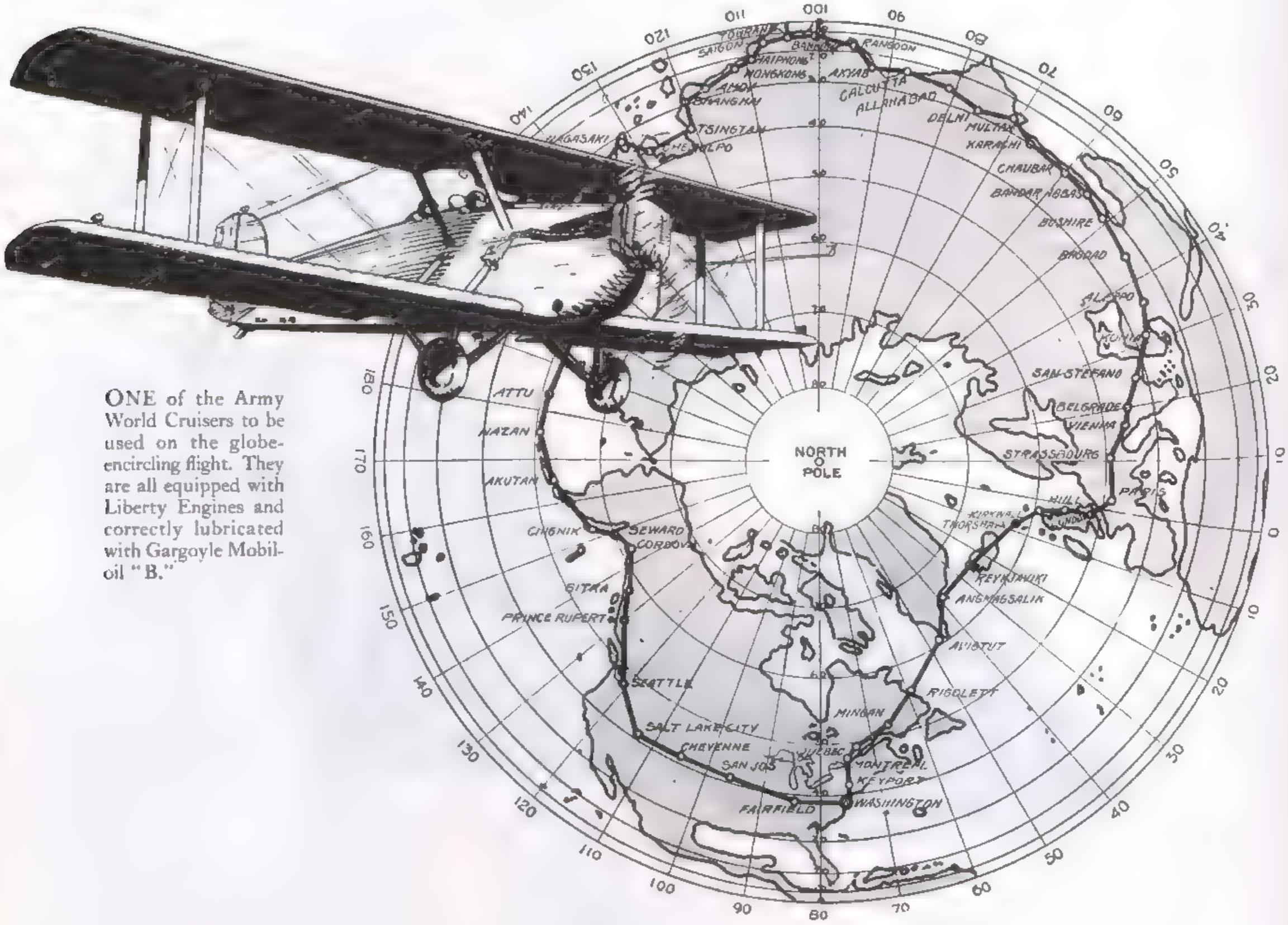
"I do mean it—a weakling and a coward."

"Alice ——"

"Yes, a coward. You're afraid of the world—afraid of life. Your parents pumped you so full of self-esteem you thought you could step into a high place in the world just because you were Stewart Kenneth Byington. When you found that the world expected you to fight your way up you said, 'The world's a fool. It doesn't appreciate me. I'm right, and the world's wrong.' You acted like the spoiled child you are. You buried your head in the sand like an ostrich. Oh, I blame myself! I let you do it! Once you took me in, just as you took yourself in.

(Continued on Page 108)

The Great Adventure!



ONE of the Army World Cruisers to be used on the globe-encircling flight. They are all equipped with Liberty Engines and correctly lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."

U. S. fliers in daring attempt to circumnavigate the World

WHEN the four U. S. Army fliers "hop off" on their round-the-world flight, the world marvels. The Great Adventure is started. A new chapter is being written in the conquest of the air.

Danger rides with these daring explorers. Even the most modern safeguards do not remove the thrill and the peril of The Great Adventure.

Much depends upon their engines. Are they mechanically perfect? Will they carry them safely? This has been assured. Every precaution has been taken.

The men behind the flight know the importance of correct lubrication in assuring the smooth, powerful operation of these engines of the sky.

They are using Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."

It was necessary to select an oil of the highest quality and of the proper body and character to assure correct lubrica-

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

tion and speed the planes on their flight. It was also necessary that the oil should be available the world over.

At all of the scheduled stops, Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" will be awaiting the arrival of the planes. And this is only a part of the world-wide service of the Vacuum Oil Company.

The list below is a tentative schedule of the principal stops, after leaving Seattle. At these and many other points, Mobiloil "B" will be ready:—

Seattle, Washington
Prince Rupert, Canada
Sitka, Alaska
Seward, Alaska
Chignik, Alaska
Dutch Harbor, Unalaska
Nazan, Atka Island
Attu, Attu
Shimushu Island, Japan
Bettebu, Japan
Aomori (Honshu), Japan
Yokohama, Japan
Nagasaki, Japan
Chemulpho (Jensen), Korea
Tsingtau, China
Shanghai, China
Amoy, China
Hong Kong, China
Haiphong, Indo-China
Tourane, Indo-China
Saigon, Indo-China
Bankok, Siam
Rangoon, Burma
Akyab, Burma
Calcutta, India
Allahabad, India
Delhi, India
Multan, India
Karachi, India
Chaubar, Persia
Bandar Abbas, Persia
Bushire, Persia
Baodad, Mesopotamia
Aleppo, Syria
Konia, Turkey
San Stefano, Turkey
Bucharest, Rumania
Belgrade, Serbia
Vienna, Austria
Strassbourg, France
Paris, France
London, England
Brough, England
Kirkwall, Orkney Is.
Thorshavn, Faroe Is.
Hofn-Hornafjord, Iceland
Reykjavik, Iceland
Angmagsalik, Greenland
Ivigtut, Greenland
Indian Harbor, Labrador
Mingan, Canada
Quebec, Canada
Montreal, Canada
Kenport, N. J., U. S. A.
Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

"Over land and sea"

The flight outside of the U. S. has been divided into six divisions and an advance officer detailed to each division to make all preparations. At Seattle pontoons will replace the landing gears and the ships will proceed northward as seaplanes to Prince Rupert, to Alaska around the curve of the Aleutian Islands, to Japan, China and India. From Calcutta through Persia, the Near East and Europe to England, the planes will carry landing gears. Before leaving England pontoons will again take the place of the landing gears for the homeward flight across the Atlantic.

Throughout this flight Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" will be used; the same in every respect as the Mobiloil "B" on sale everywhere and recommended for certain types of automobiles, tractors and motorcycles.

The same high quality and dependability mark the other grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "E," "BB" and Arctic—one of which is correct for your car. If your car is not listed in the short Chart at the right, consult the complete Chart at your dealer's.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

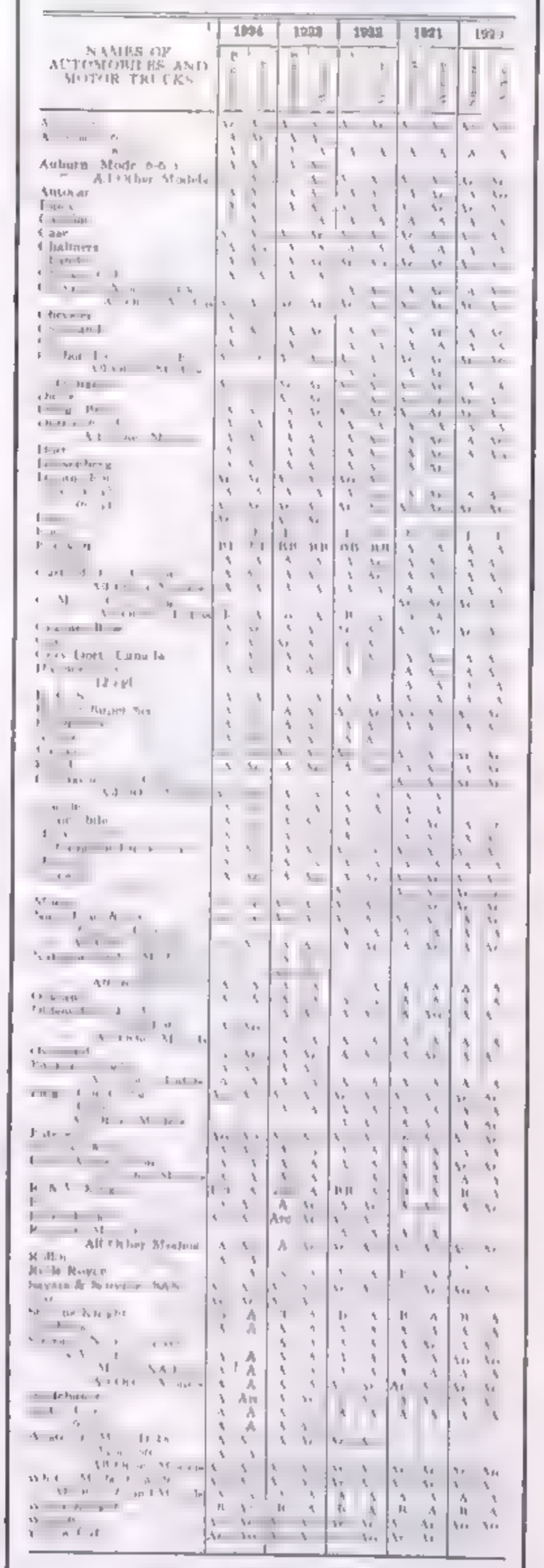
Chart of Recommendations

Abbreviated Edition

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.
The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Transmission and Differential
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Sea tried

The unflinching service of U. S. N. Deck Paint on the decks of ships—punished by incessant scrubbing and buffeted by pounding seas—insures a super-resistance to the wear and tear imposed upon the porches of your home.

for Porches

Feet, mops, brushes, furniture attack your floors—but with decidedly less disfiguration when the attack is met by the paint which has withstood the constant beating of shipboard feet, the slash of cables and the drenching of salt seas.

for Floors

Here is beauty which has remained undimmed in the face of dashing rains, blistering sun and biting sleet. It promises unchanging artistic effects for your interior walls and woodwork.

for Walls

Here, too, is marked ability to dry quickly and stay hard on furniture—an ability proved under the trying conditions of fog and the dampness of the sea.

for Furniture

Inside the house or out—U. S. N. Deck Paint is proving to thousands of home-owners the unquestioned economy of its enduring beauty and protection.

for Homes Inside and Out

Write us for the name of the U. S. N. Deck Paint dealer nearest you.

THE BILLINGS CHAPIN COMPANY
CLEVELAND
Boston *New York*

USN
DECK PAINT
The Universal Paint

(Continued from Page 105)

But you can't go on fooling me any longer. You can act your little part before some other audience. I will not pay to see you perform any more."

He was white-faced and his voice was trembling as he said, "But Alice, I'm in a hole. If I don't pay in a week I don't know what they'll do to me—put me in jail, maybe."

"No, they won't; but they'll do what to you is much worse—they'll find you out and laugh at you."

She stood up and went unsteadily to the bureau and from a drawer took a roll of small bills.

"I've saved a little money," she said. "I was hoping to get some decent furniture. I'm going to give you three hundred dollars. That's nearly all I have. You can do whatever you wish with it."

He suddenly crumpled forward and buried his face in his hands.

"God, what a fool I've been!" he said brokenly. "What a vain, miserable, selfish fool!"

He stood up with a sudden resolution and put the money back in the bureau drawer.

"I've done just about everything rotten, I guess," he said; "but I can't do that. Every word you've said about me is true. I've been playing at living in a bubble world. That bubble is broken now. I'm going to start—and start right now—to face life. Oh, Alice, I don't deserve it; but will you give me another chance?"

"Chance? To do what?" she asked.

"To fight to get back my character, to be something more than the small, pitiful, pretending thing I have been, to win back the precious thing I had and lost—your love."

She laid her hand on his bowed shoulders.

"Of course I will, Stewart," she said. "Women are such fools."

He got up at seven next morning. He faced what was ahead of him. In six days, he knew, he would have to pay three hundred dollars. A little of his old assurance returned as he set about the task. But his heart sank as he read the Help Wanted advertisements in the morning paper: "Baker; must be good mixer." "Bookkeepers, experienced, $25 a week." "Bricklayers, $14 a day; must know their job." "Butcher, $30 a week; must speak Swedish." "Electrical engineer, five years' experience, $2000 a year." He brightened slightly as he turned to the advertisements for salesmen. "Sell Oil-less Oil Stoves. Fat commission. Last week Blitz made $169. Kopsky, $175." "Wanted, peppy live wires to earn big money selling Biff, the Ideal Fly Swatter. Every housewife wants one." "Are you a go-getter? Then see Mr. Baer, nineteenth floor, Kessel Building. A high-grade proposition for high-grade salesmen who can call on important executives. Liberal commission."

Nine o'clock found Mr. Byington in the small, crowded outer office of Mr. Baer, where a dozen other potential go-getters had assembled.

When Mr. Byington, in his turn, entered the office of Mr. Baer, that individual, after one swift, critical glance at Mr. Byington's face, figure, clothes, said, "You're hired. Write your name here."

"But what am I to sell?" asked Mr. Byington.

Mr. Baer spoke rapidly, as if by rote:

"Eureka Automatic Individual Ice Water System for Offices. Large central tank of ice water and pipes running to each desk. Saves time. No getting up every half hour to go to cooler in corner. Here's some dope on it in this booklet. System sells for nine hundred dollars, with $6.75 extra for each desk. The boy will give you some of our literature. You get a 33 per cent commission, payable after full payment is made. Report to me after each sale. G'day. Milton, show in the next one."

At the end of his third day of determined attempts to sell the Eureka Ice Water System, it began to be borne in upon Stewart Byington that between dreaming about three million dollars and earning three hundred a surprisingly great difference exists. He knew he need sell but one system in a week to earn the money he must have—only one. At the end of the fourth day, tired to the very marrow of his bones, he trudged home, reflecting that he might just as well have to sell a hundred as that one. He had thrown himself into the work vigorously and with every ounce of determination in his power, but he had not had so much as a nibble of a sale. He had seen purchasing agents, office managers, general managers, vice presidents and more than one president of companies—some big companies too—for his carriage and his manner subtly impressed even hard-boiled office boys and concrete-visaged secretaries. In vain was he persuasive, enthusiastic, forceful about his product. No one bought. Some refused politely, some not so politely, a few jeered.

One friendly purchasing agent said, "Take my tip and sell another product. Your system isn't practical yet."

Stewart Byington was told this on the morning of the fifth day, and it was a blow in the face, piled on top of the blows he had been taking all week. He set his teeth. The rebuffs and humiliations he had received had made him smart. But he had sworn to himself that he would not quit, and he didn't. It was too late to take up another product now. He must sell at least one Eureka System. He knew that more than the commission was at stake; there was his character

Late in the afternoon of the fifth day, a bitter day of defeats, he stepped out of the elevator into the magnificent offices of the Celebrated Star Feature Picture Corporation, one of the most vast of the moving-picture companies. The guardian of the outer portal, noting the top hat, the commanding face, was as respectful as such people permit themselves to be. Perhaps he was new on the job.

"The directors' meeting has already started, sir," he said. "Go right down that corridor."

Stewart Byington caught his breath. His hesitation lasted hardly a second.

"Thank you, son," he said in his most magnate manner, and strode down the corridor. His heart was knocking; but he listened not to it, but to a louder knock—opportunity.

As he pushed open the door of the spacious directors' room he heard a voice—it was the voice of Creedham, the production chief—saying. "I've looked everywhere, I tell you. But no luck. The situation is getting acute."

Stewart Kenneth Byington stepped into the room. He strode straight to the long mahogany table and brought his big fist down on it with a bang.

"Gentlemen," he cried in his deepest, most vibrant voice, "I have the answer to your problem."

Sixteen astonished magnates gasped and gulped. Before any of them could speak, Stewart Byington rushed on in a voice that made the windows tremble:

"Time! That's the most valuable thing in the world. Time! The company that gets there is the company that doesn't dawdle on the way. No wonder your situation is acute! Why, gentlemen, do you realize"—he ran an accusing eye around the table—"that you waste hundreds of solid gold hours each and every day? Cut out that waste! Save those golden hours! Install the greatest timesaver ever invented—the Eureka Automatic Individual Ice Water System for Offices!"

"Stop, man, stop!" It was the financier, J. G. V. Harlan himself, chairman of the board of directors, who spoke, or rather howled. "Who the devil are you? How the devil did you get in? What the devil do you mean?"

Stewart Byington drew himself up to his full six feet two, inflated his chest and looked down on the financier.

"Sir," he said, "I am Stewart Kenneth Byington, and I represent the Eureka Automatic ——"

"Stop, I tell you!" sputtered Mr. Harlan. "Who gives a hang about your system? Our engineer tried it out months ago. It's no good. We wouldn't take one as a gift. So, since you talk so eloquently about time being money, save us some money by getting out."

The two men stood glaring at each other—the Wall Street man, small and like a terrier, Stewart Byington like a giant Newfoundland.

"Wait!" It was Creedham, the production chief. "Don't go! Just a second, Mr. Whatever-Your-Name-Is."

He had stepped close to Stewart Byington and was inspecting his features minutely.

"By Jingo," exclaimed Creedham, "if this isn't luck!"

Stewart Byington favored him with a haughty, interrogative stare.

"Would you mind," asked Creedham, "turning round so I can see your profile?"

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" thundered Stewart Byington.

Creedham, instead of being abashed, was delighted.

"Perfect!" he cried. "Perfect! The meaning is this—we don't want your trick waterworks, but we do want you."

"Me?"

"Sure, you!"

"What for?"

"For the pictures, of course. You've got the screen face I've been looking for. Just look at him, gentlemen! Isn't he the perfect type of screen big business man?"

The production chief turned to the bewildered Byington.

"Unless you're making a lot more money than I think you are," fired Creedham, "I've got a proposition that will interest you. I want you to play the part of a billionaire who dominates Wall Street in our new picture City Gold." Before Byington could make any sort of reply Creedham hustled on. "We'll pay you three hundred a week for the first picture. If you can act, and are as good as you look, you'll command a lot more later. No reason why you shouldn't play billionaires indefinitely, with that face. If you're interested, report at my office at nine sharp tomorrow morning."

When Stewart Byington regained speech he said, "Did you say three hundred?"

"Sure!"

"Will you give me the first week's salary in advance?"

Creedham grinned a knowing grin.

"Sure!" he said.

Drop almost any time into almost any first-class moving-picture theater. If the picture calls for a Titan of finance, a colossus of commerce, a billionaire banker or a mighty manufacturer with a hundred factories, you will see the part played superbly and realistically by a large, handsome, strong-faced man, whose features are given the final stamp of authority by a touch of gray at the temples. Watch him. See how convincingly, with a lift of the eyebrow, he smashes the bulls or with a gesture crushes the bears; observe how with a frown he dominates Wall Street, how with a nod he shatters trusts and with a whisper makes kings tremble on their thrones.

The moving-picture magazines say that when he is not making pictures at the studios it is his hobby to motor with his wife to a Fifth Avenue auction room and buy Oriental rugs. It is said he has several hundred of them.

A sprightly foot is a difficult thing to hold within a fine stocking. It is constantly seeking to escape. Phoenix has become the best selling hosiery in all the world, because it successfully holds captive even the most strenuous feet, over long and comfortable miles. Its artful reinforcements are where they are most needed. The standard hosiery for sprightly feet of men, women, children, everywhere.

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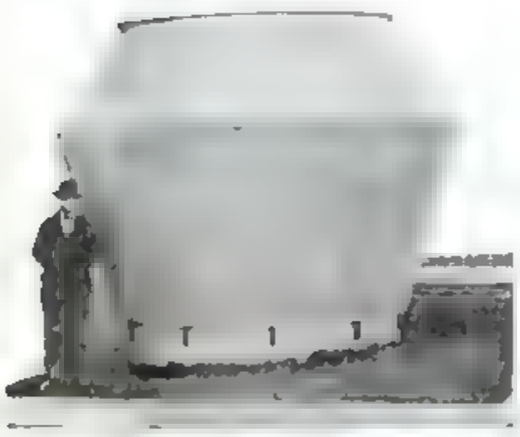
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

DOMINION ASTROPHYSICAL OBSERVATORY
VICTORIA, B. C.
Dome, window and door coverings are of Toncan

Cooking your dinner *and* counting the stars

A LOVELY HOME

And one that will last, for all sheet metal is Toncan. Every home-builder should use Toncan for gutters, leaders and other sheet metal work. Architect, J. T. Burkett, Waterloo, Iowa.



A MONSTER VENTILATOR

This, too, will endure in spite of all outdoors and air currents from within. It is made of galvanized Toncan Metal. Built by American Cornice Works, for First National Bank, Wichita, Kansas.

Many of the finest stoves made in America are enameled on Toncan Metal. The Observatory at Victoria, B. C., is covered with Toncan Metal.

The service given by Toncan Metal seems infinite in variety. It is used in deep coal mines and lofty sky-scrapers. On the farm, cattle may drink from Toncan Metal troughs. In a Fifth Avenue home a refrigerator of Toncan Metal protects the choicest foods.

Toncan Metal may be—should be—in your stove, washing machine, refrigerator or enameled table top. The furnace pipes in your cellar, the gutters and leaders on your house may be of Toncan Metal.

Everywhere in city and country, in farms and factories, indoors and outdoors, Toncan Metal is used to fight rust and corrosion.

It takes the knowledge and careful work usually associated with the production of precious metals to make Toncan Metal. The long life of it is born into every square inch as it passes through the hands of experienced metal workers.

Toncan is iron, purified, made strong, lasting and rust-resisting by alloying with the proper amount of copper.

When you build or repair ask your architect or contractor to use Toncan for sheet metal work.

Should you need a stove, refrigerator or any enameled article get one that is enameled on Toncan Metal. Enameled Toncan has a smooth surface of permanent lustre and enduring beauty. Besides, you can depend upon the products of any manufacturer who uses Toncan Metal.

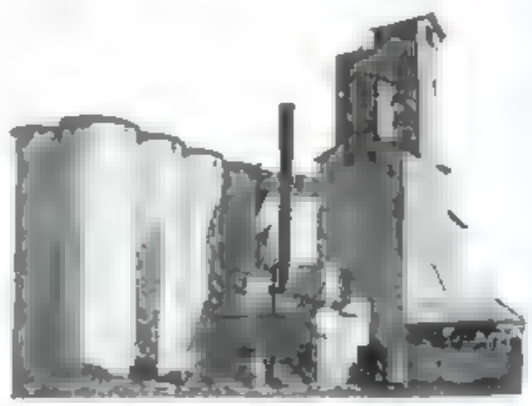
Write to us on any subject pertaining to the use of iron, steel or alloys.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO

TONCAN in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., and galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd, Hamilton, Ont.

A SERVICEABLE BARN

It will stand through long years of all kinds of weather. The roof is entirely covered with galvanized Toncan. Owners: Taylor Bros., Bingham, Me. Sheet Metal Contractor, S. Whitney.



A LARGE GRAIN ELEVATOR

Such an elevator must defy weather, cold and heat and many years of service. *This will.* It is covered with Toncan. Owned by the Blair Elevator Co. of Atchison, Kansas.

TONCAN
METAL

Commercially pure iron alloyed with copper to obtain the greatest possible resistance to rust and corrosion.

TONCAN
METAL
THIS IRON WILL ENDURE

U-LOY
STEELS

Special analysis and alloy steels made to your specifications or ours for any required purpose.

MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE ALLOY STEEL

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

We talked it over and decided that that would be a Good Way to get the Laugh on Buzzard's Roost, the little Side Track a few miles up the line which has been laboring for Fifteen Years under the Delusion that it was a Rival of Salome and that a Post Office printed on a Map always means a Town.

Buzzard's Roost might be able to fool some of Uncle Sam's clerks back in Washington but all of us out here know that the only way they have been able to keep the Cancellation of Stamps up to the $2.50 a Month required by the government to keep the Post Office on the Map is by all of them writing letters to themselves. We figured if we got a Golf Course started at Salome the Folks up at Buzzard's Roost would all be so busy talking about it some of them might forget to write—and then they would lose the Post Office and that would mean 8 or 10 more people coming to Salome for their mail.

It looked like a Good Plan and I said they could use my Dry Ranch, or as many Townships as was needed, and Shorty Burroughs and the Chuckawalla Kid agreed to Boss the job for Nothing and their Grub if the rest of us would pay the Mexicans to cut the Sage Brush and Greasewood along the Far a Ways between the Holes. The Man that made the Map for us was in a Hurry and not a Good writer and Shorty had carried the old envelope around in his pocket so long it was blurred and we couldn't make out whether the distances was yds. or rds. but finally decided it must be rds. for rods.

So we made the First Hole 614 Rods, up the other side of the Centennial Arroya. Some of the Holes we only made 135 Rods and Upwards, like the Man said, some long and some shorter. The Longest Hole is the 14th, 847 Rods, not quite Three Miles, running from the Old Adobe Cabin across the Ghietta Flats to Mesquite Wells and all told the whole Greasewood Golf Course is 6,429 Rods long—just a little over Twenty Miles.

It took us over 3 months to get all the Brush cut along the Far a Ways and the tin cans fixed in the Holes, but it was Well Worth it and Salome now has the only Natural Nineteen Hole Greasewood Golf Course in the Whole World.

They say Some Folks play Golf just for Fun and Exercise. It's Exercise all right all right but I wish I could get somebody that thinks it's Fun to come and do a Few Days' Real Work for me, if Playing Golf is their idea of having Fun. Starting out to play a Round on Our Course is an Event that requires Time and previous planning, and we generally hire an extra man to Work in our place while we are gone or put a notice on the Door that we will be back Next Week sometime. The only time I ever did get clear around, it took me three days and a half and I used 31 Balls. We keep a Commissary and Supply Wagon for the convenience of Members. I got a letter the other day from Red Katem, who owns the Bermuda Ranch and is just learning. He was out at the 11th Hole and wrote in asking me to send him out a Barrel of Water, a slab of Bacon, some Beans and 3 dozen more Balls. Red never has got all the way around yet, but he keeps on trying.

He generally gets Bill Jackson to caddy for him. Bill is a good Rider and carries a couple of canteens of water along and can pick up a Golf Ball without getting out of the saddle. The Commissary Wagon hauls water around to the different Holes where there ain't any Wells handy so Folks can camp overnight wherever they get to.

One thing that's been puzzling us is these Golf Scores printed in some of the Papers, where it says some man made it in 72 or 78 Etc.

The Man that made our Map for us was in such a Hurry he forgot to tell us how or what to count and we can't figure out whether a score of 72 means that he Made it in 72 Hours or 72 Days or used up 72 Balls Going Around.

All our Bunkers and Hazards are Natural. Anything that don't move or is Dead, like a Sand Wash or a Mesquite Thicket or a Dead Steer on the Far a Way, we call a Bunker. If it's Alive, like a rattlesnake or a Cow, we call it a Hazard—and if She is Young and Has a Calf it's Extra Hazardous.

That's why our Caddies all go horseback. Lizards don't count, unless they get above your Knees.

The other day a Missus Delancey from Maine en route to California stopped over to Rest, she said, and play a Little Golf. The first day She was Playing, along in the afternoon out between the 3rd and 4th Holes, she stood on a Lizard Hole while she was swinging her Club, and the Lizard crawled up Her Knickerbockers just as she was making a Big Swing. She missed the Ball but she knocked the Caddy off his horse and when she started towards Mexico the War Whoop she let out was heard in Buzzard's Roost and the Caddy had to run her Three Miles horseback to catch her and then wrap her up in his saddle blanket to get her Home Again. She went on to Pasadena next day.

—*Dick Wick Hall.*

Editor & Garage Owner
Lately Long Distance Amateur Golfer.

Radio, or the Wonders of Science

BETWEEN the steeples and the stars,
Man works his latest miracle;
The atmosphere is lyrical
With news of stolen motor cars.

A voice goes leaping into space,
And sounds in huts and palaces,
Enlightening Annes and Alices
On Making Mud Packs for the Face.

While heaven's lightning, tamed and yoked
By some appalling mystery,
Gives to the world the history
Of How Old Grampa Bullfrog Croaked.

The air is full of words awing.
On endless waves ethereal
Is borne the daily serial—
The Dixie Serenaders sing.

How like a demigod is man!
His mighty mind works tirelessly,
That he may listen wirelessly
To Hash House Blues and Dapper Dan.

—*Stoddard King.*

The Convalescent

"GO OUT," the doctor said, "and walk
Along the country ways.
List to the cheerful song and talk
Of chippy birds and jays.
Let drop your load of gloom and care
And yield to Nature's spell.
Breathe deeply of the thymy air
And you will soon be well."

It seemed to me like sound advice.
I left my bed of pain,
And in a figurative trice
Was in a country lane.
I listened for the birds to sing,
I bade my care decamp.
I deeply breathed, and with a swing
I started off to tramp.

And first I met a Super Four
And then a Super Six,
And then about a thousand more
Whose names I couldn't fix.
But this I very quickly saw—
That Four, or Six, or Eight,
They did not own to any law
And all of them were late.

I could not hear the merry birds
Because of hoot and roar,
I only heard the awful words
The angry drivers swore.
My lungs were filled with smoke and gas,
My nerves were all on edge;
And then a Flivver tried to pass
And knocked me o'er a hedge.

And now when I'm allowed to dress
And go my feeble way,
I know where I shall convalesce,
Whate'er the doctors say:
I'll seek a roof I know in town
Some thirty stories high,
And there in peace I'll sit me down
With wind and sun and sky.

—*Gorton Carruth.*

Billings' Opera

MY FRIEND Billings is writing a grand opera. "I've applied to the court," he confided to me, "to have my name changed to Ivan Sapowski. Samuel Billings wouldn't look well on a program; it's so—American."

"How about the libretto and the music?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm not worrying about that," he said. "I have to attend to the preliminaries first. The name of my opera is La Imbecila. It's Italian."

I met Billings a few days later.

"Well, Act I's finished," he said as he greeted me. "I have a great book—a masterpiece. Would you like to hear the plot?"

I said that I would not.

"The scene is laid in Germany during the time of Frederick the Great," said Billings. "Act I is in the great hall of the castle of Baron Blaustein. He is grieving because his only son Ludwig was stolen by gypsies twenty years before. A group of mendicant friars come in disguised as expert accountants. That gives me a great opportunity for a rollicking chorus number. Don't you think so?"

"No," I said.

"Then Bettina comes in. She has just learned of the plot to assassinate Leonardo, and she has ridden all night through the raging storm to warn him."

"Who is Leonardo?" I asked.

"Why, Leonardo is Rudolph's half brother," said Billings in a surprised tone. "But Bettina doesn't know that. She has been told by the old hag who brought her up that he is just a poor shepherd. That gives the story the necessary romantic element, don't you think?"

"I do not," I said.

"Suddenly Ludwig appears. 'Today is my birthday,' he says, 'and I am going to celebrate by liberating all the prisoners in the castle dungeon!' An astrologer comes in and offers to read Ludwig's horoscope. Am I boring you?" said Billings.

"You are," I replied.

"That brings us to the climax of the first act," said Billings. "The astrologer looks at his hand. 'You are not Ludwig!' he exclaims. 'You are Prince Gabrielo!' The chorus of accountants, soldiers, street venders and peasants crowd upon the stage. Wait, I'll read the finale to you," said Billings, pulling a typewritten manuscript from his pocket and seizing my coat so that I could not escape:

"LUDWIG: Discovered! At last the gnawing secret that has been eating at my heart is discovered!

"BETTINA: Is discovered.

"ASTROLOGER: Is discovered!

"CHORUS: Yes, yes, it is, it is, oh, yes, it is discovered.

"LUDWIG: Found out!

"CHORUS: Ah, yes, it is found out.

"*Marcello dies and Rosina is dragged off the stage in chains.*

"Pretty damned good, hey?" said Billings.

"I think it's rotten," I said.

Billings walked into my office about a month later.

"I'm worried about the title," he said. "Don't you think La Spumoni is much better?"

"Oh, much," I said sarcastically.

"I'm so glad you think so," said Billings. "I think it's so much more appropriate. I've made a few changes in the first act."

"I'm awfully busy," I said.

"I felt that there wasn't enough suspense. So I've cut out that part where Hilda recognizes Illovitch as the man who betrayed her. A band of itinerant blacksmiths come in with their anvils and sing an anvil chorus. I think it's a rather novel idea. The words go like this:

"Kling, Klang, Kling, Klang,
See the sparks go flying.
Kling, Klang, Kling, Klang,
Oh, see the sparks go flying.

"Then the principal tinker—he's really Rudolph in disguise—sings this solo:

"Oh, it's Klang, Kling, Klang, Kling,
As the merry sparks go flying.
Oh, it's Klang, Klang, Klang,
And it's Kling, Kling, Kling,
As the sparks go gayly flying."

"This is really my busy day," I said as emphatically as I know how.

"But you must hear the second act," said Billings. "It's rather sketchy yet. I've just plotted it out. Don't you want to hear it?"

"No!" I said.

"The second act is in a garret in the Latin Quarter in Paris. Bettina is dying of consumption."

"That's a novel touch," I muttered.

"Isn't it!" said Billings, delighted. "She is waiting for Leonardo to arrive with the doctor. It is Christmas Eve and outside her window they are singing carols. The clock strikes nine."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it is nine o'clock," said Billings. "A noise is heard outside the door. It is Rudolph at the head of a regiment of soldiers. They have come to arrest Leonardo for plotting against the life of the King. Poor Bettina looks frantically around the room. How to warn Leonardo? That's as far as I've gone," said Billings.

I did not see Billings again for several months. He stopped me on the street. "I'm writing a historical tragedy in blank verse," he told me.

"How about the opera?" I asked.

"Oh, I've put that aside for a while," he said. "There's more money in drama. And by the way, I'm having my name changed back again to Billings."

—*Newman Levy.*

Returning From Impressive Ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, M. Le Ministre Remembers an Appointment

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WHERE IT'S NEEDED

—to carry over half the weight of truck and load
—to drive that weight
—to stop that weight, quickly in an emergency, slowly if you desire
—and to keep on doing this threefold job well—long after other units in the truck have worn out

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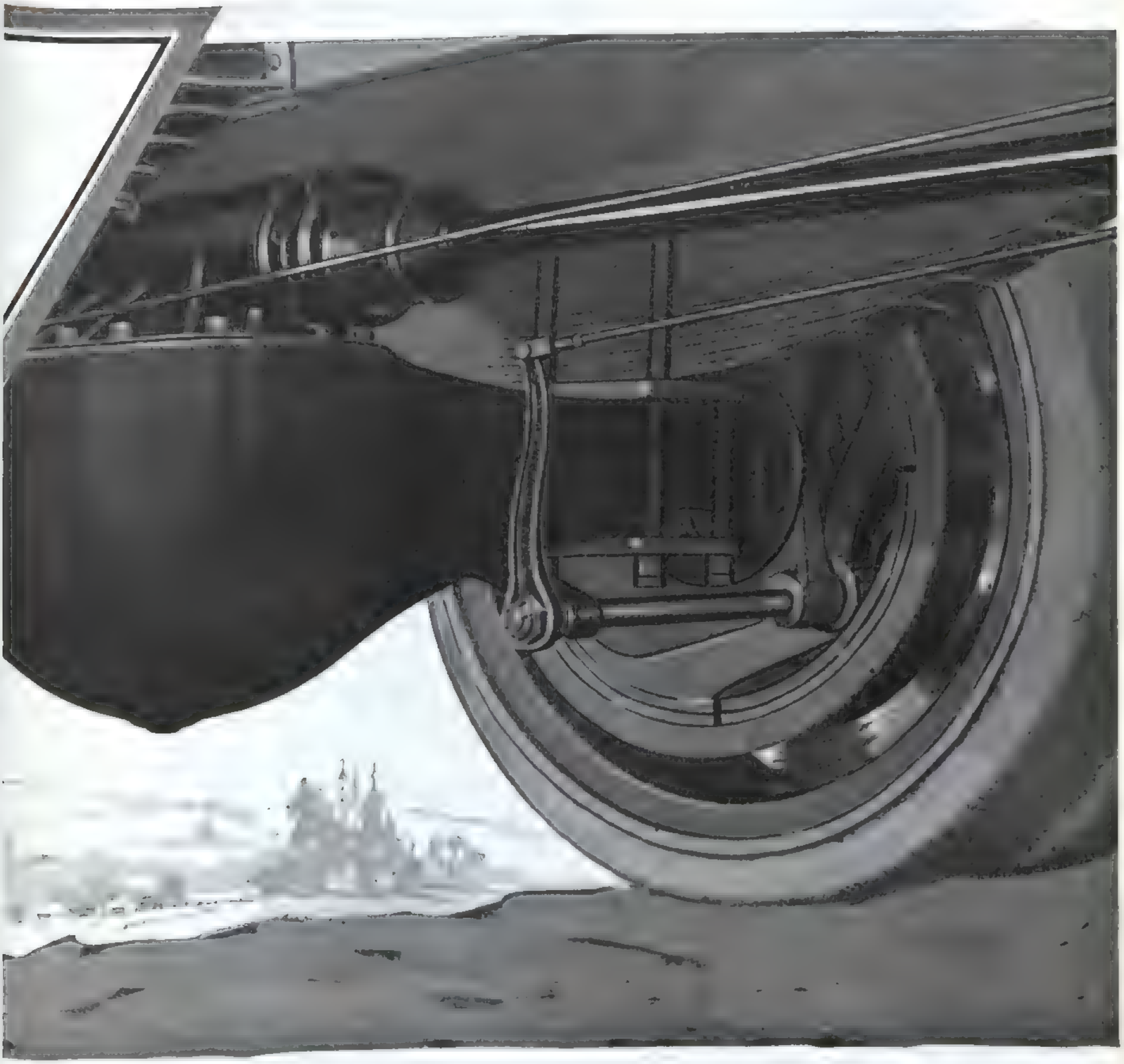

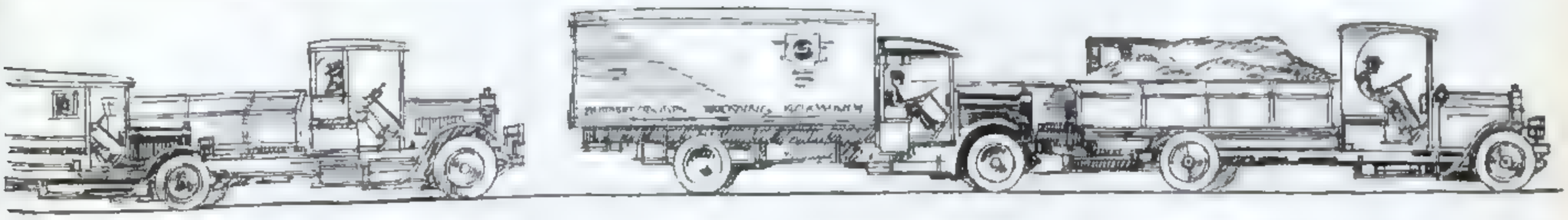

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"See! Dad how much stronger it's coming in since you bought me Burgess Radio Batteries"

SOMETIMES it's Dad who does the buying for his radio family, but you may be sure that that youngster of his sits in on the advisory board.

In all events, whether it be the boy or his father who buys receiving set equipment, the service of Burgess Radio Batteries provides a most satisfactory and economical means to greater enjoyment of the evening's radio entertainment.

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COULD YOU SELL OUT?

(Continued from Page 14)

netted about sixty-two cents on the dollar; and looking back I don't know a single thing I could have done to make it come out any better."

It is a gloomy thing to realize that when you get ready to quit business and cash in on your earnings, the dollars you have worked so hard to earn shrink to sixty or seventy cents. There is only one way to avoid such a loss, and that is to make your business attractive enough to sell to someone as a going concern. The same thing applies to any mercantile enterprise, big or little, that applied to the chinaware merchant's ten-dollar lamp. If you are a skillful enough merchant you can probably find a customer who will want your business hard enough to pay full value for it. If you haven't that skill your business is simply a collection of merchandise, and worth what it will bring at forced sale.

Now let us see what essentials go to make a business attractive from the standpoint of a prospective buyer. At first thought it would seem the main idea is to be able to show that the business is making money. That is important, to be sure, but not all. Unless the business with its earning capacity is transferable it is only a collection of merchandise, no matter how profitable it has been in the past.

In small towns and in rural districts it is often possible for a professional man to sell his practice to a newcomer, but that is usually because the purchaser wants to get the old practitioner out of the way, not because he expects to inherit all the retiring man's clients. It is not often that a mercantile enterprise can be sold on the strength of getting rid of a competitor.

Costly Popularity

A frequent stumblingblock in the way of selling a small business is the tendency of many men to make their enterprises one-man affairs; and that, precisely, was the trouble in the case of the Texas merchant who lost his capital in his unfortunate land deal.

He was by nature an individualist and ran his business, it must be confessed, largely to gratify his individualistic tendencies. The man who came to town and made him the offer of eighty cents on the dollar for his stock pretty well summed it up when he told the story later.

"I went to Texas," he said, "with the full intention of buying the business if it came up to my expectations, and was prepared to pay dollar for dollar if those expectations were met. I was favorably impressed with the town and thought I would like to live there. The merchant had a fine location on the main business street, and his books certainly showed that he had been making money. I stuck around the establishment for the better part of a week and had about made up my mind to offer him his price, when one morning an incident occurred that set me to thinking.

"I was sitting back in the office talking with the merchant when a well-dressed man came in the front door and one of the salesmen started to wait on him. After a minute or so the merchant began to fidget, paying more attention to the interview that was going on in the front of the store than to our conversation. Finally he excused himself and walked briskly forward. The clerk and the customer seemed to be getting along all right, but the merchant broke in on the transaction, evidently taking the matter out of the clerk's hands, for presently I saw the latter back away uncomfortably and busy himself with other duties. After a bit the customer went out and the merchant came back to the office again, smiling and rubbing his hands together in a pleased way.

"'One of my best customers,' he said cheerfully; 'I always make it a point to wait on that kind myself. They like it, you know, to have my personal attention!'

"Probably his only intention was to impress me with his popularity in his home town; but if so he chose a bad time to bid for admiration. At that moment I was solely concerned with what his business might be worth to me; and when he told me that he always attended to his best customers personally the value of the business slumped so far as I was concerned. I remembered then that I had seen him do the same thing before, and the thought occurred that if his business depended on his personal popularity it might not make so good a showing under a new man and a stranger.

"Later on the merchant told me with considerable pride that he had not taken a vacation in ten years because his presence was so necessary, and this statement added to my belief that the enterprise was not so desirable as it seemed on the surface. Any business naturally falls off a little under new management, but when it is a one-man affair the falling off is likely to be too great to be comfortable for the purchaser. That was what was on my mind when I made my offer to the merchant and which he refused. His business was not 100 per cent transferable."

The merchant, then, lost a chance to turn his assets into real money largely because he enjoyed the sensation of being the whole show. He forgot that in this world everything has to be paid for, including flattery. If a mercantile business, where there is actual merchandise to sell, does not have a closing-out value of one hundred cents on the dollar under individualistic operation, the same thing applies still more forcibly in other kinds of enterprises. In many lines of manufacturing, for instance, the actual physical value of the plant and machinery represents only a small proportion of the investment, and there is little to offer a prospective purchaser unless it is organized so it can go ahead as usual under change of ownership. One of the most prosperous publishing concerns in a Western city, valued at several hundred thousand dollars, recently had a fire in its office that burned up practically all its physical assets, and the actual loss was something less than ten thousand dollars. It happened at the time that negotiations were going on for the sale of the business, and the sale went through as though nothing had happened, because the real value of the enterprise lay in the human organization and the established clientele.

It is out of the question that every business man can be so fortunate as this; but nearly everyone can do things to lessen the chances of loss when the time comes that he wants to quit.

A very experienced executive recently said this to me: "Every man who is in business ought to run his affairs with the thought in mind that he may want to sell out tomorrow!"

Even though one may have no idea of quitting for many years to come, this advice has a good deal to recommend it. When a man is thinking of selling out he is inclined to keep his affairs in a little better shape than ordinary, so the prospective purchaser will not find too many things to criticize. One of the main factors of the success of the chain-store organizations of the country lies in the fact that every branch manager must keep a strict record of his activities for the cold-blooded scrutiny of a managing board. It goes without saying that there are fewer bank failures because the banks have to be ready at all times to submit to the checking up of official examiners.

Too Much Individualism

Generally speaking, a business is salable when it is in such shape that it would go on even though the proprietor should drop out. Too much individualism of any sort is a bad thing, because it tends to create the situation where the business is valuable to only one person. For a number of years a man ran a very prominent retail specialty store in one of the larger Middle West cities and everybody supposed he was making a great deal of money, but when the time came that he wanted to retire he could not find anyone to take the business off his hands. After trying for two or three years to sell it as a going concern he eventually closed out at public auction and ended up by getting little more than one-third of the amount he thought the business was worth.

In this case the trouble lay in the fact that the merchant had a passion for buying and could not resist gratifying his individual tastes. He had a competent force of salespeople, but never let any one of them have a word as to the merchandise that was to be purchased, the result being that it was in effect a one-man business, although in every other way it was run in efficient fashion.

A man who had investigated the business with view of a possible purchase said this: "If the merchant had been willing to consult with his clerks occasionally he would have been a good many thousand dollars better off in the final outcome. They were the ones who came in actual contact with the buying public, and they were in better position to know what would sell than their employer, who spent most of his time back in his private office. As it was, he never made use of more than about half his capital; when I went through the stock fully 50 per cent of it was stuff that he had bought simply because it struck his personal fancy, and with no regard to its salability. Probably he enjoyed running things the way he did, but certainly he paid a good price for his pleasure."

One does not always have to wait until selling-out time to find that it does not pay to be too individualistic in business. A few years ago a young man who had been connected with a manufacturing corporation in New York decided to go into business on his own account and invested his accumulated capital in a small manufacturing plant. From the first he began to make money, which was not to be wondered at, because he had considerable ability and was willing to work harder than almost anyone else. He was always at his factory in the morning along with the porters, and during the day he acted as his own foreman, directing his force of thirty workmen, and attended his office work between times with the help of a couple of bookkeepers. He would break away for an hour or two each day to call on the local trade, and occasionally made quick trips to see buyers in near-by cities. Altogether he made such progress that a year or so ago a very large corporation offered him the exclusive right to manufacture a certain patented article, the only proviso being that he should purchase a certain amount of material each month from the corporation.

Why the Banker Was Aloof

It was, the young manufacturer felt, a chance in a lifetime, because the market for the article was already established and the process of manufacture fitted so well into his operations that he would not even need to buy extra machinery or change the running of his plant other than to hire a few extra hands. Full of optimism over the outlook he went to see his banker to make arrangements for the extra financing the new departure would require. The corporation had stipulated that he pay monthly for all material he should purchase from it, and though he did not anticipate any trouble in swinging the increased business he wanted to be on the safe side. The rest of the story I will tell precisely as the young manufacturer told it to me.

"The banker seemed to be quite impressed," he said, "when I showed him my financial statement that I had brought along and saw how well I had done in the couple of years I had been in business. He also agreed that the contract I was considering had big possibilities, and led me to believe he might finance me up to any reasonable amount. But he said he did not want to take snap judgment and would call around at my factory next day to look things over and have a further talk before giving me a definite answer.

"He came at the appointed time and I am sure he was favorably impressed when I took him through the big workroom where my thirty men were busy at the machines, and then back to the office where I showed him a stack of orders from firms he knew to be substantial. While we sat in the office talking I was called out into the shop two or three times to look after certain details, and twice I was called to the telephone to talk to customers about things my two office helpers could not handle. I was pretty well pleased that the banker should see how important I was, until he let drop a certain remark. 'You seem to have the making of a good business here,' he said, 'but I'm afraid you aren't on a very solid basis.'

"I told him I admitted I didn't have all the money in the world, but I thought there was no doubt about the solidity of a business that was running at full capacity and with plenty of orders ahead. Besides which, I added, the contract offered me by the big corporation was in itself an added asset of considerable value.

"'I was coming to that,' the banker answered. 'I'm afraid I can't recommend you to my board of directors for the line of

(Continued on Page 117)

THERE is a sense of pride that adds to the satisfaction of having a Skinner lining. It gives distinction to the garment and outwears all other silk linings. There are many grades of raw silk—Skinner uses one grade—the finest. One reason for Skinner prestige that has grown every year for three-quarters of a century.

In purchasing garments ready-to-wear, look for the Skinner label shown below. In ordering from a merchant tailor,

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Skinner's Satin

All-Silk or Cotton-Back

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's cloaks, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

Established 1848

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS — NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA — MILLS, HOLYOKE, MASS.

For the all-aluminum kitchen
Consider how satisfactory good aluminum ware is for all cooking; and how little it costs by the year.
Then consider the extra durability which Mirro utensils derive from the hard, thick metal of which they are made. And consider that the complete Mirro line, with its 610 articles, provides the right utensil for every purpose.
Don't you think that an all-Mirro kitchen would be ideal?
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum
MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

(Continued from Page 114)

credit you would be obliged to have in case you took on that contract.'

"This was something of a body blow, for I had set my heart on taking the big contract and supposed there would be no trouble in getting it financed. But I had no intention of begging anyone to lend me money, and I got up out of my chair to let the banker see the interview was over so far as I was concerned. He got up, too, and stood by the window a minute while he pulled on his gloves. Down below on the street an Italian peanut vender had pushed his little wheeled roaster up to the curb and stood hawking his wares to the passing crowd. The banker pointed to the scene.

"'You've got the same kind of business as that peanut merchant down there,' he said to me. 'Both of you are running one-man shows. If anything should happen to him his business would stop; and the same thing might be said of yours. As a matter of fact, he has got a little the better of you, because under forced sale his peanut roaster would bring somewhere near what it is worth, while your plant here with its special machinery and partly finished product would go for about twenty cents on the dollar.

"'You are probably thinking I am a tightwad because I won't recommend you to my board as good for a line of credit, but have you stopped to think how little security you offer? I've been noticing how you run things. Your factory evidently can't go for more than a few minutes at a time without calling on you for help, and you haven't trained your office people even to answer telephone calls from your customers intelligently. When a bank puts out money it wants something solid to back up the loan, and that is what you haven't got. If you had an organization it might be different; but as it is you've merely got a one-man business that would stop whenever you would stop.'

"He went away, and with him went my hopes of making big money from the contract I thought I was going to be able to swing. But perhaps the incident was worth money to me, after all, because for the first time I saw how precarious my situation really was. What he had said about my not having an organization hit me specially hard, for when I looked matters squarely in the face I realized I had not tried to build an organization mainly because it was flattering to my vanity to feel I was the whole show. From that time I began to try to develop my business in such a way that it might be worth something in case I dropped out of it; that it might have a transfer value."

As this manufacturer said, running a business to show how good you are is a dangerous disease; the man afflicted with conceitedness is hard to cure, because from the very nature of his malady he will not admit there is anything the matter with him. Several years ago a prominent corporation with several thousand stockholders and numerous branch offices throughout the country suddenly began to show a falling off in its earnings. It appears the man who had been president and principal stockholder for many years wanted to take things easier, and started on a year's trip around the world after effecting an arrangement in the executive offices whereby the vice president was put in active charge.

Big Heads and Small Profits

This enlargement of his powers seemed to have a bad effect on the vice president, for at once he began to take steps to show who was boss around the place. One of the things he did was to give orders that the managers of the branch offices should report directly to him instead of to the sales department, which act brought him into direct conflict with the sales manager, who was a man of as great determination as himself and who was, besides, a rather important stockholder in the company. The sales manager refused to accept this curtailment of his authority, and for several months the managers of the branch offices received two different sets of instructions each week, which naturally resulted in their doing nothing at all beyond routine work, for none of them cared to risk his job by showing too much activity in carrying out a set of orders that might be rescinded the following day.

At last the vice president thought of a plan by which he believed he would settle once for all the question of superior authority. During a period when the sales manager was out of town on a business trip the vice president had installed in the general offices a system of push buttons by which he could summon his various subordinates, and one of the wires terminated in the private office of the sales manager. But even this plan failed to settle the question, because the sales manager would not come when he was rung for! Naturally the earnings of the company slumped during this clash of wills, and it was not until the president, apprised of the trouble, came back from Japan and settled down to his old job again that normalcy was restored.

The transfer value of any enterprise depends almost entirely on whether it is run as a business or mainly to gratify the sense of individual importance; and many executives are applying the rule to employes as well as to officials. Not long ago I was in the office of the general manager of a big wholesale concern on lower Broadway, New York, which was in need of a traveling salesman to represent the house in a certain section of the West. It was a good job, paying a liberal salary as well as commissions, and the house had received numerous letters in response to its advertisement in the trade papers. From these letters the general manager had selected half a dozen of the most likely applicants for personal interviews, and while I was there one of the applicants came in. He was a fine-looking man, well dressed, and with the self-possessed air of conscious success. For perhaps twenty minutes he was closeted with the general manager, after which he reappeared, walked quickly toward the elevator, stuffing some papers into his coat pocket as he went, and was shot down to the street floor. The general manager told me about the interview.

A Boast That Lost a Job

"I certainly would have liked to sign a contract with that salesman," he said, "but I didn't dare to. He has covered that territory for several years in the interest of another house in the trade, and he told me the reason he wanted to make a change was because our concern is larger and he believed he could do more business with our line. Evidently he knows his business, and from the amount of merchandise he has been selling he must be a hard worker. Here is what scared me off: Along with his references and his figures showing his annual sales he had letters from several buyers in the territory who said they would continue to buy from him no matter what house he represented. He appeared vastly proud of these letters, as indeed he had a right to be, because they showed his personal popularity; but he let drop this remark: 'I've got my trade out in that territory sewed up in my vest pocket; if I sign up with your house you'll get the benefit of it. I can carry nine-tenths of my customers with me, no matter who I go with!'

"Of course that was putting it pretty strong, because none of us is quite good enough to sweep people entirely off their feet; but even if it were entirely true, that remark of his would have taken away any inclination to sign him up as our representative. In the first place we aren't trying to beat our competitors by stealing their salesmen; and in the second place we don't want a salesman who has got his trade sewed up in his vest pocket. If he could transfer his customers to us so easily, he could take them away just as easily in case he should ever decide to quit us. And if we were to go on that kind of policy, pretty soon we wouldn't have any organization at all. Our business would be worth merely the value of the merchandise in our warehouses, nothing more."

If the big enterprises of the country find it pays to keep their eyes constantly on the transfer value of their enterprises, certainly it pays the small business man just as well. In New York State there is a man who is the owner of a chain of retail stores for which he recently turned down an offer based on a valuation of one hundred cents on the dollar for all stock, fixtures and equipment, and a substantial bonus besides. A few years ago he had only one store, and a small one at that. His description of how he started to grow from a little business man to a big one makes an interesting story.

"When I first got into business for myself," he said, "I suppose I had about the same ideas about organization as most men similarly situated; I thought organization was only for the rich who could afford a lot

(Continued on Page 119)

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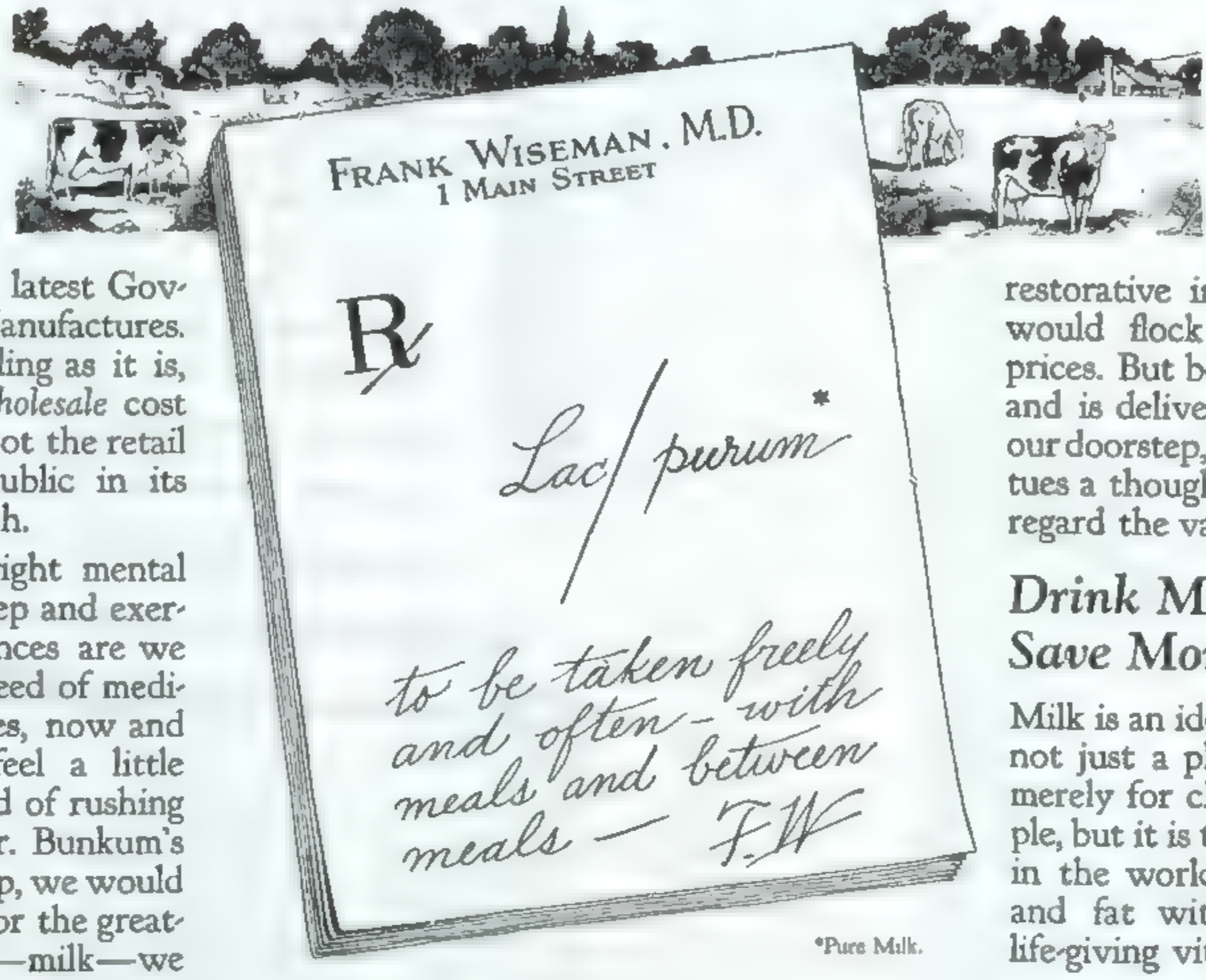
Medicine vs. Milk



*Pure Milk.

Here is a prescription that is worth $219,000,000 many times over. It has built more strong bodies than all the medicines invented or compounded by man from the beginning of time.

MORE than $219,000,000 a year for patent medicines in the United States! This is the astounding figure quoted by the latest Government Census of Manufactures. And this figure, startling as it is, represents only the *wholesale* cost of these medicines—not the retail price paid by the public in its frantic search for health.

If we maintain the right mental attitude, if we eat, sleep and exercise properly, the chances are we will seldom feel the need of medicines. There are times, now and then, when we all feel a little below par. If, instead of rushing off for a bottle of Dr. Bunkum's Tonique to brace us up, we would go to Nature herself for the greatest of all food-tonics—milk—we would be a different lot of men and women.

Milk is Nature's Patent

—the only food she ever made solely for food. It cannot be reproduced artificially. Only Nature herself can so perfectly blend all the elements of a well-balanced diet as she has in milk.

Milk sounds like patent medicine when all its virtues are catalogued. It is the oldest prescription in the world—Nature's prescription for the building of strong, healthy bodies, Nature's revitalizer, Nature's maker of rich, red blood, Nature's nerve quieter, Nature's antidote for that "tired feeling".

If milk were put up in bottles of a different shape and size, if it were given a fanciful name and announced for what it really is as "the greatest body builder and health restorative in the world", people would flock to buy it at fancy prices. But because it costs so little and is delivered every morning at our doorstep, we seldom give its virtues a thought. We are apt to disregard the value of familiar things.

Drink More Milk and Save Money

Milk is an ideal food for all ages—not just a pleasant drink or food merely for children. It looks simple, but it is the most complex food in the world—liquid meat, sugar and fat with mineral salts and life-giving vitamines added.

Nutrition experts declare milk to be the most nearly perfect food we have as well as one of the cheapest, for it can take the place of so many more expensive foods. A quart of milk contains the same "energy" value as 8 eggs or 2 pounds of potatoes or ¾ of a pound of lean beef or ⅓ of a pound of cheese.

Save on other things if you must, but not on milk. If anybody in your family objects to drinking raw milk there are many ways in which it can be served—in soups, custards, ice cream, desserts, cocoa, cream sauces—lots of good things. Use it—if you are run down, to build you up. Use it—if you are well, to keep you healthy and strong.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—in bringing to the minds of millions of our citizens an appreciation of the wonders of milk—hopes to increase the use of this most nearly perfect food. And, in addition, it desires to arouse public consciousness to the dangers of milk that is not produced and marketed under proper conditions—and by so doing bring about more rigid inspection and safeguard the cleanliness of the milk supply of the nation.

The Treasury Department of the U. S. in its Public Health Bulletin No. 136 publishes the results of a study of the practices of the Health Departments in 83 cities of the United States—milk supervision being one of the subjects under investigation. It is surprising and disappointing to find that only 31 of the 83 cities report the use of a milk grading system, and among these 31 there is little uniformity as to requirements. Only 39 cities demand the tuberculin testing of all herds from which raw milk is sold. Medical examination of milk handlers is carried out by but 19 of the 83 cities.

Find out what the conditions are in your city. Investigate the source of your milk supply. Organize a committee to go to your local Board of Health or Health Officer and find out what is being done to make milk safe. If they report the milk is not properly inspected, agitate the question in your local newspapers. Make sure that you get *safe* milk.

If your own local authorities have not yet taken up the matter of protecting your milk supply, it is advisable that you Pasteurize your own milk at home. You will find full and simple directions in a booklet "All About Milk" which the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to send you by mail, free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 117)

of high-priced help and who could spend big sums of money on installing systems of accounting and bookkeeping and all that sort of thing. I had an idea I might do something about it sometime when I got all my debts paid and could afford to spend money on frills, but meantime I just went ahead and did the best I could.

"This meant that I did pretty much everything about the place myself. I had a couple of young fellows working for me, but I never thought of them as anything but a background for my own activities, and I really never gave them much of a chance to show what they could do. If there was more than one customer in the place I would hurry up with the person I was waiting on so as to rush to the assistance of the clerks, afraid that they wouldn't be able to make a sale. It always gave me a little thrill of importance when some customer would come in and say he would wait for me to attend his wants personally. I know now I was paying a pretty good price for these thrills, because whenever I had to be out of the place for an hour or so there was never much business done. Then there came a time when I had a spell of sickness and was laid up at home for more than a month, during which time the business practically stood still. When I got back on the job I found just about enough money had come in to pay the rent and the clerk hire, with nothing left over to take care of the bills that had been falling due.

"A couple of weeks after I had gone back to work I had occasion one morning to go down to one of the hotels in town, and in the lobby I ran across a traveling man who represented a factory from which I had been in the habit of buying my goods. I thought he looked a little embarrassed when he saw me, and the reason came out when, after talking a few minutes, I asked him what time he was coming around to my place with his catalogues.

"'I'm afraid I won't have time to call on you this trip,' he answered. 'I'm just checking out my baggage to catch the noon train.' Then, evidently deciding he might as well make a clean breast of it, he added very seriously, 'The house gave me instructions to pass you up this time. You know you haven't paid the last bill yet.'

"My first impulse was to tell him he needn't bother ever to call on me again; but I curbed the desire and instead started to explain that it was not my fault the account had not been paid, and that moreover I had written his house explaining how I had been away from business for more than a month, during which time, of course, there had been little doing.

"'Yes, I know,' he interrupted. 'I saw the letter you wrote the house just before I started on this trip. The credit manager asked me a lot of questions about you, and I told him just what I knew; that you are a good producer in your own way, but that you have never seemed to get your business organized so it will go on without you. He thought it over and decided I had better not offer to sell you any more goods until you got the old account straightened out.'

"The thought that these two men had been sitting together and coldly discussing my desirability as a debtor sort of riled me, and I told the traveling man with some heat that so long as I was able to work no one ever need worry over any money I might owe. Besides which, I added, a man with a small business like mine could not afford to organize like some big corporation.

"'But you know,' he came back at me, friendly enough but serious, 'any man is likely to get sick; and if his ability to pay his debts rests entirely on his keeping well he isn't quite a first-class credit risk. As for your saying you can't afford to organize your business, I would like to say that perhaps you can't afford not to do it. Anyhow organization isn't such a pompous thing as you probably imagine. To organize a business simply means to arrange its details so it will go on awhile even though you yourself stop.'

"For a week after this I felt pretty gloomy. I knew well enough that what the traveling man had said was true; that my business was a one-man affair and if anything should happen to me, my family and my creditors would get mighty little out of it. Under pressure of these uncomfortable thoughts I evolved a scheme that I thought might be at least a start in the right direction. After closing time one evening I held conference with my two clerks and talked to them something like this:

"'From now on we're going to go on a little different basis around here. I want you two boys to shoulder some of the responsibility of the business, and to work you into it gradually I am going to start by letting you run things for an hour each day by yourselves. During that hour I am going to hide myself in the back room and work on the books. I won't come out for anything or anybody, and you boys will be just as much in charge of the business as though I were in China. I promise you in advance that I won't find fault with anything you do in that hour; if something turns out wrong we'll just talk it over afterward and try to analyze what was the matter with it.'

"That was about the extent of my first attempt to organize my business, and I don't pretend it was a whirlwind of a success from the start. I knew I was losing some sales to people who would come in and, finding I was not about, go out again. It was more than a month before I got any real encouragement. On that occasion I had gone into the back room for my hour's seclusion with the books when Henry, the older of the clerks, slipped back to me, full of excitement.

"'There's a man out there,' he said, 'who wants to buy a couple of hundred dollars' worth of stuff and he insists on seeing you. I think he believes you will make him better prices. I told him I thought I might be able to find you. Hadn't you better come out and see him?'

"Believe me, I had to grip the arms of my chair to keep from doing what Henry suggested, because two hundred dollars was real money to me at that time. I had to recall the shock the traveling man had given me before I gave Henry my answer.

"'Tell the gentleman,' I said, 'that you are the senior salesman of the establishment and as such are empowered to quote quantity prices as low as anyone else. If that doesn't satisfy him we'll just have to lose the sale.'

"I couldn't help peeking to see how my policy worked, and apparently it did not work very well. I saw Henry pull some articles down from the shelves to show the customer and get out a catalogue to verify the prices; but the customer seemed to be in a half-hearted mood, and after a few minutes' inspection of the things he went out. I went back to my bookkeeping, feeling pretty gloomy.

"But half an hour later when I came out from retirement I saw the customer had come back. Henry was arranging the articles purchased in a pile on the counter for delivery and the customer was making out a check. He nodded to me as I approached, but he handed the check to Henry. It was the first two-hundred-dollar sale ever made in my store that I had not made personally. It was also a sign that I had made a start toward creating a value for my enterprise aside from the uncertain profits of my personal activities."

THE RATIONAL HIND

(Continued from Page 7)

The reproof was mild enough, yet Leon felt the sting of it, and his tone was vaguely apologetic as he replied.

"That's so," he assented. "But I've seen what they are doing, other places; and I think we can do something around here. We've got to do something. Taxes going up all the time; and we don't want to sell off any land."

"We mustn't ever sell any land," Esther agreed.

"I'll help Caleb here, of course," Leon went on. "But I'd like to do some planting up there too. It won't do any harm."

"There's more than you both can do around the place here," Esther reminded him. "It's kind of swamped Caleb."

The discussion was continued in the evenings, day by day. Leon thought they might, with so much waste land, breed cattle for the market, if only on a small scale.

"We've always vealed our bull calves," he reminded Caleb. "But we can patch up the fences a bit and let them run for a year or two and make money on them." He proposed buying a good bull; but Esther vetoed this suggestion with a single word, so positively that even Leon did not repeat the proposal to her. He did urge it on Caleb. "The stock we've got is run down," he argued. "There isn't any good blood in the county. I milked four cows last night and got less than ten quarts of milk."

"We don't feed them any; they just pasture," Caleb explained.

"Then let's feed them," Leon urged.

But Caleb shook his head.

"Esther doesn't like that sort of thing," he replied. "She never did."

"Esther's all right," Leon said thoughtfully. "But she'd never make a farmer's wife."

Leon's plan to put in a garden in the rich high land on the Howe farm was mentioned only once or twice more in their evening discussions; the thing never came to an open issue. But Esther never forbade the venture; and when the work about the home place was in hand Leon one morning loaded the plow on the cart and drove around by the road and up to the spot he had chosen. When he came home at noon for dinner constraint sat heavy upon them all. Esther made no sign, seemed undisturbed; but Caleb and Dora ate in silence, watching the brother and sister as though expecting an outbreak. Leon did not force the matter. In the afternoon he returned to his task. That evening he spoke enthusiastically of the richness of the land up there.

"It won't need dressing," he told them. "I've been surprised to see just how good it was. I'm going to put in some beans and peas this year, and maybe some potatoes."

He spoke at length, tried to draw from Caleb an opinion; but Caleb held a discreet silence, and Dora watched Esther expectantly.

Esther said at last, "I'm sure we don't mind your trying it, Leon. But of course the work around home must be done."

"It's going to be done," Leon assured her.

Through the weeks of early summer, in the interval between planting and haying, he spent more and more time on the ridge. After the long toil of the haymaking was done he returned once more to the tasks of his choice. But he was not so apt to talk to them now about what he was doing there, and Dora remarked his silence and thought he was afraid of what Esther might say. One warm afternoon in July she walked up through the fields, planning to join him and come home with him at dusk. But she came home alone, and her cheeks were pale when she stumbled into the house.

Esther saw her and asked at once, "Dora, whatever is the matter with you?"

Dora said miserably, "Why, Esther?"

"You're pale. What is it? What happened?"

Dora wished to hold her tongue; but she was afraid of Esther. "Leon ——" she stammered.

"What is Leon doing?" Esther asked. The older sister was quite calm, perceiving that something was amiss, preparing herself to cope with any emergency.

"He was over by the stone wall, talking to Jennie Weir," said Dora in tones of stark dismay.

Even Esther was faintly appalled at that; Dora saw that for a moment her color fled. But Esther could never be shaken for long.

"I will speak to Leon," she replied. "You did right to tell me, Dora."

"They were talking across the wall," Dora ventured, as though that might palliate the crime.

"Leon has forgotten himself," Esther commented, and said again, "I will speak to him."

IV

FERGUS WEIR had been a granite cutter on Fox Islands for a dozen years of his life; five or six years before this time he had found himself seized by that affliction of the lungs to which men of his craft are subject. The man himself was of a wiry and resisting breed; his wife had a wholesome gusto about her. They decided that he should buy a farm; and the hills about Fraternity were full of farms for sale. So they had come into the community, and Fraternity received them with a mild friendliness. There is no shame intrinsic in the task of shaping granite; Fergus felt no inferiority in the community, nor was he made to feel any. Accustomed to industry and with thrift in his bone, he whipped the straggly farm into shape, patched up the buildings, grubbed out the birch shoots which were swarming across his pasture lands, reseeded a meadow or two, painted his house.

Not all at once. The process was a slow one. During the long winter, when there was so little else he could do, he repaired the buildings where he might be sheltered from the cold. When these tasks failed he cut and manufactured and stacked cordwood, some for his own use and some for market. In the spring, when the earth was soft with frost, he wallowed in the icy muck, grubbing out his fields.

His planting was done quickly and carefully; his hay was never spoiled by rains that caught him unawares. By the time Leon came back from the war the Weir farm was in good order, as well tended as any in the town.

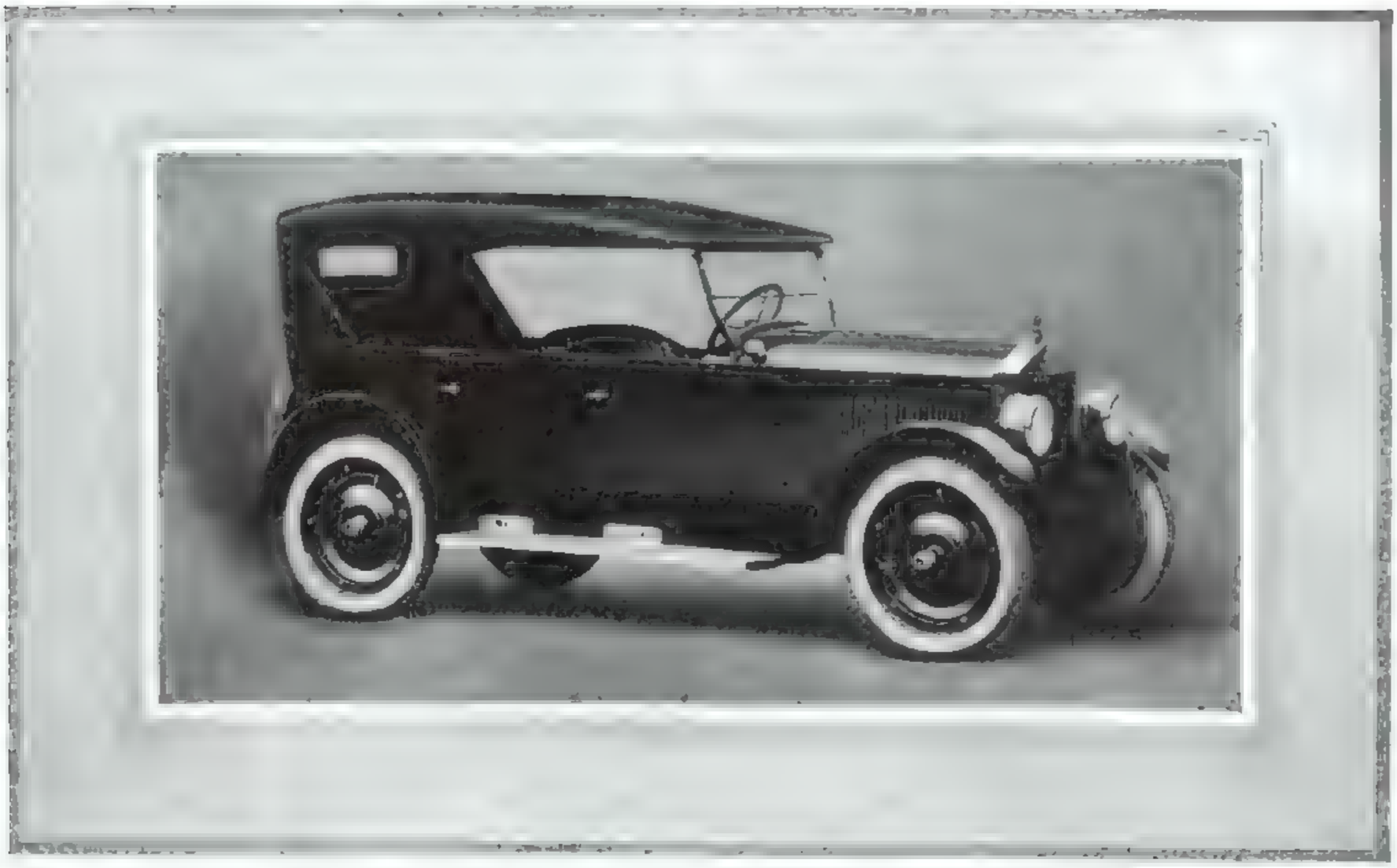
Fergus himself was in large measure responsible for this result; but his wife and their daughter had each contributed to the end. Mrs. Weir was a woman who reveled in sheer labor. Fergus, foraying with his wild mates from the quarries, had encountered her at a dance in Bath in the days of his youth. Chance so directed affairs that he fought on her behalf; the man he fought was taller by a head, but Fergus laid him low with a chair, and the girl admired his prowess. They were married next morning. For a year or two thereafter he had occasion to fight for her more than once again; for she was one of those women in whom men sense the slumbering of slow fires at which they seek to warm themselves. Her loyalty to Fergus brought him many a buffet; but he had a ruthless ferocity which made up for his lack of stature, and men began to leave him alone. Their baby was born, and Mrs. Weir made Fergus hire a house, in which later on she took boarders and became as thrifty as he. Now she loved to come into her kitchen in the morning and find the pans all scoured; she reveled in the soapy hot water and the rattle of dishes; she found a clean, physical satisfaction in the hiss of hot milk upon the bottom of a tin pail; and she loved the warm smell of baking bread. Her floors were like the decks of a ship, her counterpanes as white as snow.

This baby of theirs was grown to be Jennie Weir. Leon had seen her before he went to war; but she had left only a faint imprint on his memory. At that time she was a stocky girl of fifteen or sixteen with a pigtail of moist brown hair, and dark eyes, and freckles across her nose and cheek bones. She must have come with her father sometimes to the Dillard farm; and Leon was able now to conjure up a vague memory which pictured her sitting on the high seat of the cart, a lumpish sort of girl. He had thought no more of her, and their first encounter after his home-coming was in the nature of a discovery, on his part if not on hers. She must have thought about him, for his return was part of the gossip of the town.

He was working that day on the southward slope of the Howe farm, cultivating potatoes which he had planted there. The end of each row brought him to the crumbling stone wall which marked the boundary between the farms. During the forenoon he saw that a girl was driving a horse which drew a rude drag harrow across the plowed land adjoining. The course of this horse was to and fro, parallel with the wall; each turn brought the girl nearer where Leon was working. It was strange to him to see a woman in the fields, and he wondered about it; remembered that Fergus Weir had bought this adjoining farm, remembered that Fergus had a daughter, remembered the lumpish child upon the cart.

By and by the end of a row brought him to the wall as the horse and its drag approached; the girl stood upon the drag, her body swaying to the inequalities of the ground, the reins held in both her hands. For the first time he looked at her more intently and perceived that the lumpishness was gone. This girl was not slim; yet she stood so easily, with her fine shoulders well back, that she seemed slender. Only closer scrutiny revealed the satisfying substance of her. The little summer winds, eddying around her feet, stirred her skirts a little and he saw that she was barefooted. The

(Continued on Page 122)



Series "A" Special

Equipped with four-wheel hydraulic brakes.

$1295

f. o. b. factory

FROM A THINKING AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURER

—*to the Thinking Automobile Buyer*

IT'S a common thing for an automobile salesman to raise his eyebrows and say that the So-and-So car is an "assembled car."

He works the phrase overtime.

To him it seems the easy way to put his competitor's car out of the running, because nine times out of ten he doesn't get any argument.

Not being much of a student of the automobile industry himself, he takes a chance that the prospect won't know much about it, either.

• • •

Strange how the automobile purchaser, who has been all up and down the line, and compared cars inside and out, will let the salesman put him on the defensive.

THIS is what Moon dealers are hearing very often these days:

"I wish I had talked with the Moon people before I bought my last car."

No Moon dealer will be surprised to see himself 20% oversold in 1924.

Every man who has read the catalogues of even two or three makes of cars knows that practically every make of car today is an "assembled car"—*and has been for years.*

This came about when the demand for automobiles made it virtually impossible for the car manufacturer to make his cars complete under his own roof.

The needs brought about by this demand were responsible for one of the best things that ever happened to the automobile industry—the development of the *specialist* in mechanical units.

Men who make fine ignition systems—*and nothing else.*

Men who make sound axles, gears and bearings—*nothing else.*

Men who make engines so *right* that the car builder who *wants* to can always give you a *good one.*

Now, the thing that makes this talk about "assembled cars" so ridiculous is this:

Practically every car in America today is using units made by specialists—whether few or many. They are better—they are sound mechanical economics—and the public can rely on them in daily use.

The thing that distinguishes the Moon is that the makers of the Moon Car have carried the advantages of specialism out to their logical and complete conclusion.

Moon long ago freed itself from any false pride about making its own engines.

We have higher work for our engineering talent than to keep them working over engines that can be built better and at lower cost by the engine specialist.

What Moon is after is the *greatest engine value.*

We *get* it by having our engines built by the finest engine specialists in the automobile industry today.

• • •

Years ago, Moon worked out a successful production method that has given it its unique position in the automotive industry:

Article 1.

A unified, balanced car, designed by the Moon engineers, on the basis of *proven* mechanical units made by the leading specialists.

Article 2.

Have these *proven* mechanical units designed expressly to coordinate in the unified Moon Car by the specialist engineers working in collaboration with the Moon engineers.

Engine—The Moon engine is a special Moon-Continental Red Seal Motor, designed by the Continental specialists in collaboration with Moon.

Axles, Front and Rear—Special Moon-Timken design—through collaboration of the Moon engineers and the Timken specialists, built in the Timken factories.

Transmission—Special Moon-Warner design, created in collaboration by the Warner specialists and the Moon engineers, and built in the Warner factory.

Starting, Lighting, Ignition—Special Moon-Delco system, built in the Delco factories in collaboration between the Delco specialists and the Moon engineers.

Article 3.

Let the Moon engineers develop *their specialty*—the fine skill and utmost care in designing and constructing the finished car.

There is not in the automobile world a sweeter, truer job of sheer building integrity than you will find in the Moon Car.

You owe this to the fact that the Moon engineers have made themselves *specialists* in the practice of car-*building*.

The units are designed to go together.

They all fit.

Units that are meant to be rigid are riveted and bolted *tight*.

Parts that are meant to move, *do move*. They move with a *fluency and precision* which stamp a car as a true mechanical whole.

The Moon Factory has achieved success by putting plenty of good, old-fashioned *work* into a Moon Car.

Every man in the factory knows he might as well do it first as last—because every Moon Car goes through an actual road test before it leaves the factory.

And when we say "road test" we mean *road* test. Not a casual run down the loading platform—but a work-out on the open road, taking things as they come.

• • •

Seeing the trend of the automobile as we do—and making it the opportunity to give value—we are building the Moon Car to give you every last dollar's worth there is in the automobile industry.

Part of this you can see just as you stand before the car and look it over.

Moon specialized design—and if we do say it ourselves, there is not a more beautiful car on the roads today. Furthermore, you're not going to find this design changed on you. Your investment in a Moon Car is safe from the *artificial* depreciation due to forced style changes.

Distinctive Moon-Pullman body—and there's a *genuine* hardwood frame inside that body.

Deep seat cushions—with genuine Spanish Leather and first-quality curled hair.

• • •

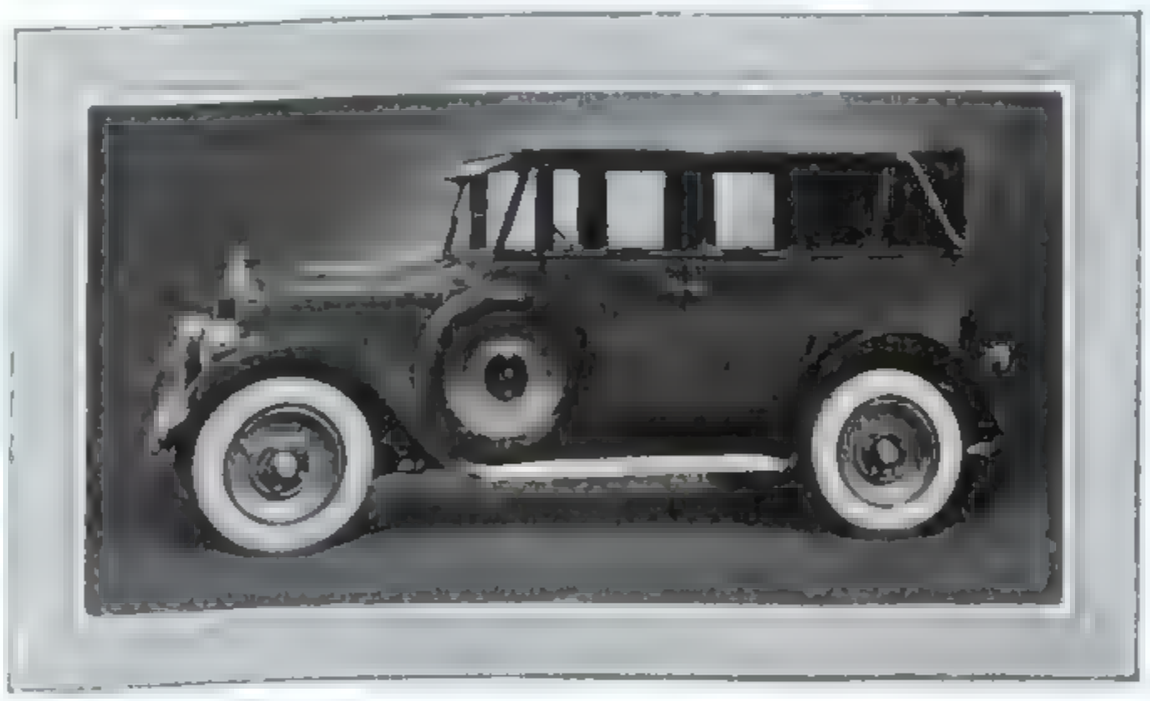
It would please us if you will do this:

Take this advertisement along with you to any Moon Dealer. Check it up.

Let him put a Moon Car at your disposal. Drive it yourself.

It will confirm every one of theseprintedwords to your conclusive satisfaction.

Prices on Moon Carsaccommodate a wide range of preference—all the way from the *Series "A" Touring* at $1095, to the *6-58 Petite Sedan* at $2685. All prices F. O. B. Factory.



Series "U" Petite Sedan
Style authority without question.
$1995
f. o. b. factory

MOON HAS ADOPTED HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES AND BALLOON TIRES AS OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT

MOON

FROM A THINKING AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURER —TO THE THINKING AUTOMOBILE BUYER

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A. FOUNDED 1907, BY JOSEPH W. MOON

"My kind of a pencil"

"Soft, smooth lead that makes writing a pleasure. Strong, too, and long lasting. Even this pencil's shape 'pleases the fingers.' I've never had a pencil that suited me so well. And yet it's moderate in price."

DIXON
"TI·CON·DER·OGA"
The Business Pencil

AT ALL STATIONERS

Write for Sample

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 9-J Jersey City, N. J.

From $25 to $64.50 the first week!

Are you in some business where you are not getting the money you know you are capable of earning? If you really have ambition, if you have the grit and determination to get into your proper place, then why not act TO-DAY? Grasp this opportunity to earn more money, and occupy a worthwhile position in the business world. This is what Robert Mitzell did. After 11 years in the furniture trade he was getting only $25 a week. His first week as a Fuller Man he made $64.50. Hundreds of other men who were in similar ruts saw *their* chance and *took it!* To-day, as Fuller Men they are earning more money than they ever thought they could earn. Even if you have no selling experience, Fuller will give you the

Free Training that will make you a Real Salesman.

All Fuller asks is that you have the real stuff in you, the go-get it spirit to make money. Then he will send you out equipped to succeed, just as he has trained over 5,000 Fuller Men, now the most successful salesmen in the country. (See full page advt., page 38, this same issue.)

Write for this Book

"Out of the Rut," telling how YOU can become one of these successful salesmen. Don't wait for it, but call at any one of the 230 Fuller Branch Offices (for address of nearest one look in 'phone book).

The Fuller Brush Co., 1061 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.
(In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario)
Kindly mail a copy of "Out of the Rut" to

Name _____ Street _____ Age _____

Fuller

Continued from Page 119

shapeless calico dress she wore borrowed beauty from the form it covered. A sunbonnet was low across her brow and about her cheeks. He waited to see her more closely; and when the horse came to where he stood he spoke to her.

"A hot day!"

"Eh, yes, it's warm," she answered, rolling her r's in a pleasant, throaty fashion. Her voice was even and slow.

"You must be Jennie Weir," he told her.

"And who else would I be?"

"You don't know me, I expect."

"I used to know you," she replied.

"I'd not have remembered you," he confessed. "You've growed a lot in two years gone."

"Have I then?"

The horse had come to a stop as though without command. She pushed back the sunbonnet and wiped her forehead with her arm; and he saw the sweat glisten on her arm. Her feet, spotted with rich earth, were whiter for their stains; he thought how wise she was not to hide them in old and broken shoes. The brown hair was damp across her brow.

"You had freckles then," he told her, remembering.

She turned her eyes upon him appraisingly, then drew the bonnet about her face once more. "Eh, but it's warm for sure," she said again, and clucked to the horse and went upon her way. And this was all the first meeting of Leon and Jennie Weir.

But not the last. Leon found that the girl stayed in his thoughts. He had meant to tell Esther and the others when he got home that he had seen her; had meant to remark that she was grown, and that she had attained a certain comeliness. It was only when he realized that he had not related the incident to Esther that he perceived how much it had affected him. He was astonished at the change in the girl, his memory of the stocky child she had been was so vivid, his more recent recollection of the finely formed woman she had become was so keen. There was a pulse of warm blood in Leon; it had not been wholly bred away. He turned to the Howe farm again next day, though there was no pressing need, in the unadmitted hope that he would see her.

He saw her not that day, nor for a week thereafter. Then he made occasion to go to the farmhouse for a word with Fergus, and thus spoke with her again. A few days after that they encountered each other, as it were by chance, along the boundary wall. He found that the skin of her cheeks and throat was clear and rich as milk and her eyes astonishingly warm and brown; and there was an odor that lurked about her. He thought its seat must be in her heavy hair. It was rich and comforting and reassuring; yet there was at times a faintly sharper fragrance, hard to define. Once, when he leaned toward her, he thought she smelled sweetly of new milk and fresh young onions and clean-turned sod.

She was already one of those women who walk serene in beauty; a beauty that appealed not so much to the eye as to the inner senses. Leon found it in her voice, which disquieted him; he found it in her fragrance, which disturbed him; he found it in her eyes, which met his so equably. He thought there was about her something bovine; she was like a heifer! There were hours when he wondered whether her breath would prove to be as sweet as that of the placid cattle ruminating in the tie-up at home. There was something satisfying in merely looking at her; she had not so much a positive beauty as a lack of the uglinesses which are so apt to mar humanity. He tried to tell himself she was too big; she was as tall as he and may have been heavier. But this condemnation carried no conviction, even to his own mind.

He began to be afraid of her; distrustful of that in himself which she awakened. But he could not keep away from her. Their encounters, whether products of chance or tacitly planned, became more frequent.

So one day Dora saw them, talking together by the wall.

V

DORA DILLARD and Arthur Tuck had been—what word shall be used?—had been friends for a little more than five years. Their relation was as bloodless as it is possible for any relation between man and woman to be. It was understood that when he came to the farm he came to see Dora; even Esther recognized this, and accepted it. "I expect Arthur will be out to see you tomorrow," she would say. But it was never openly acknowledged between the sisters that there was any purpose, or could be any purpose, behind these visitings of his. It is almost literally true to say that Arthur and Dora had had no moment alone together in the five years gone. More than once Arthur had sought, in an ineffectual fashion, to maneuver such a thing; but Esther, smooth as iron, prevented without seeming to prevent.

She was able to do this by reason of the superior mental vigor which had always given her ascendancy over Dora. Dora would have assured you that she thought as Esther thought. Her opinions in the matter of Arthur and of the thing he threatened were in three strata. If you asked her whether she considered marriage indelicate she would have denied it quite evenly. At the same time she would have acknowledged to herself some such belief; while underneath these two opinions there would have been still a third, seldom admitted even to herself. There can be no question that Dora fundamentally loved Arthur Tuck and wished to marry him.

She wore the opinions of her sister like a garment; they not only covered her, they entered into her flesh and stiffened her and guided her footsteps. Thought of revolt had never come to her; it had never seemed conceivable to her that anyone could go against Esther. When Leon proceeded to farm the Howe place in spite of Esther's gentle objections Dora trembled for days, expecting she knew not what catastrophe to follow. When now she discovered Leon and Jennie Weir talking together in such pleasant wise beside the stone wall which divided their lands, she was torn between wonder at Leon's daring, and consternation at what he had done. She told Esther—it never occurred to her that she might connive with Leon and keep his secret—and waited in quivering anticipation to see what would happen.

Esther had said she would speak to Leon; but she was in no hurry to do so. That wise woman had not achieved her dominion over the minds of her family by rash and inconsiderate speech. So now she waited her time, and Dora waited, and Caleb—vaguely perceiving that some current ran beneath the smooth surface of their lives—likewise watched and waited. After a day or two Leon, whose conscience was already burdened with doubts, understood that Esther knew. His consternation was almost as acute as Dora's had been. Still no word was said; but Esther knew that Leon had perceived her displeasure. She waited, let him torment himself, wished to force him to speak first.

In this first small skirmish she was defeated, not by Leon's will but by his cowardice. Misunderstanding her tactics, he began to hope that, after all, he had been mistaken; began to hope that Esther knew nothing; began to think his imagination was responsible for his fears. Toward the end of the week he had in some measure recovered his confidence. There was after all no harm done; he had happened to talk once or twice to the girl. That was all. Of course if Esther knew she would reproach him; but if she knew she would have spoken.

So he held his tongue, and Esther was forced to speak.

She chose Sunday afternoon. The day was hot. The dinner dishes had been cleared away, the stock watered, the house put to rights. Someone might drop in, so there was a plate of cookies on the kitchen table, covered with a red patterned napkin; and lemons and sugar were set out ready for the hurried manufacture of lemonade. In front of the house toward the eastern end there was shade from a gigantic elm; the two brothers took chairs out to this cool spot. Sitting here, the brothers and sisters could watch the occasional team go by. Caleb sat with his hands idle in his lap, wearing his Sunday clothes with an ease which always differentiated the Dillards from the other men of Fraternity. Leon was smoking a pipe, a thing not permitted indoors. Dora had an embroidery hoop in her lap, her plump fingers busy with the fine needle. Esther, small and calm in her black dress, sat with her hands folded across her waist and rocked with precise little movements, thrusting her chair back with the tips of her toes, which rested on the sod.

She spoke first to Caleb. "Have you been up to see how Leon's farming is coming on?" she asked.

Caleb looked at her, and then at Leon. "Why, I went that way one day last week," he replied.

"Are the things doing well, Leon?" Esther inquired, in her mild, whispering voice.

Leon nodded his head. "Yes. Yes. The potatoes look good, and the corn, and the cucumbers."

"I noticed you were up there a good deal," Esther assented. "You oughtn't to leave too much of the work here to Caleb. He has just all he can do."

"He does more here than I do," Caleb confessed; but Esther shook her head.

"You were always one to take Leon's part," she told him.

Thus Leon perceived that he was upon the defensive. He moved uneasily in his chair, and with some ostentation knocked out his pipe and refilled it.

There was a little silence, and then Esther spoke of other things.

"I was thinking the other day that father tried to farm the Howe place once, but he decided he had all he could do here around home," she remarked. "We used to do a lot of farming when I was a girl. Before you can remember, Leon."

"Oh, I can remember," he replied.

"You could get help then," she continued. "There were more people in town, and they were always glad to come and work for your father. It pleased them to work for a Dillard. It's always been so, since your great-grandfather built this house; people have been proud of the place. It was the first house in town, you know."

"There's an old account book up in the attic," Dora remarked. "I read it one day. With the record of the building, and what everything cost. In pounds and shillings. The ink all yellow."

"I take a lot of satisfaction out of such things," Esther said mildly. "Grandfather kept a diary, too, for years. You ought to read it, Leon. It's good for a man to know what his family has been when they're a family to be proud of."

"Yes, that's so," Leon agreed.

"We don't often talk about these things," Esther commented. "But it's a good thing to remember them."

She rocked placidly in her chair, and Leon became more uncomfortable. "It's kind of warm," he said uncertainly, and wiped a sudden flowering of perspiration from his brow.

"I hadn't noticed it," Esther told him uncompromisingly.

"Why, it seems warm to me," he insisted. "Don't you feel kind of hot, Caleb?"

Caleb looked at Esther. "There's a good breeze," he compromised.

A long silence fell upon them then; and in this silence Leon suffered. After all, he reminded himself, he ought not to worry. Esther. He knew she had the interests of the family at heart; the family had always been dear to her. That was Esther's strength; it was always so obviously of others that she thought. He was already on her side, against himself, before she spoke again. When she did speak the attack was more direct.

"You remember Fergus Weir bought that farm beyond the Howe place," she reminded him, in a tone half questioning.

"Yes, I remember," Leon confessed.

"He's done very well for himself," Esther commented. "I always like to see a man better himself, don't you?" Her tone was kind, but it put Fergus Weir so definitely in his place.

"It looks in good shape over there," Leon agreed.

"I haven't seen it for a year," Esther said. "I never go that way." She addressed her sister. "Do you ever walk up that way, Dora?" Dora, caught unawares, could not speak. Esther turned back to Leon. "Dora likes to walk around the farm in the summer," she explained. "You remember, she was always one to walk."

He understood that Dora must have seen him with Jennie, and he was sorry for her; she sat now so miserably busy with her embroidery. He knew how shocked she must have been at her discovery.

"Our father always was one to be neighborly," Esther remarked. "He did so many things to help Mr. Weir get a start there. The man was so helpless. Just a day laborer, before he came here. They say his wife works very hard."

Leon knew he should say something but found nothing to say.

Esther murmured, "I must go over and see if there isn't something I can do to help

(Continued on Page 125)

MAKES AN OIL STOVE COOK LIKE A GAS RANGE

PATENTED

KEROGAS

TRADE BURNER MARK

Kerogas Means Better Cooking

If you have meals to prepare for a hungry family—men folks at work, children at school—you *know* the value of time.

Now needless drudgery and time waste can easily be avoided. Simply go to your stove dealer and ask to see an oil stove equipped with Patented Kerogas Burners

Perfect command of your fire—that's what this burner assures. The slightest turn of a little control wheel gives you the exact degree of heat you want—*when* you want it. Just like using a gas range—only the cost is considerably less.

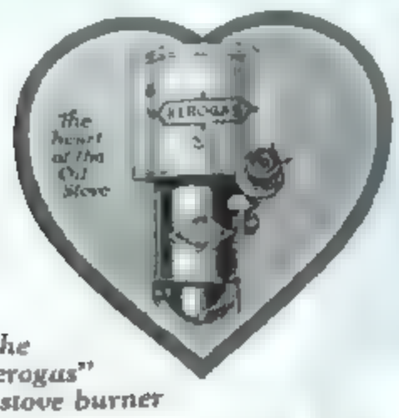
And why does it cost less? Because you use the cheapest fuel known—common kerosene—which the Patented Kerogas Burner automatically mixes—burning one part kerosene to 400 parts of air—to produce a powerful, steady "flame within a flame"—the moment you apply a match.

A number of different brands of exceptionally good oil stoves are equipped with these wonderful burners. To be sure that you choose wisely—

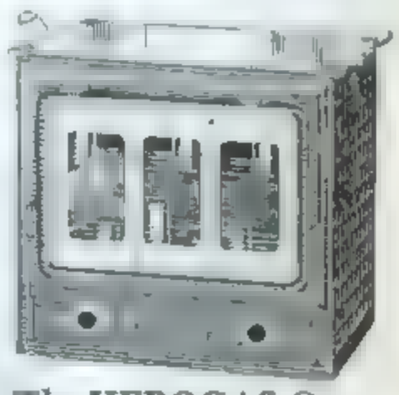
Look for the trademark KEROGAS on the burner.

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every Giant Kerogas Oil Stove equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the New Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is equal to four of the most intense heat when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas burners are also available.



Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner



The KEROGAS Oven for Baking and Roasting

is a little companion of the Kerogas Burner. A real help on any busy day. Cooks with uniform results because temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath.

Manufactured by **A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., 1238 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges

Dealer's Note: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with the Kerogas Burners.

FROM · PHONOGRAPH · TO · RADIO · AND · BACK · IN · A · FLASH

Emerson PhonoradiO

–the only Instrument that changes from Phonograph to Radio · · without Attachments or Detachments

Here you have the truly ideal combination—a beautiful Period cabinet embodying radio set and a phonograph of purest tone and quality

In one second, by simply pulling out a lever, you switch from phonograph to radio and back again. There are no cords, no loud-speaking units, or other complicated arrangements showing outside the cabinet or under the lid, and the beauty of it all is that the Emerson PhonoradiO is *not* a "NEW" or untried product. All that is new is the idea of combining the two features for your greatest pleasure and convenience; so that, in a flash, you may utilize the beautiful "*Music Master*" spruce amplifier as a radio loud speaker; then, in another instant, for bringing out the greatest tonal purity possible from your phonographic recordings

The Emerson Phonograph—incased in the PhonoradiO is the finest example of this artistic instrument, which has won the appreciation of music lovers the world over. For resonance and tonal beauty and fidelity in reproduction, it is unsurpassed. It has all the improvements which make the Emerson outstanding in distinction among the trade as well as among the most critical musicians

The Perfected Radio incased in the PhonoradiO carries the guarantee of the Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company, a pioneer in the manufacture of radio sets and equipment, with service stations in all large cities. It is a four-tube radio frequency set of the non-regenerative type noted for wide range and simplicity of operation.

The Famous Music Master Reproducer—the horn is of straight grained spruce—the music wood of Stradivarius and the violin-makers of Cremona. This horn is the mouthpiece of both the Emerson Phonograph and PhonoradiO, and together with the true-tone sound box is responsible for its remarkable tonal purity

❖ ❖ ❖

At your dealer's hear the PhonoradiO, or write us for detailed description. Distributors and representatives of high character wanted.

WASMUTH-GOODRICH COMPANY, *Peru, Indiana*

Manufacturers of Emerson PhonoradiO and Console Phonographs

Eastern Sales Representative
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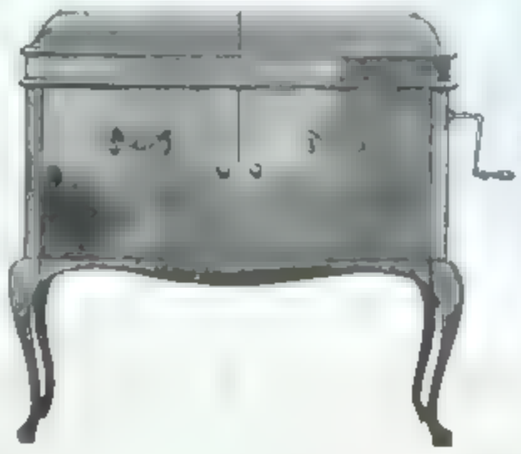
EMERSON *PhonoradiO*

The Blenheim PhonoradiO
Queen Anne Period Console in brown mahogany or Burr walnut—nickel trim … stamping compartment for phonograph and radio … well as album filing system
Price $300

Patents have been applied for on this device, covering this or similar applications.



Lady Churchill PhonoradiO
Rich … brown mahogany … covered in Queen … complete radio … phonograph with al … filing system
Price $280

(Continued from Page 122)

her. People ought to be friendly to newcomers in town, I always say."

"They've been here five years," Leon reminded her.

She smiled. "We've been here a hundred, Leon," she remarked. The words were innocent enough; yet they accented the contrast. He felt crushed and humiliated and apologetic; and she pushed her advantage. "They've a daughter, I think. Wasn't there a fat little girl who used to drive her father's cart to town sometimes, Caleb?"

Caleb hesitated. "I guess maybe."

"I think I've seen her," Esther decided, confirming her own recollections. "Yes, I'm almost sure there is a daughter. I expect he makes her work in the fields. Poor man. He has to, to get along."

Leon said abruptly, "She's grown up now." He had spoken without thought; and Esther seized her advantage.

"Oh, when did you ever see her?"

"Why, she was driving a drag harrow in the next field one day," he replied reluctantly.

Esther nodded. "I was sure it would be so. Poor child! I'm always sorry for people in their position." She rocked serenely. "It's a wonder they haven't more children. People like that usually litter like pigs." The rough phrase came from Esther's smooth tongue with an astonishing force.

"Fergus had stonecutter's consumption," Caleb said unexpectedly; and Esther nodded.

"Yes, there's always disease in such families. Probably that's why they haven't but the one child. Well, I suppose she'll run away with some farm boy and have a flock of babies around her all her life. They go so."

Leon ventured "I don't think she will," as though Jennie had been charged with sin.

Esther asked, "Oh, do you know her?"

"I've seen her around," he replied.

"But of course you don't know her," Esther went on, as though he had not spoken. "Forgive me, Leon, for saying such a thing. I knew better. It's all right to be neighborly and do what a body can for poor folks like that; but that's a different thing. That's one thing; the Dillards always married well, their own kind." She appealed to Caleb. "Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that's so," Caleb agreed.

"And they weren't ever the sort to fandandle with farm girls in the fields," Esther added serenely. "It's a wonderful thing to have a family behind you to take pride in."

Leon told himself miserably that all she said was true. He had been beguiled by the warm ardor of the sun across the sweet fields, by the fragrance of summer and the rich crumbling earth, where seeds were germinating. He gave thanks no harm was done; no more than a word, a smile, a brief minute spent together now and then. She had moist brown hair that smelled sweetly, and a skin like milk, and eyes like brown pools upon whose surface golden flecks danced, as the frost-painted oak leaves dappled the dead waters of the river in the fall. But she was just Jennie Weir, Fergus Weir's daughter. She seemed to draw him toward her by a mighty force; yet he still shrank back from all her sweet attractions. The thin Dillard blood, bred fine by pride and austere by habit, and remote and cold by lifelong training, held him in bonds. It was as though they fought together, Jennie Weir and he; himself the booty for which they had thus contended. Yet Jennie had done no more than look at him, speak with him, let him come near her for a little while. One day when he was with her he had been swept by the sudden thought that there were men he had known in these two years of his exile who would have kissed her before now. The thought appalled him; he shrank from it. He did not wish to kiss Jennie Weir. Yet her lips were warm and tender.

The afternoon was drawing to its close. Two young people passed in a high buggy with the top up. He knew them. Young Dave Wattles, from the village, with Mary Hunt. As they passed the house they giggled together, and kept their eyes upon the road.

"They've been keeping company a year," said Dora.

Esther nodded. "Children, rushing into things," she commented in her low voice. "It makes me sick to think about it, sometimes."

It was not merely her spinster habit which prompted her words; it was the Dillard blood in her, bred thin and cold. And the Dillard blood flowed in Leon too. It made him sick, sometimes, to think of kissing Jennie Weir. Yet the thought persisted in returning to him.

VI

ESTHER had told Dora she would speak to Leon. The manner of that speaking was characteristic. Leon had, after much inner perturbation, decided of his own accord to avoid Jennie Weir. When he went up to the new land he was working he made sure before showing himself that she was not in the adjoining fields. Once or twice he took Caleb with him, counting on his brother's passive presence to protect him. But while he took these measures to banish the girl from his life he was not so careful to banish her from his thoughts. He knew this must be done, admitted the necessity; but his small memories of her were intoxicatingly sweet, and he had not the courage to put them by. When he helped Caleb milk the cows in the tie-up the warm odors which the creatures shed reminded him of Jennie; when he worked the fragrant earth in the garden he seemed to see the print of her bare feet in the soft loam; when the warm afternoon sun upon the flanks of the barn evoked from the fresh hay stored there an aroma like heady wine he thought of her. She had appealed not so much to his sense of sight as to his nostrils; he knew that she was beautiful; but her very presence was so richly fragrant. The scenes in which he had encountered her became a part of her in his memory: The fresh-turned earth, the newly mown hay sweating in the sun, the crisp moss upon a bowlder in the wall, the acrid odor of wild cherries on the tree beneath which they had met. She was associated with all the fruitful earth; he felt in her the stirring of the reproductive forces which were active all about him. He became more and more abstracted and absorbed in these memories of his; but when Esther asked him if he were ill he denied the accusation nervously and wished to skulk away. A sense of his own guilt in that he had spoken to Jennie at all was heavy upon him; he felt himself faintly degraded. Yet he had never so much as touched her smooth white hand. Spite of his hard toil by day, he no longer slept soundly of nights. She intruded upon his dreams.

When Leon came home his father's death had just left vacant the great front bedroom. So, almost by chance, he came to occupy the place that had always been held by the head of the household. In this room, in this high-canopied bed with its slender turned posts, Leon lay sleepless, night on night; and the pale light that came in through the small windows filled the room with dim shadows, and when he closed his eyes and opened them abruptly he thought at times a woman moved there, tall and full formed and robust and sweet and strong. He would not always force himself to drive this vision away. His nerves drew taut, his countenance faintly haggard. Esther was concerned for him. He was himself tormented by a longing which seemed to him a base and shameful thing.

So one day he encountered Jennie Weir again.

The Howe farm lay, roughly speaking, along a low and rounded ridge. The north slope of this ridge was marshy pasture land broken by great bowlders; the southern slope had been cleared of rocks many years before, and included two meadows and a smaller field which Leon had put under cultivation. Toward the east end the ridge fell away a little into a run; a trickle of water wound along the bottom of this run. Alders grew here, and cedars and a hemlock or two. The run was on the fringe of the Bartlett Woods. Near the boundary line between the Howe place and Fergus Weir's farm there was a spring which Leon knew.

This spring rose in the shadow of a great bowlder upon which a hackmatack tree had reared its lacy height. A group of small hemlocks shaded it. The water welled up through a bed of pin gravel; and there was a little pool as big as a barrel, lined with flat rocks on which cool moss grew thickly. The overflow trickled through a crevice between two of the rocks and down the run. At one side there was a bank, carpeted with the needles of an old pine which was so malformed that it had escaped the ax and saw of the lumbermen who passed this way forty years before. About the spring itself ferns grew luxuriantly. The place was always shaded, always damp and cool upon the hottest day.

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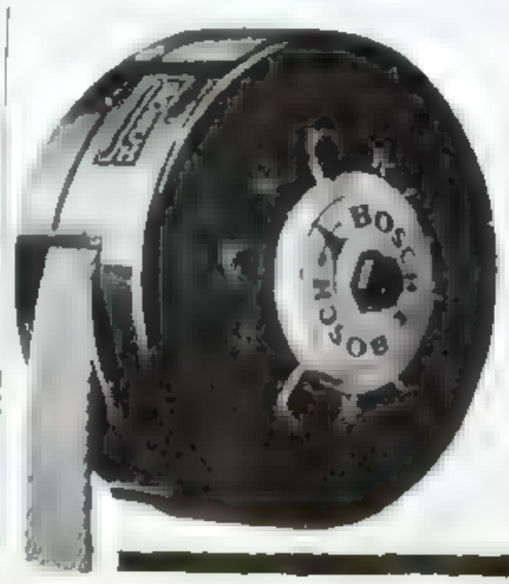

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Leon came here one afternoon early in September. He had seen no sign of anyone on the Weir place when he crossed the ridge; had worked for an hour or so; then had become conscious that he was thirsty. The spring lay beyond the meadow, a quarter mile away; he turned in that direction and followed a little path through the low growth to where it was hidden beside the run. Jennie was there. He came upon her suddenly, pushing back the low branches of the hemlock as he brushed through them, and at first he did not see her, she lay so still.

She had brought an armful of sweet fern from the pasture by the wall and had spread it upon the carpet of needles under the old pine to serve as her pillow, and had gone to sleep there. The sun in its slow swing across the sky had reached a position from which its rays struck down upon her body, below the outflung branches of the pine. Her head was still in shadow, pillowed on her arm. She lay on her side, facing the spring; her garments draped her; the sun had warmed her. Leon, coming upon her thus unawares, stood very still.

But his step had wakened her; her eyes, slowly opening, saw him standing there; and she raised herself on her arm and arranged her skirts and looked at him with sleepily smiling eyes and said, "Oh, I was asleep!"

Leon said nothing. He wished to back away, to retreat. The trees hemmed them in together, shut out all the world; the little runlet from the spring chuckled at their feet.

He would have run, but could not command his feet.

She sat up and threw the braid of her hair over her shoulder. Her sunbonnet had been under her head, upon the sweet fern which served her as pillow, and she picked it up and put it on and tied the strings under her chin.

"Pa and ma went to East Harbor this morning," she explained. "I got through the work by noon, and came up here. I like to come here. It's kind of pretty." Leon was so still. "In the spring there're flowers along the run," she added. He made no sound. "You look scared," she told him gently. "Did I scare you?"

"I didn't look to find you here," he confessed. "I came for a drink."

"The water's always so cold."

"It never goes dry," he assented.

But still he made no move. She got uneasily to her feet.

"I better be going back to the house," she suggested.

His heart leaped with relief, and yet he trembled with fear. "I don't want to drive you away."

"I ought to be getting back. It must be late."

"It ain't after four."

"Pa and ma'll be getting home."

He could think of no more to say. She stepped down beside the spring and said smilingly, "I'm thirsty," and knelt on a flat rock below the little pool, pushing back her sunbonnet, to dip her lips in the cool water. When she raised her head her cheeks and the tip of her nose were bedewed with cool drops; she wiped them away with her hand, laughing up at him. "It got in my nose," she cried; then asked: "You mind drinking after me?"

He shook his head and knelt soberly beside her and drank. The cool water ran through his veins like wine. She had moved back a little to make room for him, and her hand rested on one of the moss-covered rocks that walled the spring. He could see it from the corner of his eye as he drank. Leon had hardly been so near her as this before. He was almost afraid to raise his head.

When he did so she was sitting quietly, watching him. He stood up for a minute; then he, too, sat down, the little trickle from the spring between them. She took off her sunbonnet and fanned herself with it.

"I got warm, in the sun," she explained.

"It's always cool in here," he replied.

She said nothing more, idly fanning herself; but she showed no disposition to go, and Leon was immensely relieved at this. It was not so fearful to have her here. He might himself have gone, but his other concerns seemed of little moment now.

She spoke of the work he had done on the Howe farm. "Pa's always said the land was good there," she explained. "He wanted to rent it last year, but I guess he was kind of afraid to ask. He said it was a shame it should lie idle so."

"There's a lot of good land idle around here," Leon agreed.

She said soberly, "Yes. It's too bad. The folks here don't seem to like farming very much, I guess."

"They're moving away, a lot of them."

"I like it. I like to get out and work in the fields myself," she exclaimed. "I like to feel the dirt on my feet, and see things grow, and smell the hay. Pa lets me help him a lot. Ma don't need me in the house; there ain't much to do there."

"I like it too," Leon agreed. "I always did like farming. Caleb, my brother, don't like it. It's hard for him. But I do. And things seem to grow for me."

"Things will grow for you if you like them well enough," she said thoughtfully. "They're like animals, kind of. A cow'll give more milk to a person that likes it; and I think it's the same way with a piece of ground."

Leon looked at her in faint bewilderment. His own imagination was not an active one; farming was to him a prosaic and commonplace affair; he had always found a profound satisfaction in the tasks which it involved; but it had never occurred to him to look behind the everyday processes of cultivation.

"I never thought of it that way," he said.

She had shifted her position, sitting a little sidewise, resting her weight on one arm. With her free hand she dug at the moist earth beside her, and lifted a fragment of it and crumpled it between her fingers; then saw him watching her, and laughed and brushed her hands together.

"I haven't seen you the last few days," she said.

"I've been busy around home."

She looked at him with thoughtful eyes. "I expect there's more than you two can do, with all your land."

"There's a good deal to do, but we don't farm much of it."

"Your sisters don't work outside, do they?" she asked curiously. "They haven't even got a flower garden. I should think they'd like to make one."

He shook his head. "No." Something made him get to his feet and then sit down again.

She asked, "You have to go back, don't you?"

"Not yet," he told her hurriedly.

She stirred. "I ought to go; but it's so nice here."

Leon's heart was pounding so that he had to be careful to form his words correctly; his voice was uncertain; he could not trust himself. He got up again and looked at the spot where he had been sitting.

"It's wet here. The ground's full of water," he remarked.

She moved a little to one side. "Sit over here. It's nice and dry."

He hesitated, then obeyed her. The fact that she was now so near him paralyzed his muscles; he rested his elbows on his knees and clasped his hands to stop their trembling. Jennie looked at him for a moment, looked away and seemed to wait, looked at him again with a curious eye.

At last she asked gently, "Are you worried about something?"

He shook his head, surprised. "No."

"You look kind of tired, since the last time I saw you." There was a soft solicitude, an anxiety almost maternal in her tones.

"Well, I am a little tired."

"Why?"

"I haven't been sleeping very well," he said awkwardly.

"I don't see how a person could help sleeping, working all the time."

His eyes met hers. "I didn't think you'd notice," he said, hardly knowing what he said, amazed at his own words.

"Why, I couldn't help it," she replied simply. "Women notice things like that." She smiled. "I'm kind of worried about you."

"I'm all right," he protested.

"Men always say they're all right," she told him wisely. "Pa's that way. Ma has to take care of him like she would a boy. I expect your sisters take care of you."

He was surprised to discover that he had shaken his head, denying this. Hastily he explained, "Oh, they do, of course." He could not think accurately, could only feel her overpowering nearness. The scent of her hair was in his nostrils; his eyes were filled with her; when she spoke, the rich throaty tones of her voice thrummed at some taut and resonant part of him which vibrated responsively. She was looking away from him, down the run, her face half averted. A shaft of sunlight struck through the branches above them into the cool dampness of the hollow by the spring, and he saw little beads like dew upon her short upper lip. Her lips were faintly parted; they were so warm.

"That is, they mean to," he muttered, finding the silence unbearable.

And her eyes turned to his again and she asked softly, "What? What did you say?"

"I mean Esther and Dora do the best they know how."

"A man needs it," she assented; "needs a woman to take care of him." She must have known all that he felt; now seemed at her own words to take affright. "I have to go," she said, and got to her knees to rise.

The movement turned her toward him; her skirts caught under her knees and hampered her. He scrambled to his feet and she looked up at him with eyes in which faint panic struggled; and Leon saw this and read it aright, and was abruptly very sure of himself. Nevertheless it was an awkward job he made of their first kiss. His lips brushed her nose, and she made a low inarticulate sound and seemed to crouch. He fell to his knees before her, and took her cheeks between his hands and kissed her on the mouth. Through her parted lips her warm breath came, as though broken by a half-caught sob.

Then he was frightened, and his blood turned to water, and she seemed to understand; for as they still knelt she drew his head upon her shoulder and held it there, her hand along his cheek, and she murmured, "There, there! I saw, the minute I laid eyes on you, you needed someone."

He walked home stumblingly, his eyes on the clouds. But he wondered what he should say to Esther.

VII

BUT as the event was, he said nothing at all to Esther about Jennie for some weeks. He went home that afternoon full of courage; but when he reached the house Caleb told him that Dora and Esther had driven to East Harbor, some eight miles away. Leon was at first minded to confide in Caleb; thought better of that. By the time Esther returned, his resolution had oozed away.

Such a surrender becomes increasingly difficult to revoke; days passed and Leon still was silent. He reached a compromise with himself; there was no hurry, the matter could wait. In the meantime, every day or two he saw Jennie; and each meeting was sweeter. At their first encounter after that day beside the spring, she offered her lips and he took them; he had lived in an atmosphere of restraint for so long that this in itself was an adventure. His sisters never kissed him, had not kissed him since he was a boy; his mother had been as still and remote as they. The lavish tenderness of Jennie seemed to him an outpouring of almost incredible riches; and he thrived upon it, so that he seemed to swell and broaden and tower. This was a period of growth for Leon; he was like a half-starved tree about whose roots rich stuffs are suddenly heaped. His blood ran faster and more ardently; his eyes cleared; his world took on a different aspect.

Their idyl was lived out of doors; they saw each other sometimes beside the spring, sometimes under the wild cherry tree by the wall, sometimes upon the crest of a little knoll back of Fergus Weir's small orchard. Jennie must have been happy in watching him grow and expand in the richness of the love she gave him; for Leon—he was completely absorbed in her and in himself—had not the capacity to stand back and consider either himself or the girl he loved from any more level-headed viewpoint. With her he was completely happy; away from her and in the presence of Caleb and his sisters he was increasingly ill at ease. But the widening of his life's horizon steadily continued.

He had been so absorbed in feeling to the exclusion of thought that it had not yet occurred to him to wonder what Fergus Weir's attitude toward him would be. He knew Fergus; saw him now and then at the store in Fraternity village, or at a distance on the upland farm. But he had not spoken to Fergus of Jennie, had never mentioned the girl's name to her father. Till one day Jennie said to him, "Pa wants to talk to you, Leon."

Leon was immediately contrite and ashamed; he told her so. "I'd ought to have gone to see him."

"I told him about us," she assured him smilingly. "But he wants you should come to the house some day."

Leon went home with her that day; they walked across the sunny meadow together, hand in hand, and came upon Fergus where he was busy on the great floor of the barn, building a pen to house his chickens during the winter that was now not so far away. The little man heard their footsteps behind him and stopped his sawing and looked over his shoulder; and when he recognized Leon, silhouetted in the wide door against the light outside, he dropped his tools and turned to meet him.

He said cordially, "Good day to you, Dillard. I've been wishful you'd come over and pass the time of day with me by and by."

Leon said straightforwardly, "I should have come before, sir."

"Eh, Jennie's told me all about you," old Fergus chuckled; and Leon saw that Jennie had disappeared and left them together. Fergus led the way out of doors. "We can smoke a pipe out here without firing the barn," he commented. "Sit down, there."

A pile of old lumber lay against an apple tree by the barn door, and Leon sat down upon it, and Fergus seated himself a little apart, whittling at his plug.

Leon said quickly, "You know about Jennie and me?"

"She's told me some, and her mother more," Fergus assented.

"I'm pleased to see you're not angry about it."

Fergus smiled. "Now, Dillard," he replied, "there's no false shame in me. I know who you are and who your family have been. Your blood has run a bit thin, and you're going downhill; but just the same I'm pleased to think of my Jennie marrying a Dillard, and make no bones about it either. That great farm yonder needs working; you and your brother do but little that should be done. But Jennie'll be a help to you. She was made for a good farmer herself. She's an able young woman, Dillard."

"Yes, she is," Leon assented.

"I've been wondering what your people think about it all, though," Fergus remarked.

Leon hesitated. "I haven't talked with them," he confessed.

"You'll have trouble," Fergus prophesied. "I'm a level-headed little man, and I've no foolish notions. They won't take kindly to it; they'll say you are ruining yourself. If I thought they was right I'd say 'No' to you and Jennie; for I've no wish to see her tied to a man she's ruined. But I think you've stomach and backbone in you; and she has more than her share of both. I recommend you to stick to her, Dillard."

"I aim to do that," Leon assured him.

"I'd advise your going to your family and getting it over with," Fergus continued. "That's none of my affair; but all the same I believe in marrying while the blood is hot. I married so, and got a black eye for my pains now and then; but it was worth it, Mr. Dillard, and you'll find it so. Have you made any plans for the marrying, now?"

Leon was red and uncomfortable. He said honestly, "I guess you know I haven't, Mr. Weir. I've been too—too wrapped up in Jennie. I never knew any other girl. And marrying—talk of marrying—doesn't come easy to me. But I want to marry Jennie."

"Y're a man," said Fergus succinctly. "Marry her, then. You'll find she's willing."

They talked for an hour; the first of many talks they had; for Leon, willing though he might be, was not to be brought too easily to the point. Old Fergus, at first impatient, saw at last that this was not reluctance on his part but plain fright. He said one day, smiling wisely, "Eh, you're timid as a girl at the thought of it, Dillard. But I can tell you, marrying is nothing to be so feared of. I've been married past twenty year, and I like it better right along."

Leon got encouragement from Jennie's father; he got other things, of equal value. Fergus was a hard-headed, shrewd little man; he understood, without in the least exaggerating, the possibilities of a farm in these hills; and he was able to season Leon's undue optimism with the salt of common sense.

"Times are changed, these years," he pointed out. "A man can't hire help now the way he could. So he wants no more than he can handle himself on a pinch. That's one trouble with you Dillards. You've too much. It all pays taxes; but it

(Continued on Page 131)

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1. This great contest is open to everyone in the United States.

2. Send all communications to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. K, Cambridge, Mass.

3. The fact that you may have already sent us washing directions for Lux, or told us why you value Lux or told us of new uses for Lux, or of incidents in the lives of well-known people in which Lux has figured, does not bar you from competing. Just write us again.

4. You may compete in one or more than one of the four contests. Use a separate sheet of paper for each contest. Don't compete for two contests on the same sheet of paper. Number each contribution—Contest 1, Contest 2, etc., as the case may be.

5. Write or print your name and address at the top of each page.

6. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. Number each sheet of paper.

7. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize goes to each tying contestant.

8. Contest closes June 1, 1924—any letter postmarked after twelve midnight, June 1st, will not be considered.

Judges of the contest—Mrs. Ellen B. McGowan, co-author of "Textiles and Clothing"; Miss L. Ray Balderston, author of "Laundering"; one of the editors of each of the following magazines—The Ladies' Home Journal, Miss Martha Dodson; Modern Priscilla, Mrs. Elizabeth Macdonald; Woman's Home Companion, Miss Martha Sanford.

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NAIRN Linoleum

(Continued from Page 126)

doesn't all pay you. Some of your hay rotted on the ground last year; you've more woods than you need, you waste a pile of it. I've only a bit here, and I can manage it handy. That's the way to do."

He said, one day, that he could manage more if he had it. "Times I've thought of renting or buying the Howe place," he explained. "I doubt that you'd sell; but it would fit in nice with mine, and I could make it pay me. If you're ever wanting to sell or rent, I'd be obliged for a word on the matter."

Leon spent more and more time at the Weir farm. He liked Jennie's mother, and he liked Fergus. Little by little his courage was stiffened to the point where he might come to an issue with Esther. By the hours he spent with Jennie his strength increased. Day by day he was becoming a man.

VIII

THE young man was during these weeks in the late summer so engrossed in his own happiness that he befooled himself into thinking Caleb and his sisters had not perceived anything was amiss. He might have known they were not blind; that he wore his new-found happiness like a garland. Esther, shrewdly watchful, may have been the first to guess that he was still seeing Jennie, that these two were drawing closer and closer to each other. Certainly she began to manifest a quiet hostility toward Leon, which they all perceived. There were days when she treated him with such hard courtesy as she might have shown a stranger; she avoided being alone with him, and when they were alone sat stony and unwinking or moved about the tasks that engaged her without meeting his eyes.

When toward the end of the summer he began to suggest plans for the coming year, began to propose an expansion of their farming activities, she met him with an iron opposition. Dora and Caleb were, as always, passive; they yielded to Esther's stronger will, but they did not fight at her side. Nevertheless, Esther's resistance Leon found astonishingly stout; she invoked tradition to repel him, reminded him that, after all, the Dillards were not grubbers in the soil.

"When we could hire the work done we farmed the land, of course; but your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather were gentlemen, Leon. They were not used to break their backs with work. You owe it to them to remember that."

"We no more than scrape along now," Leon argued. "If they were here they'd take hold and do things, I say."

"It's better to scrape along and keep our heads high than to go working like animals, too tired at night to do more than slump into our beds."

Leon had a baffled feeling that Esther did not mean more than a part of what she said; he knew her industry; it was not like Esther to warn him against work. But she stood on this ground, placid as a wall, barring him from every new adventure in husbandry which he proposed. It was a long time before he guessed that this opposition rose out of her knowledge that he had not abandoned Jennie.

Dora, more sensitive than her sister, probably guessed the truth almost as soon as Esther did. But the knowledge that in Esther awoke antagonism aroused in Dora only sympathy. It is true this feeling was mixed with fear; she dreaded what Esther would do, was appalled at Leon's temerity. But there was romance in Dora; she herself had felt its stirrings; and no matter what her feelings toward Arthur Tuck might be, she was bound to respect and envy the courage which led Leon to follow his own road in despite of Esther's will. When Esther was not about she paid her brother homage in many little ways. She watched over him, tended him, mended his garments, cooked things he particularly liked, anticipated his wants. Once she kissed him good night before going upstairs; and once or twice, in a faint fashion, she invited the confidences he might have given her, speaking timidly of his work on the Howe place, audibly wondering whether he ever saw Fergus Weir. She made Leon uneasy; he had no thought of telling her the truth. Dora had betrayed him before; and though he did not blame her for that, yet he would not trust her to keep a secret now.

As matters chanced, it was with Caleb that he first discussed his feelings for Jennie. The two brothers went one evening to the store in the village and stayed for a while, taking some small part in the talk that went on about them. The Dillards were always set a little apart by Fraternity folk; no one ventured toward them any familiarity. Thus though half the men in the store knew or guessed what was common gossip among the womenfolk, no one mentioned Jennie to Leon. But as they were leaving, Fergus Weir alighted from his buggy outside.

Leon met his eye, and spoke to him cordially; Fergus responded with a smile and a hearty word. Then the two brothers drove away.

Caleb was not a curious man; it was seldom that he ventured a question. But the apparent understanding between Leon and Fergus led him to say, "You and him seem pretty well acquainted."

Leon nodded. "Yes, I've talked with him some. He's an able man."

"I guess he is."

Leon had a sudden burst of confidence in his brother; he was in an audacious mood that evening. "Look here, Caleb," he exclaimed. "I guess you know what I think of Jennie. You know, I want to marry her."

Caleb heard him with bowed head; they jolted along in silence for a little while, the older brother making no reply.

At last Leon said defensively, "There's no reason why I shouldn't, is there?"

Caleb answered mildly, "I never thought of marrying, myself. I suppose if a man wants to, that's different."

"A man ought to, if he sees the right woman," Leon argued.

"Prob'ly so."

"And I'm going to," Leon insisted stubbornly.

There was another interval, broken only by the thud of the hoofs of the horse and the rattle of their wheels over a board bridge.

Caleb said at last, mildly, "You know, Esther won't want it to happen."

"Why not?"

The older man smiled, with that faint humor sometimes apparent in him. "Better ask her yourself," he suggested.

And Leon said he aimed to. A little later they pulled into the barnyard, and indoors found Esther and Dora sewing beside the lamp. But Leon did not push the issue then.

A few days later, however, he did confide in Dora. He knew she might betray him, but was willing that affairs should thus come to an issue. He met in Dora, however, somewhat to his surprise, a more sympathetic response. Leon did not understand Dora, did not perceive the wistfulness, becoming more and more her habit, which was the fruit of her denied longing for Arthur Tuck. Nor had he ever perceived that there was a fire in her, a spark of resolution which might lead even Dora some day to a defiant outbreak.

When Leon told her she wept; and when he asked her why she wept Dora said, "I guess I'm glad, Leon; glad and afraid too. Afraid of what Esther will say. But then you don't have to mind what Esther says."

"You know I do mind what Esther says," he reminded her. "I want Jennie to be happy with us."

"With us?" Dora echoed.

"I'd bring her home here," he explained in some surprise. "This is the place for her. And this is my home, all I've got."

Dora wiped her eyes. "I'd welcome her, Leon," she said gently. "I'd be good to her."

"Nobody could help being good to her," he agreed.

"It must be sweet to feel so toward a person," Dora said thoughtfully. She looked at him with some curiosity. "I've seen a change in you, Leon. She's done you good. Already."

"She's good to me," Leon agreed. He was suddenly humble. "Why, just the way she touches me with her hand or lets her cheek come against mine makes me feel better, feel like planning big things." Dora nodded dumbly, tears upon her cheeks. After a while he added, "I want we should be married this fall. I've got to see what Esther will say about it." She assented. They were like children conspiring to confront a stern parental authority with a confession of their sins; Dora felt herself a participant in his guilt. "You might say something to her," he suggested.

But Dora shook her head at this, vaguely perceiving that if he boldly approached his sister he would have the dignity of his own valor to support him.

"No, it's for you to do that," she advised.

They discussed ways and means, planned little stratagems which might lead to the opening of the subject, discarded them all.

In the end, he waited till an evening when they were together, when he had Dora's tacit sympathy and Caleb's neutrality to bolster him, and told Esther what he wished to do.

She had been mending one of his socks. When he spoke to her she met his eyes; when he blurted out the truth she rolled up the sock and laid it on the table at her side as though she were done with him and his affairs forever.

It would not be accurate to say that these two fought a battle; it was rather a series of skirmishes, continued from day to day. Esther, beaten out of one stronghold, intrenched herself in another; he forced her back, kept her on the defensive. But she would never yield.

She said at first he was too young to think of marrying. Her attitude was one of faintly scornful condescension. "You're the youngest of us all, Leon," she reminded him. "I've never wanted to marry, nor Caleb. You're just a boy, and you've seen this pretty farm girl and lost your head. You'll forget her in a month, Leon."

He was furiously indignant at this; and this indignation served him well. Anger was a tonic he needed. He told her hotly, "I'm old enough to work, to do things. Nobody ever called me a boy when I was in the Army. You're just foolish, Esther, to talk so."

"Foolish?" she echoed in her low gentle tones. "I did not think you'd talk so to me, Leon. I've tried to do my share, these years, in advising the sensible thing to do. Haven't we always got along?"

"I don't care for that," he told her stubbornly. "You're foolish to talk so now. If being too young is all, then we'll be marrying right away."

So she was beaten in that first encounter; but in the next few days she managed to remind him, directly and indirectly, that Jennie was not the right sort for him to marry.

"You don't want ever to forget who you are, Leon," she urged one evening after supper, while Dora and Caleb sat with averted eyes. "Your great-grandfather was the first man to settle here; and your grandfather and your father were big men in the town. There've been Dillards here in this house over a hundred years, and will be for a hundred more if you're a wise man. Caleb will never marry; so it's you the name must go through, Leon. You want a wife that will be the kind to be proud of."

"I'll be proud of Jennie," he answered steadily.

"You think so now, because she's young and pretty, and she has flattered you. Have you talked to Fergus Weir?"

"Yes."

"And doesn't he know his girl and a Dillard can't make a match?"

Leon smiled grimly. "He says she's too good for us, but he thinks she can make something out of me," he replied; and Esther, who was ever soft voiced and gentle, flamed into a single angry ejaculation before she fell into a silence that lasted the evening through. Leon saw an appreciative smile in Caleb's eyes.

Arthur Tuck came out one Sunday, and Esther appealed to him. Arthur was a man in his early forties, tall and spare, with scant sandy hair insufficiently cloaking his growing baldness, and a drooping mustache, irregular in outline and forever becoming entangled with his food. He listened judicially.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting Miss Weir," he said at last. He was always deliberate and precise in his speech. "But I should suppose, Leon, that you would give Esther's opinion consideration."

Leon, understanding Arthur's willingness to conciliate Esther, smiled a little; but he said, "Come over with me to their house now. We'll walk across the ridge. I'd like you to see her."

Arthur evaded that invitation very dexterously; but it silenced him.

Dora did go with Leon one day to see Jennie; they met by the wall, these three, and talked together for half an hour. On the homeward way Leon appealed for an opinion; and Dora said fearfully, "I was afraid of her, Leon. She's so big and strong; she just looks as though she liked working in the fields."

"She does like it," Leon replied.

(Continued on Page 133)

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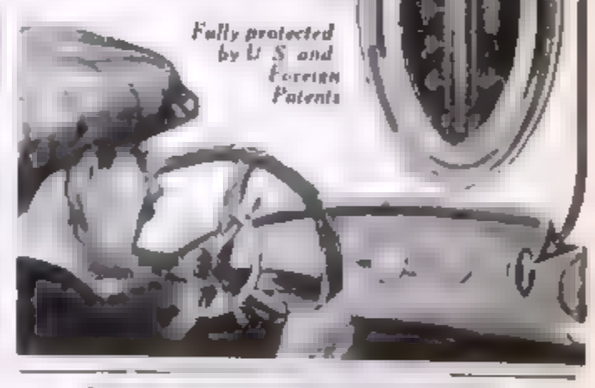

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REPUBLIC Trucks

(Continued from Page 131)

"I don't think I could ever feel I knew her," Dora murmured. "But I'd be nice as I knew how, Leon. For your sake anyway."

Through these intermediate stages Leon and Esther came at last to frank and final opposition. They no longer maintained even the pretense of a harmonious and judicial frame of mind. Esther in the end stood flatly on the ground that Leon must serve the Dillard pride, must marry a fit wife.

"It's painful for me to speak so plainly," she confessed, "but you must have a wife who will give you children worthy of the name you give them, Leon. The subject is unpleasant; but if a boy will think about marriage he must expect to face these matters."

"I've thought about them," Leon replied stiffly.

"Of course if Caleb were married, or if you were never going to have children, that would be another thing. But she's the sort that will."

"Children?" Leon exploded. "Of course we'll have children! I want to have children."

"And tell them, when they're grown up, that their father was a Dillard, but their mother was a Weir."

"For God's sake, what's the matter with Fergus Weir?"

"He's a day laborer," said Esther plainly.

They descended into a wrangle; Esther passed at last—and this was an unheard-of thing—to tears. At sight of them Dora turned pale and felt herself like jelly in her chair. Her muscles were water; she had a vague feeling that Leon's case was hopeless now, since he had brought Esther to weep. Esther never had resorted to this feminine weapon heretofore; it was quite evident that her tears were not intended to fight for her now.

She wept with anger and with grief at Leon's contumacy, and she wailed, "Oh, Leon, Leon, if your father had lived, this wouldn't have happened."

"If father had lived he'd have welcomed her home here," Leon insisted.

He had gone too far to retreat, forged stubbornly ahead.

"Here?" Esther's grief was almost pitiful; her defiance was tragic. "You shall not speak of bringing her here. Into your father's house; into your mother's very bedroom?"

"Where else?" Leon countered.

Esther threw up her hands in a hysterical gesture. "You're crazy, Leon! Crazy over the girl! I wash my hands of you. But she'll never come into this house while I live in it, and I warn you of that. Never as long as I live!"

"I'll bring her home the day we marry," Leon replied in flat contradiction.

"Then I'll walk out of the door and sleep beside the road," said Esther.

She rose, weeping bitterly, and fled from the room; and Dora, with one appalled glance at Leon, hurried to follow and comfort her.

When the sisters were gone Caleb looked at Leon, and Leon looked at his brother.

And after a while Caleb asked, "Well, I guess there's nothing you can do, is there?"

Leon shook his head. "I don't know what to do," he confessed.

But two days later—and silence had held them all in the meantime—he did it. He drove to the village and met Fergus and his daughter there. He had asked Caleb to go with him.

But Caleb shook his head.

"I've got to go on living with Esther," he reminded Leon.

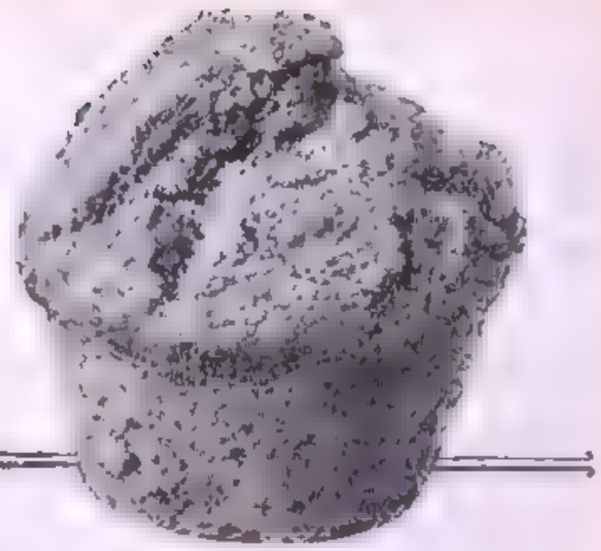
So Leon drove alone, and met the girl he loved; and after a time they came home together and drove into the Dillard yard. And Leon alighted and helped Jennie to the ground.

Esther was brave; she came and stood in the open door.

Leon said gravely, "Esther, this is my wife. I've brought her home. We were married in the village an hour ago."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bluebeard's Castle, Bryce Canyon National Monument, Southern Utah



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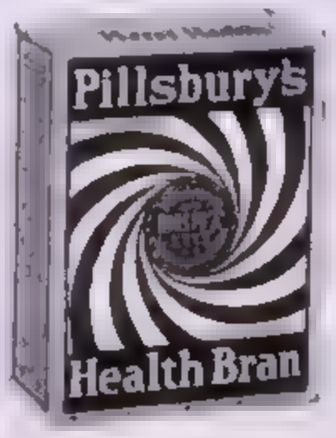


One of the family

THE OUTCAST

(Continued from Page 19)

in a voice tense with earnestness, "George," he announced, "I am going to write my first great editorial."

The first paragraph of the great editorial came easily:

"The thinking man on life's highway is wont to pause when faced by the perils of a crisis caused by the trivial attitude of womankind which bids fair to destroy his very being, and to ask himself the meaning of the senseless struggle for existence."

That was that. Before attempting to enlarge upon his theme, Elmer laid down his pen and under the pretext of getting himself a drink of water he marched back to the washstand midway of the printing office. He looked at himself in the broken mirror against the wall above the washstand. He ran his fingers through his hair and tried the effect of a grim smile. He remembered the Stuart portraits of George Washington. He lifted his thatch of hair a little higher on his brow, and on his countenance there lay a semblance of the stern look displayed in common by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. In thinking of the trivial sex and of the vulgar masses he curled his upper lip slightly, and with his teeth clenched he stuck out his lower jaw as far as physiological limits would permit.

The reformer got his drink of water and returned to the editorial desk. In front of George Webster, who was laboring with a pencil, there was an uncompleted drawing of a dejected-looking female standing at the gates of a cemetery. The drawing received favorable comment from Elmer.

"Go ahead with it and make her stretch out one arm in a sort of benediction. I've got a poem I wrote that will go with that picture almost perfectly. It begins, 'Sleep on, quiescent toilers. Sleep and enjoy the peace that came when life's last breath brought surcease from thy earthly woe.' I don't remember the rest of it, but I've got it at the house."

George Webster smiled his approval.

"I think about three good poems in every number, with symbolical drawings that have a meaning like this, are bound to have a deep effect sooner or later," Elmer suggested. "We will have two or three articles like the one I've started here on life and the grave each time, and you can make every point clear with an allegorical treatment."

"There's got to be two or three other kinds of articles in the magazine," George Webster returned. "The masses want lighter reading."

"Well, I can write some lighter reading for them," Elmer admitted. "If necessary I could even write some jokes," he confessed, "although I think jokes are trivial."

"It takes only a page or two of funny pictures and jokes to get a magazine into American homes," the artist explained, "and after that the masses will begin reading the worthwhile things. I have just thought of something else. What are we going to name it?"

For an hour the search for a title ranged through the reformers' combined vocabularies.

Failing in this first review, the pair tried the A B C method. At midnight they had about decided to postpone the christening, when George Webster remarked that at first their offering to humanity would no doubt be among the rejected blessings which mankind refuses to accept.

"The chances are at first it will be an outcast in literature."

Elmer leaped to his feet with an exclamation. "George, do you know what 'outcast' means in Oriental Indian language? 'Pariah!' That word is everything!"

"You've got it! That's the word we want. The Pariah. There couldn't be a better name for an outcast magazine like this."

Time was to prove the truth of this statement.

The Pariah, created to uplift the vulgar masses of canaille, was launched to whatever storms and harbors might await it on the sea of life. Into his first literary creations for the publication Elmer injected the bitterness which was the essence of emotion mixed with the disappointment inspired by Lucille Scott's repulses. After a brief search for fundamental themes, the author, realizing himself to be more or less of a social outcast, rattled chains of desperate mortification and dogged it in the attic sanctum which had become the manger of retreat for the hopeless swain.

Elmer regarded the office of the weekly Bugle, cluttered with prosaic reminders of worldly things, to be an unsuitable garden for the bitter flowers of literature which he purposed to cull for the vulgar masses who might seek diversion in the newborn magazine. He suggested to George Webster that a higher plane of æsthetic despondency could be enjoyed in his den, and in the attic den the pair went into an executive session, elaborating forthwith the working plans for the fledgling Pariah.

First of all, the proprietors excluded outside contributors; and then, with this detail of control adjusted, they turned their attention to the pictorial effect of the cover pages. They decided to dress their magazine after the manner of its admired predecessor, in butcher-paper covers. They agreed that the bizarre attraction of butcher-paper covers alone would attract a wide circle of novelty-craving subscribers, in as much as there were only a few other magazines in the United States which enjoyed this shellbark distinction.

"We've got them all beat in one way, because every number of The Pariah will include a lot of fine poetry. For instance, listen to this." Elmer reached up to the first shelf above his packing-box desk and from beneath the skull of the unknown animal he secured a single sheet of pale green paper. "Here is a typical sample of what the masses will get out of The Pariah that they can't get any place else in the world." He adjusted his Adam's apple and in a voice hoarse with melancholy he read the typical sample:

"Earth-rotted skull, what mysteries of an ancient age
Has quickened the gray matter which thou held?
What cryptic knowledge, peculiar to the sage,
Faded from man's possession when thy fate was knelled?"

In the second and third stanzas of the poem Elmer asked a few more unanswerable questions of the earth-rotted skull. During the interrogation of the skull George Webster gazed upward at the long-jawed relic, wearing the while upon his animated face an appreciative frown.

"That is deep enough to have a good influence on anybody," he commented when the bulge in the poet's neck had returned to its normal prominent position midway of his throat.

"Listen to this one." The Adam's apple leaped back to the firing line. "We've got to have some sentiment and passion in it for the trivial female readers. This ought to do them:

"Without thy voice, dear heart, my world is still;
Heartaches and clouds slow passing hours bring;
Trouble that vanished when I heard you sing
Returns again my bitter cup to fill."

Elmer cleared his throat.

"Of course I will leave out all the names and everything so that anybody can apply it to his own problems. Then she says:

"Lacking your presence, desolation reigns;
Alone I wander silently and miss
The consolation of your good-night kiss;
That farewell kiss which banished all my pain."

George Webster was quick with his appreciation.

"That's better than the first one about the skull. You write another stanza and I'll make a symbolical drawing and we can make a one-page item out of it."

Elmer liked all the criticism except the word "item."

"You make a picture of a woman with her head bowed in grief like she had lost some true man's love, and maybe over on the side of the page there could be a man sitting on a tombstone, thinking. I can write a third stanza easy enough. That takes care of another page."

The poet reached for a stirring military ode which he had filed in the report of the Secretary of War. "Let me read you this one. When I read it look at how it marches along with sort of a military air:

"Five thousand soldiers,
two thousand mules.
One troop of cavalry,
commanded by fools;
Onward to destruction,
careless of their fate,
Not a man in the command paused to hesitate."

"It winds up with a battle where the general orders all of them to charge over a precipice, only he doesn't know the precipice is there, and a young lieutenant argues it out with him; but the enemy sneaked around behind them and when the first guns are fired the mules stampede and trample the enemy into the dust. Then the general is about to get promoted for the victory, but his better nature finally comes to the surface and he tells whoever is going to promote him that it was the young lieutenant and the other mules that won the victory."

The audience reserved comment.

"Here's another one about a shipwreck, where the captain sees his sweetheart and his rival on the shore, and the rival is a railroad brakeman and swings a deceiving lantern. I will read you just the first few stanzas."

George Webster felt that he had been exposed to enough poetry. With a quick gesture he hauled out a gift watch, obtained by false pretenses during an abnormal period of progress at school.

"We have got to get up to my studio right away, Elmer," he said. "We have to see about the illustrations for these classics."

A little disappointed at his retreating audience, but mollified by the estimate which the audience put on his endeavors, Elmer accompanied his companion to the latter's studio, where he inspected a mass of drawings whose figures lacked trifling details, such as hands and feet and faces.

"I tell you what you could do, George, with this woman that is waiting at the cemetery. You could draw a hood over her face and then nobody would know how sorrowful her expression really was. Imagination is stronger than reality, and everybody would imagine a sad face on her and tears falling from her eyes."

George Webster went over a number of the sketches and shrouds of graphite wearing apparel were draped over the insoluble problems of anatomical architecture.

After supper, craving tobacco and realizing that indulgence was not feasible in the home circle under parental supervision, the host suggested to his guest that they retreat to the office of the Bugle. Fearing

(Continued on Page 139)

This Was the Scene of the Campaign Whose Results Would Lift the Masses to a Higher Plane of Better Things—an Appreciation of the Good, the True, the Beautiful

DU PONT ANNOUNCES AN ENTIRELY NEW TYPE OF FINISH

Duco is adaptable to almost any product requiring a lasting finish in color. It is already being successfully used in the following industries:

Automobile Bodies
Truck Bodies
Automobile Accessories
Wood Furniture
Metal Furniture
Office Equipment
Pens, Pencils, etc.
Washing Machines
Lamps
Handles for Tools, Brooms, Brushes, etc.
Novelties
Toys
Electrical Parts
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Boxes and Radio Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Medicine Cabinets, etc.
Toilet Seats
Typewriters
Vacuum Cleaners

VISCOLAC

The transparent finish, without color, for use on furniture and other wooden articles where a natural finish of superior durability is desired.

GREATEST ADVANCE IN FINISHING ART IN QUARTER-CENTURY

Duco Finish Gives to Wood or Metal a Rich, Satin-like Surface Whose Soft Lustre Actually Improves With Age

Chemists have long sought the secret of a finish which would combine two essentially different properties—*beauty* and *permanence*. After years of research, thousands of experiments, and exhaustive service tests, du Pont Chemical Engineers now announce the perfection of just such a finish—and its adaptation to quantity production and quantity application. This new finish is known as Duco.

Duco can best be described by likening it to the finishes which gave to ancient Chinese lacquerware and costly Oriental pottery the soft, rich tones which have come down unmarred through the ages. The effects which the ancient artisans required months to produce on a few rare objects are now being duplicated in a few days' time on thousands of articles in commercial use with Duco.

Amazingly Durable!

Applied to almost every material, from wood to steel, Duco defies the usual deteriorating elements. Its soft lustre *actually improves with age*. It retains its original color tones and values, and even bumps and scratches, which would disfigure other finishes, do not seriously affect it.

Duco is, in brief, of such extraordinary denseness, hardness and adhesiveness, that it forms a surface on the material it covers, which sets an entirely new standard of durability.

The finish on an automobile, for example, is subjected to action of sun, rain, snow, ice, mud, alkali dust, grease, boiling and freezing temperatures and sudden changes. Yet test cars finished with Duco over a year ago are today actually in *better condition than when the finish was applied*. Duco is today giving equally successful results in 20 other industries.

Rich Tones That Last!

Organically, Duco represents an entirely new type of material. It is compounded on a pyroxylin base, employing a distinctly new principle. It is supplied both in a basic black, and a wide variety of beautiful fast colors, suitable for finishing practically all types of wood and metal surfaces. Neither the black nor the colored enamel finish requires baking. *Duco retains its original colors indefinitely.*

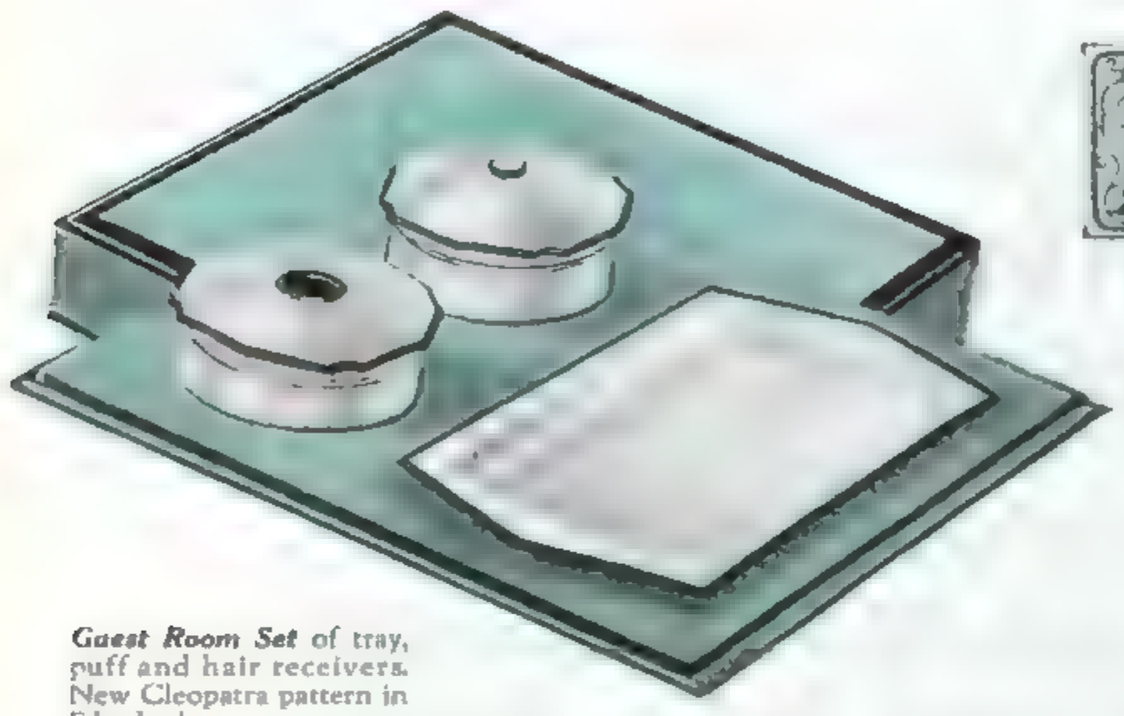
Duco is easily applied by dipping or spraying, ***but cannot be applied by brushing.*** It dries almost immediately after application, thus materially reducing finishing time and costs.

Manufacturers of all products which require a colored finish of enduring beauty are invited to investigate Duco. Our Technical Laboratories are at their disposal. Our representatives are available for a limited number of demonstrations.

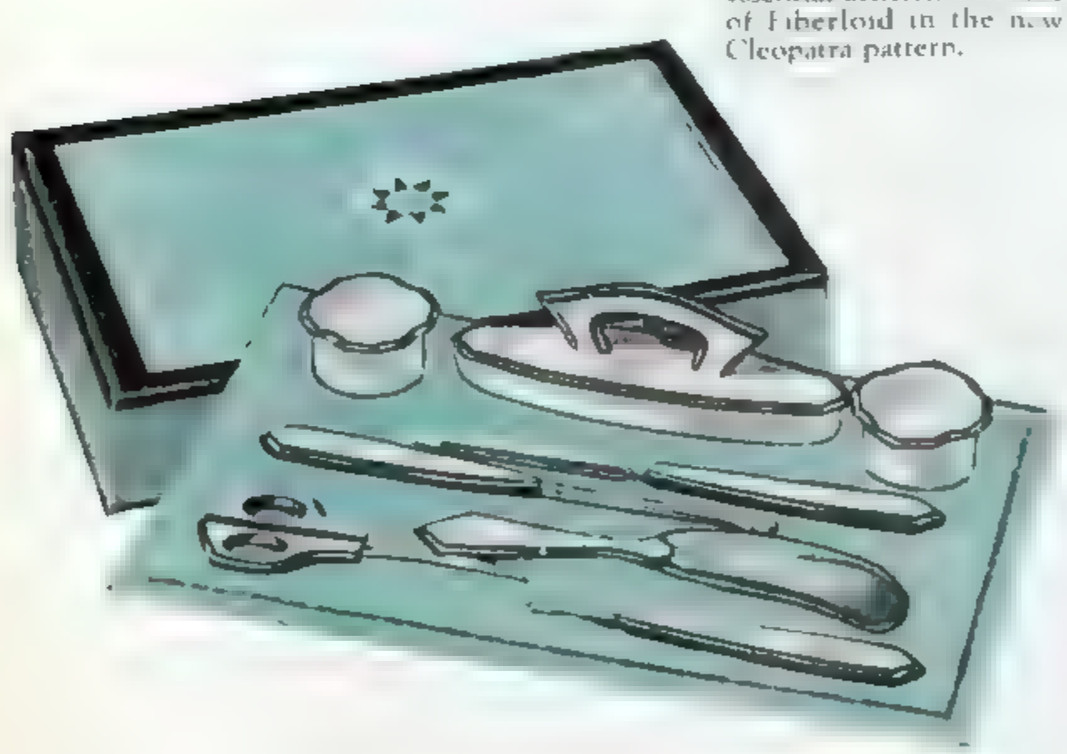
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
Chemical Products Division
Parlin, N. J.

DU PONT
DUCO

Now—Toiletware is in these lovely, new



Guest Room Set of tray, puff and hair receivers. New Cleopatra pattern in Fiberloid.



Manicure Set of the eight essential articles. Giftware of Fiberloid in the new Cleopatra pattern.

AND SO EASY TO SELECT. So correct for all gift occasions. So acceptable even if one gift package is given at a time.

Each dainty Gift Package is a gift complete—in a handsome presentation setting at no extra cost. Each contains the group of toilet articles that belong together. The three packages combine the fourteen articles that every woman needs.

And the ware itself! Beautiful, irresistible FIBERLOID! In alluring shades of Amber, Ivory, Gold, Gramarble, Tortoise and the new two-tone effects of Ivory on Amber and Amber on Shell—that add distinctive charm to any boudoir.

See these lovely Gift Packages—at the stores offering unusual gifts.

THE FIBERLOID CORPORATION
Indian Orchard, Mass.

SALES OFFICES:

New York City: 402-404 Fifth Avenue

Canada: 184 Bay Street, Toronto

San Francisco: 220 Post Street

To the Trade

If you have not yet secured Giftware of Fiberloid there is still sufficient time to order these new Gift Packages for sale at Easter. Gift Packing, at no expense to you or your customers, with the new patterns and colors is making this a Fiberloid year. ¶DEALERS: Write immediately for the name of our distributor located nearest you. JOBBERS: Our 1924 merchandising program is extremely important to you. If you have not seen our representative, write or wire for full particulars.

To the Seeker of Unusual Gifts

One, two or all three of these packages make a distinctive gift for all gift occasions. In addition, seven other boudoir articles are packed individually to match. They comprise: trinket-box, pin-cushion, perfume bottle, hat and cloth brushes, clock and picture frame. ¶The new and charming Cleopatra pattern is made in Fiberloid in delightful effects—Ivory, Amber, Shell, Amber-edged Ivory and Amber-edged Shell. Other pleasing Fiberloid patterns are also obtainable in Gift Packages.

· BIRTHDAYS · · PRESENTATIONS ·

the Gift Exquisite—
Gift Packages

Coiffure Set illustrating the new Cleopatra pattern in Fiberloid.

Beautiful Fiberloid

With the semi-precious natural materials—jade, ivory, mother-of-pearl, amber and tortoise shell—belongs Fiberloid, a product of the laboratory. By costly processes, the material known to scientists as pyroxylin plastic is given the true color life of nature's rare substances but without their fragility. ¶Fiberloid must not be confused with the materials used in other toiletware. Fiberloid gives you enduring beauty—better than real amber, ivory or tortoise—for toiletware and many other articles.

Giftware of
FIBERLOID
The Happy Choice

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

New Automobile Route to Europe
Via Cunard Ocean Highway

Drive Your Own Car *in* Europe
$441.

Covers car transportation both ways—crating—duties—customs—permits—plates and licenses for 125 in. wheel base—5 passenger—open car. Also American and foreign club dues and maps. We attend to everything. You do nothing but drive your car to Pier 54, North River, New York City. Cheaper than touring at home. Wonderful roads. Easy driving. See more—learn more.

We will send you a remarkable book by a New York business man telling in full detail how he did it last summer. Read the first half page and you won't go back to the same old place or drive the same old roads this summer. ' ' Apply direct or through our local office or agent.

Automobile Department
CUNARD AND ANCHOR LINES
25 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

CUNARD LINE
ANCHOR LINE

(Continued from Page 134)

another epidemic of graphic art, and now knowing what the young cartoonist might have stored away for exhibition purposes, Elmer agreed readily, and forthwith the pair set out for the office of the Bugle.

"When we get there, how would it be, George, to have your father's printer get some type and put it together into the word 'Pariah' so that we can see what the cover of the magazine is going to look like?"

"I can set type well enough for that. We don't have to have old Ben Adams do it. When we get there I'll set up the cover page and pull a proof."

From a supply of elaborately decorated capitals George Webster set up the magazine cover page:

THE PARAIH

ELMER HOLT AND GEORGE WEBSTER
EDITORS & PROP'S

PRINTED AT YE OLD BOOKE PRESSE

ONE DOLLAR YE YEAR

A JOURNAL OF CULTURE FOR THINKING PEOPLE

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

TEN CENTS

Elmer inspected the first proof, overlooking the misspelled title with a literary carelessness characteristic of poets three times his age.

"What do you think about not putting our names on the front cover, George? They look sort of egotistical the way they are."

"They might go on the first page instead of the front cover. That's where they usually go. We ought to have a good motto or something, though, like *In Hoc Signo Vinces*. I don't mean those words exactly, but something in Latin."

"There's a first-class motto on a ring that one of our ancestors gave to my grandfather. The only trouble with it is that it is too short to go clear across the page. It says on the ring under a snarling lion, 'Faith Creates,' in Latin."

"That's a mighty good motto. Nothing could be better. I'll put it right under the title."

The title page was revised to include the motto, and thereafter the pair of believers adjourned to the editorial desk of the Bugle and went ahead with their planning in a fog of gratifying tobacco smoke. For a little while discussion of the artistic and literary feast to be set before their readers received their attention; and then, craving something more satisfying than words, Elmer departed on a quick errand to Schmidt's Butcher Shop. He returned fifteen minutes later, staggering along under a ponderous bale of brown butcher paper which he had bought.

"I charged it on my father's meat bill, George. We can make an item out of it on the cash books when we start to keep them. It was sixteen dollars and fifty cents."

"That's cheap enough. You can get only seventeen subscribers at a dollar and that alone will offset that item."

It developed that the immediate future would include a subscription campaign to be conducted by Elmer, while George Webster circulated among the advertising patrons of his father's newspaper in an endeavor to accumulate whatever money might be forthcoming from local business men who believed that advertising paid.

On the following evening the progress reports showed that eleven of the business men in the little town had expressed their faith in the value of advertising by the purchase of full pages for the first issue at two dollars a page. A quick raid upon Elmer's friends had resulted in the surrender of twenty-eight subscribing victims.

"There are a lot more that are going to subscribe later on," Elmer explained. "In the meantime I am going to see what I can do around the outskirts of town."

By the end of the week the subscription list had grown to a grand total of more than seventy paid subscriptions, with nearly as many promises.

The advertising census included, finally, eighteen full-page martyrs and nearly three pages of business-card victims. Now, feeling that public interest was assured, the promoters of the uplift campaign turned their attention again to some satisfying material for filling the pages of their first issue.

Failing of inspiration, Elmer turned to the leather-bound book above his desk for material. Within the next four days he had prepared and edited treatises on ambergris, the boomerang, women in politics, religions of India and balloon races. For those trivial members of the gentler sex who might crave to lift themselves out of the common herd he wrote a woman's page, leading out with an article on The Care of the Child. This helpful essay for tired mothers was devoted to the child's mental development, ignoring less æsthetic details of infantile raiment and diet.

When all this had been accomplished, Elmer turned again to poems. He prepared a list of poetic suggestions covering love, patriotism, grief and life hereafter, adding for good measure a few glimpses of Nature which included pale and fragile stanzas devoted to spring and the night and violets. Laboring mightily, he delivered himself of a moan which he entitled The Masses:

Peoples of earth are like the unquiet sea—
Restless on the troubled surface,
Rising in futile tides with the pull of
Each transient moon,
Sinking when the thin maddening light is gone;
Inert in the dark deeps and
Intimate with the slimes of death.
Chained to chaos by the dragging fetters of night,
Disturbed forever by toppling superficial crests
Whose small ambitions drown in the common level
Or break into the grave scars of their birth.
Bowing always to Nature's might
And to fixed laws of cycles and rhythm.

Meeting his associate by agreement at the office of the Bugle on Sunday morning, Elmer was pleased to discover that George Webster had employed Ben Adams on The Pariah staff, and that the printer was hard at work setting up advertising matter which was to appear in the first number. He felt a thrill of proprietary pride at witnessing the tangible progress of the uplift campaign, but his pride was tinged with regret at the fact that the printer's first work was upon advertising copy instead of the higher literature which had been provided.

He conveyed his sentiments of satisfaction to Ben Adams, commenting upon the printer's noble vocation and the benefits to the human race which might result from the day's work. Bearing up nobly under a shower of compliments, the printer reflected to himself that at least one member of the human race would derive benefit from the project.

On the editorial desk George Webster had a bale of drawings, and along with the drawings a tentative solution for the problem of supplying visible hands and feet and faces for the crippled production of his pen.

"There is a convict up in the penitentiary who was a first-class artist before he got arrested for forgery. My father arranged with the warden to let the convict fix up the right expression on all the faces and to draw in the hands and feet. I am going up there right away with these and let him get to work. I'll eat my lunch up there and get back here by two o'clock."

Immersed in the atmosphere of industry and ambition about him, Elmer was conscious of no craving for luncheon. While his associate was absent he devoted himself once more to the production of poetry and to assisting Ben Adams in disposing of a half-pound plug of chewing tobacco which the printer had purchased on the strength of his augmented income.

At two o'clock George Webster returned with the anatomical additions to his drawings. An inspection of the drawings revealed the fact that whatever success the victim of the law's clutches might have had in his chosen profession of forgery, he was not, by any charitable definition, a master of detail where the human figure was concerned. George Webster apologized for his unfortunate accomplice.

"They won't be so bad when they are reduced in size. I'm going to wrap them up and express them tomorrow with the order for the zinc etchings. We ought to have them back here by Wednesday. I forgot to tell you before I went away that I had the local items finished for the page that will be opposite your poem of the violets. I put them in the top drawer when I came down." The collector of local news retrieved his accumulation of material and handed it to Elmer. "Maybe it's too much for one page, but we can use them in the next issue if there is anything left over."

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mock visited Hillburg Thursday, as Mrs. Mock is attending the doctor.

Elihu Yates, of Sparta, was married last Tuesday. On Wednesday he started back to work and as he was about to cross the track of the Q & V. R. R. he saw a freight train approaching. He nor the horse were hurt.

Alf Martin of Willits committed suicide last Thursday by drinking concentrated lye.

George Pringle got four of his teeth knocked out by a pipe which he held in his mouth when he slipped on the sidewalk near the cemetery and fell heavily.

Miss Carrie Bryan began sliding when walking down Negro Hill and was unable to bring her body to a halt until she had collided with a telegraph pole. She was rendered unconscious but rapidly

W. J. Murray, a stranger in town, was forced out of jail, where he had stayed for several weeks awaiting trial on a charge of failure to pay a board bill at the Grand View Hotel.

Judge Martin in announcing Lem Ballard's annulment told the young ex-wife that it should have been her business to find out if Lem was still married.

Mrs. Sara Hern's house nearly burned up Friday night. She was getting ready to go to the pie supper at the Mill Creek School when she found the hired man's overalls in flames which she thought was from a match that Mr. Gruger had left in his pocket.

Frank Kedzie, who recently passed through bankruptcy in St. Louis, has come back to make his home here with his parents. Frank says he intends to study business law.

Victor Coogan of Dale Mills held a sale of his personal property in that city last Saturday. He has moved to Hillburg where he will be employed in the penitentiary shoe factory until his sentence expires.

Elmer read George's collection of personals more as a courtesy to his companion than from any conviction that the quality of The Pariah would be improved by such a trivial matter. He conceded, however, without argument, that subscriptions might be forthcoming as a result of people seeing their names in print.

"Of course they will subscribe," George Webster affirmed. "That's the whole secret of the newspaper business. You put a man's name in print often enough and the first thing you know he sends in his subscription money because he doesn't want to miss seeing his name again. Of course, when we get going we won't bother mentioning any names of anybody; but just now we have to make sort of a concession to the masses to get their money and to get them to read the paper."

Elmer felt in his heart that any concession to the masses for the purpose of getting them to subscribe to The Pariah would entail a loss of self-respect similar to that which a man might suffer in urging a pig to eat, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

During the days at school, now that the news of the projected magazine was common property, Elmer accepted subscriptions from a number of his classmates. In this latest group of subscribers was the butcher's son, Clyde Schmidt. There was no doubt in Elmer's mind as to the benefit Clyde Schmidt could derive from careful perusal of the contents of The Pariah, but his suggestion to this effect was received without much enthusiasm by the burly young giant.

"I don't care much about what's in this magazine," Clyde Schmidt explained. "All I am getting it for is to see about my father's butcher-shop advertisement."

The bad blood between them, inspired by the fickle Lucille Scott, was not improved by this crass confession.

On Wednesday the zinc etchings for George Webster's illustrations came from St. Louis. By that time Elmer had accumulated enough literary material for a three-hundred-page magazine. That night this classic goulash was boiled down to a viscous mental pabulum which could be contained in the allotted space of forty pages.

Twenty-four pages of the magazine were made up of advertising matter, and by a brief political article which George Webster's father desired to have reprinted for the good of the party to which the Bugle's influence was pledged. All this copy was turned over to Ben Adams, who had been working steadily on the advertising copy which George Webster had solicited.

It developed that Ben Adams could not get all the stuff set up in time for the announced publication date. Facing this problem, the publishers of The Pariah accepted the printer's suggestion, not without protest, that some of the pages of the magazine be devoted to unpaid advertising matter for which cuts could be supplied from the stock which cluttered up the dark corners of the printing office. In Elmer's mind was a vision of the mob of subscribers who had paid their money, and in George Webster's imagination he could see a group of advertising patrons champing the bit, impatient for tangible returns on their investments.

(Continued on Page 141)

Twilight Made to Order

DIM-A-LAMP Regulates Light to Suit YOU

You can have any degree of light wherever and whenever you want it, for DIM-A-LAMP clamps, stands or hangs any place in the house and gives five changes of light from full-on to out.

Splendid for bedroom, sickroom, nursery, boudoir, desk, reading, shaving.

DIM-A-LAMP
Clamps, Stands, Hangs Anywhere

Electric bills are cut 30% to 80%, eyes are saved by humming to desired luminosity and burglars foiled by leaving a low-burning light when there's nobody home [illegible] in three beautiful finishes, brush-brass, $4 to. [illegible]. $5. At electrical, hardware and depart- [illegible] sent direct postpaid on receipt of price.

[illegible]

WIRT COMPANY

[illegible]

Five Changes of Light – Saves 30% to 80 [illegible]

MULLINS

STEEL BOATS Can't Sink

Write NOW for 1924 Catalog

Contains descriptions, specifications, prices and illustrations in natural colors of our complete line of steel launches outboard motor boats, row boats, fishing and hunting boats.

Mullins Steel Boats are the most economical of all boats. We guarantee them against leaking, water-logging, drying out, opening seams and the necessity of caulking. Built of puncture proof steel, they are practically indestructible. Equipped with air-tight compartments, they are non-sinkable.

They combine every desirable quality of safety, speed, graceful lines, comfort, ease of operation and durability. Over 75,000 in use.

MULLINS BODY CORPORATION
Boat Department
800 Depot Street Salem, Ohio

A Man's Judgment is No Better than his Information

OVER 80000 MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN ARE GUIDING THEIR BUSINESS TODAY WITH

CLOVER BUSINESS SERVICE

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH $12.00 A YEAR

Written So You Can Understand

Try it FREE for a Month and See How You Like It.

COMMODITIES - - PRICES - - INVESTMENTS
SPECULATION - MERCHANDISING - ACCURATE FORECASTS
THE BUSINESS CYCLES - SALES - LABOR - CREDIT

Send for Free Copy and Booklet CLOVER MFG. CO. Dept. N. Norwalk, Conn.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Style at its best—*plus*

Styleplus—no better designing at any price—tailored for style, plus all-wool fabrics, guaranteed to wear—popular prices.

Good tailoring and good materials throughout—their style lasts.

Styleplus Clothes include the new English type—loose, straight-hanging coats with wide-bottom trousers—other stylish models for those of more conservative taste. Newest shades and patterns in standard all-wool fabrics—wide selections for men and young men.

Ask a Styleplus clothier to show you our new Spring styles.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

Young Men Attention!
See Styleplus first. Ask to see our special features for Spring.

Trade Mark Reg.

"America's foremost style line at popular prices"

Look for this label—*a big name in clothes*

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

(Continued from Page 139)

The Pariah went to press while its proprietors were at school. After half the edition had been printed, Ben Adams, sleuthing around in a folded sample copy, discovered that a dozen of the page layouts were upside down and wrongly numbered. In shifting the forms he dropped a section of Elmer's heaviest essay. He decided that the least said about this accident the better it would be for all concerned, and so he substituted electroplates of three patent-medicine advertisements to take the place of the uplifting literature which had been swept up and consigned to the hell box.

When their day at school had ended, Elmer and George Webster walked as fast as their legs could carry them to the printing office. Ben Adams was busy at the stapling machine dressing up the internal department of The Pariah in its butcher-paper costume. He was ready for the two eager proprietors, with cut copies of the first number of the magazine that was to lift the masses out of the slough of worldly things to a higher plane where culture and the finer things of life abounded on every hand.

Elmer paused only for an instant in his inspection of the cover page. He opened the magazine and there discovered his brain children arrayed for the admiration of an eager world. The children were hot with their throbbing sentiment and embellished by beautiful allegorical figures whose shapes, in their reduced reproductions, were satisfactorily relieved of the deformities and contortions so painfully displayed in George Webster's original sketches.

Reading first of all The Equation of Life, Elmer's eye skimmed over a text which set forth the fact that carnivorous man of the Stone Age had given place to races of physical and mental weaklings whose food and shelter are as elaborate as inventive genius and mental ingenuity can obtain.

"Eat more sausage for that tired feeling these cold mornings. What is tastier than Schmidt's pork sausage and buckwheat cakes." The searching eye, delving into the equation of life, recoiled from pork sausage. Elmer turned over a page and read with tender sentiments a poem entitled Regrets, seeing the while before him the face of the lovely Lucille Scott:

Our little day of happiness is done?
Finished, you say, that day too rare to last?
Well, be it so; the portals of the past
Shall open wide the road to yesterday.
I shall recall the sweetness of your last caress
And be content with dreaming that I hold you fast.
Nothing can rob me of my dreams,
And when the sun of each new morning beams,
Fair as a rose the pictured past shall be,
Carmine, anew, unveiled by memory.

On the page opposite Regrets there was a line etching of the fat Mrs. Elsie Kleiber, of Killicut, Iowa. The unfortunate Mrs. Kleiber, the article set forth, had become scared. She had proceeded to load her stomach with a lot of drugs that excited her spleen. She faded. She took to her bed. For eighteen years she remained in bed, suffering tortures. Finally her friends gave her up. Then, hopeless, but willing to try anything once, Mrs. Kleiber had taken a drink of a delightful effervescent compound. Twenty-four hours later a marked improvement had set in.

But at this point Elmer dismissed Mrs. Kleiber and her troubles with a frown of annoyance. He turned over a page and read a tender four-line message which had been inspired in his heart by memory of a mad moment.

The pearls that lingered in the mystic glow
Which kindled in your laughing starry eyes,
Served but to veil the three sweet words I know,
The words that meant for me my paradise.

The reader was then assured in bold black print that suffering was unnecessary and that pressure on the seventh vertebra was the cause of diabetes, worms and peristalsis. An expert mail-order analysis of the victim's spine by a Dr. Lucius McFeeney, who would send blanks to be filled out by the sufferer, would solve not only the problems mentioned but any which might arise from gas in the stomach, gallstones, jaundice, loss of speech, writer's cramp, epilepsy and a dozen other ills of the flesh, ranging from embarrassing ailments to others which were positively vulgar.

A line of dedication, To Lucille, had been set over Doctor McFeeney's offer instead of in its proper place under the title to the tender verse.

It was here that Elmer lost control of his suppressed emotions and emitted a low bleat whose strident anguish was borrowed from the blatant language current among grading-camp mules.

"George, this magazine can never see the light of day." The anguished proprietor looked at his companion and in his eyes was the red gleam of desperation. "We can't ever let all this get to be public."

At this way station of woe, Ben Adams, expectorating freely so as to enable him to indulge verbally in a few sentences in the English language, swung aboard the train of tragedy with a sickening announcement:

"They wuz mebbe thirty or forty advertisers and subscribers come in and all of 'em got their copies of this here magazine when the first batch was printed early this afternoon. I don't see anything wrong, personally, with it. She looks mighty fine to me."

Ben Adams' enthusiasm may have been inspired by the fact that he had not yet received his wages from the two youthful publishers.

George Webster entered at this juncture with an unanswerable argument.

"Besides that, everybody has paid their subscription and all the advertisers have paid up and we got to issue this number or else never be able to look them in the eye."

Of two gigantic evils, the least was chosen, and within an hour The Pariah, promising to live up to its name, had been mailed to subscribers and advertising patrons.

With Mrs. Elsie Kleiber's physical condition Elmer was only casually concerned, in that her troubles were set forth in the pages of his magazine; but he felt a personal resentment when he reviewed the offer of Dr. Lucius McFeeney. The dedication To Lucille set above his advertisement inspired nothing less than an ambition for personal combat wherefrom the McFeeney countenance would emerge with decorations like unto a shipwrecked order of poached eggs; and so it was that in a trance of anger Elmer nodded briefly when approached by Ben Adams, the printer, concerning payment for services rendered.

When Ben Adams had been paid there remained in The Pariah treasury a meager two dollars, but this financial detail was forgotten by Elmer in a more acute situation which developed the following day.

At school, after lunch, and before classes had been assembled, he saw the ponderous Clyde Schmidt standing near the entrance of the building enjoying what was evidently a delightful conversation with the beautiful and false Lucille Scott. The girl's back was turned toward Elmer as he approached the pair, but her companion announced Elmer's arrival. Clyde Schmidt raised his voice well above his harsh conversational tone and commanded the attention of half a dozen groups of Elmer's schoolmates.

"Gangway for der author! Gangway for der big poet!"

Lucille Scott turned and looked at Elmer. On her lips he fancied he saw a quick smile of derision and in her eyes he read a sparkle of ridicule.

Elmer went into action on the instant, and half the torture he had suffered throughout the recent anguished hours was expressed in the first wallop that landed on Clyde Schmidt's mouth. He registered two more killers before the enemy got into action.

The poet became conscious of an earthquake that spent its energy on his nose. It disturbed his vision. He felt yielding turf under his feet where a moment before there had been the hard planking of the walk. Somebody had retreated. He felt a quick gush of warm blood on his upper lip, and then Clyde Schmidt landed a battering left on the point of Elmer's chin.

In the red haze that followed Elmer saw a sentence in crimson letters a mile high, "Life is real, life is earnest."

Coming out of his personal fog, Elmer realized that four bearers were carrying him to the drinking fountain. He made haste to bathe his wounds, and when he had resurrected his face from its sanguinary mask he turned toward his home and walked away.

In the midnight of his distress the sanctuary of his father's house appealed to him as the one refuge within whose walls he would be safe from the batterings of an unkind world. His status was hardly that of the classic prodigal, nor yet forlorn enough

(Continued on Page 143)

Stopping Tooth Decay by increasing the action of the mouth glands

If you assist the natural protective processes of the mouth, the teeth are kept safe

MOUTH acids cause tooth decay. These acids are constantly forming. Brushing removes them for a few minutes. Then they begin to form again and all day they cover your teeth and begin to eat into the enamel.

There is a natural neutralizer for these acids—the mouth glands. All the time they pour forth alkaline fluids and neutralize these acids. If the glands worked properly they would prevent tooth decay. But they have slowed down. Our present soft diet does not give them enough exercise.

Instead of merely brushing away these acids temporarily, you should stimulate the glands to do their work of protecting the teeth *all the time*.

This tooth paste increases the protective fluids of the mouth

Pebeco stimulates the salivary glands—it makes them work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth, in between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot reach. They thoroughly neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity.

White and shining enamel

Pebeco cleans and polishes the teeth as thoroughly as any dentifrice can. It cannot scratch the enamel, or injure the edges of the gums or delicate membranes of the mouth.

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco and start now to get your mouth into a healthy, clean condition. Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'.

Beautiful, white teeth stay beautiful only in a healthy mouth. Thousands of men are keeping their mouths healthy and their teeth strong and clean with Pebeco.

Send coupon for free generous tube

Free Offer

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. E-6
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.
Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.
Name_____
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MOTOR TRUCKS

When a company purchases another and still another Federal until they have a large fleet - - - that is evidence of an intimate first hand knowledge of Federal quality - - - a firm belief that Federal Motor Trucks will provide year after year transportation at less cost. You will find many large Federal fleet owners who will quote figures to prove this.

The Syracuse Ice Cream Company of Syracuse, N. Y., is one of the many Federal Fleet owners, which has found Federal Motor Trucks economical and dependable in transporting their product to their customers. They will tell you why they have purchased them since the first one started their work for them.

Prices of Federal Trucks

1-Ton - - -	$1675	5-6 Ton - - -	$4750
1½-Ton - -	2150	7-Ton - - -	5000
2½-Ton - -	3200	Light Duty Tractor	3200
3½ to 4 Ton -	4200	Heavy Duty Tractor	4235

These prices are for standard chasses only, in lead—F. O. B. Detroit. Excise tax additional.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY - - - DETROIT

(Continued from Page 141)

to warrant the flood of self-pity from which by easy stages he recalled the tempered-wind theory which is the portion of the shorn and disconsolate lamb. A failure in business, a loser in the anguished game of love, suffering mental and physical reminders of inglorious defeat in battle, the shorn lamb sought the tempered winds and the asset of sympathy that remained to him out of a neglected tribal affinity with his parents. He pursued his homeward course over a section of life's bleak desert that was thickly strewn with the thorns of memory and the sharp rocks of wrecked ambition.

The parable of the prodigal son mingled in Elmer's mind with the refrain of a more recent song that affirmed that a boy's best friend is his father, and this lightened the melancholy heart to a degree which permitted a mental abstraction temporarily devoted to doubt as to whether the song held a boy's best friend to be his father or his mother. The quotation, with its problem of accuracy, faded presently in the shadows under the portals of his father's house. Entering that sanctuary with his head bowed in gratitude, Elmer resolved to emulate the central figure of many a similar desperate circumstance and to purge his soul to the last word of a confession wherein each error would receive due acknowledgment.

In this mood, facing his father, who at the moment was reviewing the family bills for the month, he encountered the problem of explaining why so large an item for butcher paper had been charged upon the monthly meat account. His father's question reacted upon his resolve to confess his mistakes, even as salt upon a snail or caustic alum upon a burning gumboil.

Resolution melted away until the core of reform was but a thread of bitterness. If a boy's father turned against him, helping to fan the fires of a hell of anguish right when his soul craved ice water, what in the cosmos was there left to him except a deliberate choice of a desperate career as a foe of civilization and society?

"My goodness, dad, there isn't any use of getting so alarmed about sixteen dollars' worth of butcher paper! It's easy enough to pay a cash item like that out of the money that comes in from advertising."

"Well, suppose you pay it then if you have your advertising money collected."

"Everything that came in this month except two dollars went to Ben Adams for printing the magazine."

"No money in the treasury except the two dollars?"

"No, sir."

"Where are you going to get money enough to take care of next month's issue?"

"Well, by that time a lot more people ought to advertise and more subscriptions will come in."

"What became of the subscription money?"

"Ben Adams got some of it and most of it went to buy white paper with. We have a lot of that butcher paper left that I could take back and maybe raise ten dollars."

Elmer's father was silent for a little while; and then, having detected the missing factor in the young publisher's financial equation, he presented it to Elmer's attention.

"You've got to furnish your subscribers eleven more copies of the paper. It looks to me as if the more circulation you get the deeper you go in the hole. The project isn't sound."

Here was a criticism from one who could never understand the crying need for reform. Money! Always money! That was about all that people seemed to be able to think about. Elmer voiced this opinion with a superior assurance which did nothing to promote peace in the family.

"My goodness, I should think your thoughts would rise above sixteen dollars now and then! That's the trouble with everybody—always thinking of money and never thinking of the finer things of life."

"One of the finest things in life, so far as I know, is to pay your bills. Sixteen dollars right now would make a bigger hit with me than sixteen tons of philosophical sidestepping."

Enough was enough. Elmer suddenly felt that the only way to subdue these savages who paraded around under the veneer of civilization was to be firm with them. He permitted a tone of anger to temper his reply, and then it appeared that his ultimatum was not so ultimate as an amendment to it, brief and stern, spoken quietly by his father. Now, indeed, the field of battle was cleared and a major action impended.

"You must control yourself," his father commanded. "I want none of your impertinence."

Elmer waited, a sneer upon his lips, for the old rattle relative to a respectful manner and keeping a civil tongue in his head. Boys had abandoned the family hearth at a more tender age than seventeen, and he felt that his reply would probably cut him off from his base of supplies and throw him into the turmoil of the world's affairs, where, single-handed, he would conquer or die, free at last from the petty restraint imposed by an ignorant parent who could never understand him.

Before he could reply to his father, the engagement was interrupted by a ringing of the front-door bell; and then, a moment later, the butcher-paper problem had faded to insignificance with the gravity of a complaint barked forth by an enraged caller who considered himself a victim of the page of humor published in The Pariah. The victim's right hand was making violent gestures. His left hand was trembling. It held an open copy of the magazine which was to uplift the masses.

"It says here," the victim snarled, "'Why is Ambrose F. Morton, the cornet player, like a well-fed hog?' in this damned magazine! I have come to ask your son Elmer just exactly what he means by saying why am I like a well-fed hog under the words 'Wit and Humor.'"

Elmer swallowed his bulging Adam's apple two or three times. He was conscious of his inability to present a satisfactory explanation to Ambrose F. Morton. A joke was a joke only so long as people accepted it as such. That seemed to be the terrible thing about jokes. If stubborn people would not see the point there was no point.

Meanwhile Ambrose F. Morton, having carefully rehearsed his rage, continued to tremble

"Well," he demanded at last, "speak up! Just exactly why am I like a well-fed hog? You tell me that, young feller, and tell me quick!"

Elmer's father replied for his son

"I'll explain the point of the joke." He turned to Elmer. "You go upstairs until I can show Mr. Morton the point of this joke."

The revelation of concealed humor which had troubled Ambrose F. Morton lasted about ten minutes; and then, rescued from an awkward situation by an exhibition of mature diplomacy, Elmer was recalled to face what he imagined would be a continuation of the verbal battle which would terminate in his farewell to the family hearth.

Much to his surprise, he found his father engaged again upon the audit of the family accounts for the month, and for some unaccountable reason the storm clouds seemed to have disappeared. The external enemy had promoted a peace in the tribal warfare and now both parties to the threatened combat welcomed the truce. Elmer's father turned to his son.

"I settled the Morton hash. That fellow is a fool—one of these dignified fanatics that carries his protest gun set on a hair trigger. Dangerous to monkey with."

Elmer felt a sudden surge of friendship for the diplomat.

"That's about all you can expect, dad, out of those canaille."

The elder man looked at his son and on his lips there was a faint smile.

"Nobody ever reformed a regular hard-shell. They belong to whoever sees them first. There's no use trying to reform them, because the doors to their brains have spring locks and after their heads are filled with their first cargoes of fanatic ideas there's never room for new ones."

"Yes, sir. What did you do to get him calmed down?"

"I hired him to give you cornet lessons. Cheer up, you don't have to take but five or six—and then don't ever touch a cornet again. You'll be out on the river with the survey crew in the spring. Maybe you had better not try to uplift the masses until they get so they can take a joke."

"My goodness, dad, I certainly am much obliged to you! I'll never write any more uplifting thoughts for the trivial masses. To hell with the canaille! I'll never write any more poetry as long as I live."

Elmer's father interrupted the outburst.

"Do you mean that?"

"Why, goodness gracious, pop, I never meant anything more in my life! I wouldn't write any more poetry for the canaille for a million dollars!"

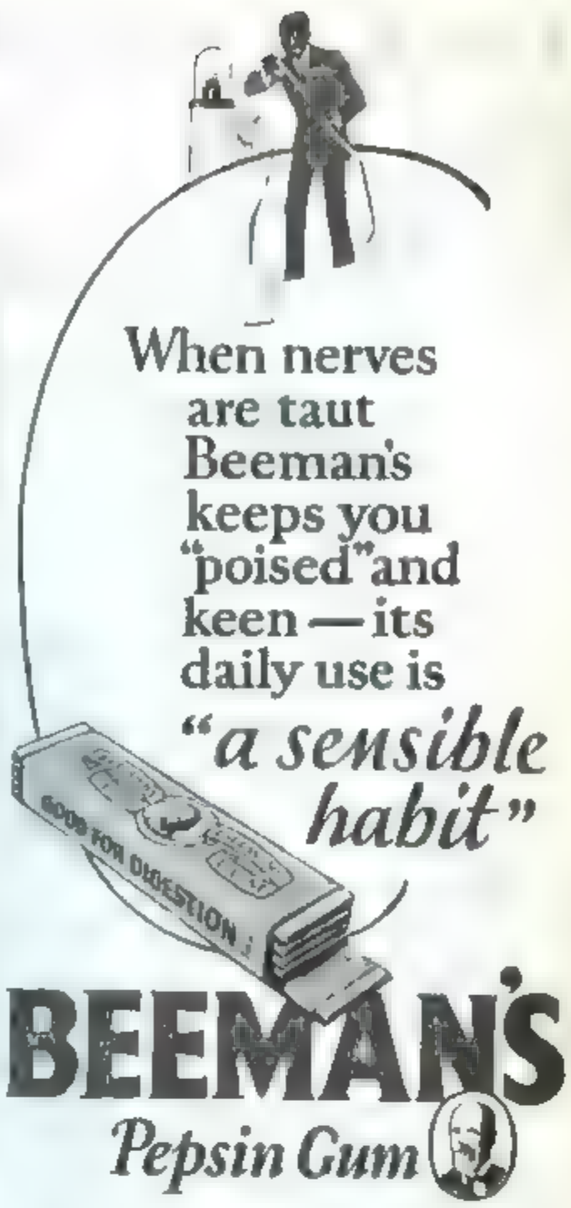
The older man held out his hand.

"Well, shake on that," he said. "No more poetry! That's a contract. How much money do you need? I'll stake you to enough to square you with your subscribers."

The skies had cleared again. Life was real, right enough, and life was earnest, and the grave was not its goal. Some folks, least suspected, were human pals after all.

PHOTO. BY BERT HUNTOON

Mt. Baker (Elevation 10,740 Feet) From a Point Near Austin Pass, Washington


When nerves are taut Beeman's keeps you "poised" and keen — its daily use is
"a sensible habit"
GUM FOR DIGESTION
BEEMAN'S
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SEN-SEN *to sweeten and perfume the breath.*

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers.

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Fit all makes of thin lead Metal Pencils—

and give your *metal* pencil the same marvelous writing qualities which have made VENUS PENCILS—*the largest selling quality pencils in the world.*

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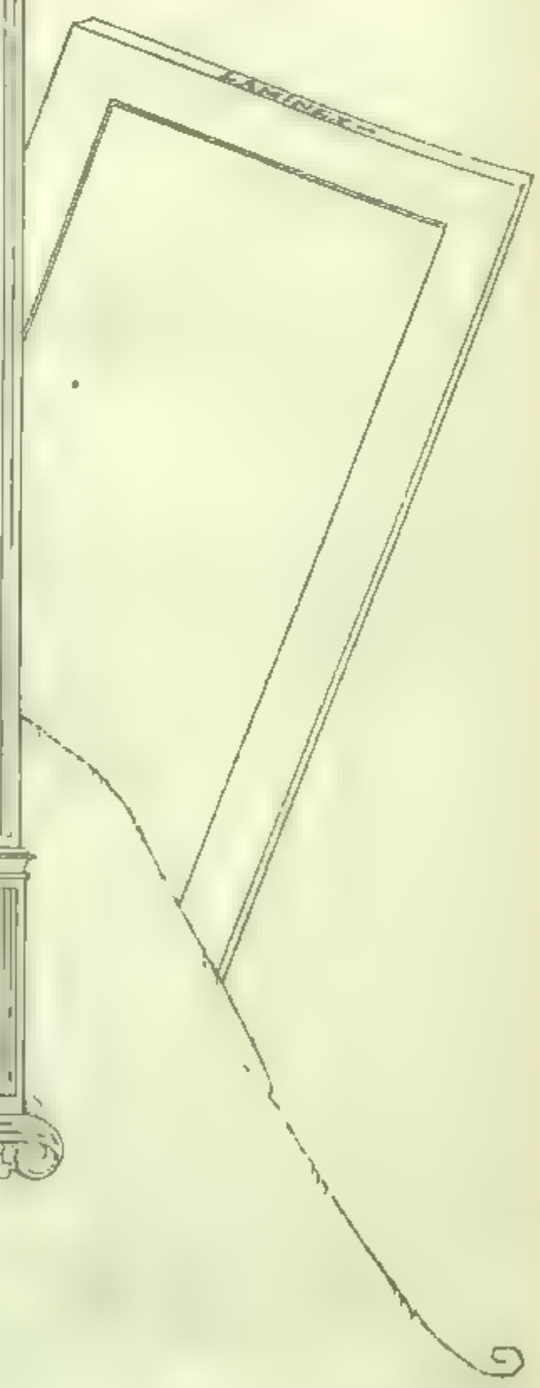
The Acme Filtering Flue is a wonderful new invention that fits any gas cooking range and absorbs all the objectionable odors from cooking and prevents grease from discoloring your walls. Anyone can attach it in a minute—no tools needed.

Send us an impression of the size and shape of the oven vent of your range with $2.00 and an Acme Flue will be sent you prepaid. Money refunded if not satisfied.

COMMERCIAL GAS APPLIANCE COMPANY
213-215 Guilford Ave. Baltimore, Md.
DEALERS: Write for Special Proposition

THE WORLD'S LARGEST DOOR

Every Laminex door is plainly branded on the end. In addition, we affix a gold label replacement guarantee: "This Laminex door, built by our exclusive process, is guaranteed. In case of failure not due to neglect or misuse we will replace it without charge."



Laminex six-panel Colonial Door, growing in favor for both exterior and interior use. All exterior doors, in order to stand the weather properly, should have several coats of paint, or stain and varnish.

© 1924, The Wheeler, Osgood Company, Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX

BUILT OF SELECTED OLD

MANUFACTURER ANNOUNCES~

Laminex ~ a *tested* door that will not *shrink, swell* or *warp!*

HOW often do we think of doors—the character they give to entrances; the beauty and usefulness they lend to rooms? Just count the doors in your home. An average house has from twelve to twenty-five. And it's only when they stick, sag or jamb that you suddenly become *door-conscious*.

For years this organization—the largest builders of doors in America—has been working to perfect a process that would overcome the common faults in door construction. These are due to the *tracheids* or cells of wood as it grows in the tree. When cut into lumber, these *tracheids* remain constant in length but expand and contract in width with changes of moisture content.

In Laminex doors, we build up the parts that go into the construction of the door, using a special Laminex waterproof cement and squeezing the whole together by tremendous hydraulic pressure into one solid piece

The result is two-fold: *First:* the natural cavities of the wood are closed up; *Second:* the grain of the adjoining sections is so "crossed" that it equalizes all expansion and contraction and holds the whole in check, for wood cannot shrink in length and the Laminex cement is stronger than the wood.

Water, heat and strength tests

In the Forest Products Laboratories, the University of Washington School of Forestry, Laminex doors taken at random from stock underwent grilling tests. After soaking in water for 24 hours "the complete absence of warping and the very slight expansion due to absorption of moisture were especially noticeable." Laminex doors subjected to a temperature of 185° Fahr. for 24 hours showed no shrinkage or checks. Laminex doors tested in a 200,000 pound Olsen testing machine stood unruptured under 912 pounds average pressure.

On October 13, 1923, in a great fire of the Davis Sash & Door Company at Nashville, Laminex doors went through water and terrific heat *without the slightest sign of giving way, blistering or buckling, where many other doors failed*

A door trade-marked and guaranteed

You can always identify a Laminex door. They are branded on the end of the door and our gold label replacement guarantee attached. Specify Laminex when you build or hang new doors. They are made of old-growth Douglas fir (80% as durable as White Oak by U. S. government test). Vertical-grain, best suited for enamel and paint—all-flat grain which takes stains and varnish with beautiful effects.

You can obtain Laminex doors in the standard designs from building material dealers everywhere. Write us for the valuable booklet, "*The Door is Important.*" Also, a monograph on Laminex doors for architects sent upon request.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington—"*The Lumber Capital of America*"

WOCO DOOR COMPANY
Dashwood House, London, England

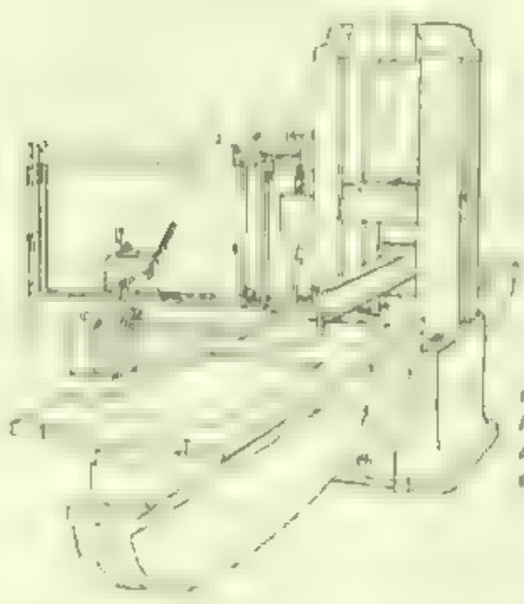
Sales Offices: Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane

WOCO

Manufacturers of "Woco" Douglas Fir Doors and Fir Sash

Water test—24 hours' soaking showed complete absence of warping in Laminex doors. All parts of the door remained rigid and strong. Tests made by the Forest Products Laboratories, University of Washington

Heat test in commercial dry kiln—no shrinking, warping or checking in Laminex doors resulted from 24 hours in heat of 185° Fahr. with humidity of 30 per cent



Strength test—Laminex panels in a 200,000 pound Olsen testing machine, stood an average pressure of 912 pounds without rupturing.

~DOORS

GROWTH DOUGLAS FIR~

Speaks For Itself

The fine style speaks for itself. The finish, too. But only months of wear under "every-day" conditions can tell the full story of comfort and service built into every pair of HERMAN'S Shoes.

Style 476 (illustrated) is a new brown calf model on the Hoover last, with a wide appeal to business and professional men.

Write for new illustrated catalog and local HERMAN dealer's name

JOS. M. HERMAN SHOE CO.
Boston and Millis, Mass.

Makers of over four million pairs of shoes for the U. S. Government

HERMAN'S SUPER-SERVICE SHOE

Better Tone for every Radio!

FRANK D. PEARNE, eminent Radio engineer, says, "Broad surface, and small resistance of TRANSCONTINENTAL RIBBON Aerials solve most antenna problems." A laboratory product, calculated in capacity, resistance and strength to give better tone in every instance, volume and selectivity with any crystal or tube set.

50 Foot....$1.50 100 Foot...$3.00
75 Foot.... 2.25 150 Foot... 4.50

Complete ready to snap onto insulators

Thousands now giving satisfactory service all over the U. S. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from this advt. Send price. 100 foot length most generally used. Must give better results or money refunded. Dept. 117

ACORN RADIO MFG. CO., 1606 S. Ranse Ave. CHICAGO

TRANSCONTINENTAL RIBBON AERIAL

DEALERS! Write for Special Offer

Girls With
BOY BOB
American Gentleman

BEST HAIR CLIPPER MADE

Blades of finest cutlery steel. Clips fast. Stays sharp. Does neatest work. Easily operated and handled. Simple adjustable cutting length. Lasts for years, making only slight cost after 10 years. Attachments for trimming, shaving, etc. Adjustable cutting length. Lasts for years, making only slight cost after 10 years. Attachments for trimming, shaving, etc. Send no money. Pay postman $2.50 on arrival. Get one now.

Chicago Flexible Shaft Company
5688 Roosevelt Road, Chicago
34 Years Making Quality Hair Clippers
Canadian Factory: 565 Lake Ave., Toronto

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower

A Practical Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Seedsmen, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers

American Farm Machine Co.
2500 Uni. Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Catalog free

AGENTS WANTED

Sell Mystic vest pocket windshield cleaner; one rub keeps entire windshield clear 24 hours, needed by every autoist, motorman, engineer, guaranteed 1 year, 90,000 sold, amazing details free. SECURITY MFG. CO., Dept. 760, TOLEDO, OHIO

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 32)

"If you touch me again," she stormed, "I'll hit you across the mouth!"

He fell back a pace and gasped, "I—I'm awfully sorry; b-b-but you'd have run into that b-b-bullock cart—her—h'm——"

"Oh, can't you cure yourself of that stammer?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I t-try."

After all, one can do no more than try. But our natures are not susceptible to swift changes. They run their accustomed courses through the channels of long habit. *Vide* the case of Olive Banbury, who had stayed on the Mascot to nurse a sick man. And listen for a moment to Joshua Morgan speculating as to whether "Young Tim has bought that consignment of Manchester goods to advantage."

Henry Julius moved to the side of Mr. Isinglass to ask in the naïvest way, "At all interested in mining shares, Mr. Isinglass?"

And Mary Ottery said to Kate Morgan, "I'm sure that parcel is bothering you. Do let me carry it."

Ethiopians all!

XVIII

VERNON seldom went ashore. His days were occupied supervising the repairs to the Mascot and for the most part he spent the evenings in his cabin, busying himself with ocean charts and his own reflections. A firm conviction, inspired by the unfailing optimism of Mr. Isinglass in human nature, was growing in his mind that somehow he would be given the power to carry the enterprise through to a successful conclusion.

Clearly it was useless to hope that a tangible treasure would be found; but in the last few weeks he had come to apply a wider application to the word "treasure" than its mere financial significance. He asked himself of what is treasure composed. Surely not of doubloons and pieces of eight! It came to him that of a few hurried words exchanged in an early morning with a girl he scarcely knew, that of the knowledge of her nearness, of a now-and-then sight of her with cheeks glistening from the upflung spray, a man might fill a treasure chest to overflowing.

He ran over in his mind the motives and ambitions which had brought together the odd company, drawn by his will-o'-the-wisp advertisement. And of them all, only Henry Julius had declared for money. The magnet pulled the rest in many different ways—toward adventure, escape, health, toil and amazement. Surely, surely the power might be granted to give them generously of these.

For this reason Vernon spent much time alone, racking his brains as to what means he should employ.

The subscribed capital of the company was five thousand pounds, and that money, by hook or by crook, he determined should be repaid to the investors on the day they set foot on English soil again. Of his own original fortune nothing remained. There was a possibility he might raise a bit on what he would inherit from his Uncle Fletcher Winslowe in accordance with the terms of his late grandfather's will. But Fletcher Winslowe had always lived expensively; and, since the administration of thyroid had given him a new lease of life, it was unreasonable to suppose that a large sum could be raised on the reversion. The question, however, was worth investigating, and an idea came to Vernon that he would write to Ralph Whitaker and enlist his aid.

"My dear old Ralph," he wrote, "if you haven't chucked this unread into the fire, I want you to help me out of a tangle. I dare say if you showed this letter to the police and told them what you know of the business they would make arrangements by cable for my arrest. In case you believe it would be a good job if they did, I inclose a list of ports we shall call at, with the approximate dates of arrival. You must do what you think right about this. As regards that schoolboy promise of ours, I call it off and leave you to act as you please. I was in a black mood that day you came and looked me up—in a black, revengeful temper—and I confess now my aim was to get back at the world for the shabby way I felt it had treated me. That advertisement of mine was intended to rope in a crowd of sharks whom I meant to bleed all I knew how. What's happened has defeated me, for instead of sharks I find myself in such a company of sportsmen as I didn't believe existed."

Followed a description of what took place at the supper party.

"They trusted me, Ralph; and, though it must sound like a lie to say so, I hadn't the heart to tell them the truth. It seemed to me I had started something that just had to go on. Call it cowardice, if you like, but, having opened the door on this adventure, I lacked the courage to bang it in their faces. I suppose I am an ass to believe I shall ever scrape out of the mess with a rag of character left to me; but win or lose, I'm going to have a shot at it.

"I've been given command of this yacht and she's a marvel—yes, and I think I've some sort of command of myself too. 'T any rate I'm trying to sort out the muddle I've made of things and clean up what's left. One thing is certain - these folk must have a run for their money, and having had it they must have their money returned. And this is where you can help me."

Followed a number of details about lawyers and wills and reversionary securities, and a good many more or less technical queries.

"Even if they'd let me have five thousand I'd take it," he concluded. "Do your best for me, Ralph, and if you can raise the cash send it in a lump % MacAndrews, Ltd., Honolulu. You might send a cable if you're really a pal. Western Code for preference. I'll see a lawyer tomorrow and fix up power of attorney for you on my behalf. The British vice consul should be able to help me in that."

He had almost finished writing when there was a knock at his cabin door and Averil came in.

"Am I being a nuisance?" she asked.

"Hardly," he said; "but I thought you were ashore."

"I was, but I came back for something."

"Have I got it?"

She smiled.

"In a sense, yes. I came back for you."

"That was very nice of you."

"It's Sunday," said Averil; "nobody ever works on Sunday. It's unhealthy and unreligious. Besides, I want an escort."

"An escort—where to?"

She seated herself on the corner of his writing table and stared at the ceiling.

"There's some talk of going to a bull fight. That Julius person started it. There's one at San Sebastian this afternoon. He spoke of hiring a car and taking us over. Of course we pay our own fares and all that, but—well, I don't know."

Vernon leaned back in his chair.

"My first impression of you being of a girl who was extraordinarily nice to her horses, I should say at a guess that you do know."

Averil nodded.

"Oh, of course, I don't really want to go. I'm certain I should hate it. But, as a matter of fact, there aren't any horses at least today there aren't. It's one of those what do you call 'em? novia affairs *noraidas*."

"Yes?"

She continued to stare at the ceiling.

"In a way, I think I'd like to go, rather—not because it's beastly but to harden one somehow."

"To harden one?" he repeated.

"Yes; it's a matter of pluck—being frightened of taking a risk. Oh, it's easy enough to say it's against one's conscience to see a thing like that; but I think sometimes conscience is only another name for funk, don't you?"

It was Vernon's turn to nod.

"If I wasn't in a funk I wouldn't want to go; but you see, I rather despise people who shrink."

"Do you?" he replied. "Well, it's a forward policy."

"I'd have despised you," she said with sudden frankness, "if you'd shrunk from tackling this treasure hunt."

"Even in face of very real doubts as to whether I ought to?"

"Even in face of a certainty," said Averil. "I think one ought to be as brave as one's impulse—always. It's a certainty, I suppose, that I shall hate this bull fight."

"Then you've made up your mind to go?"

"Well, I didn't much want to go with that Julius person. That's rank snobbery, of course."

"Then oughtn't you to go with him?" asked Vernon with a laugh.

"Yes, that's fair enough. But if you'd come, I'd rather. I don't want to develop all my virtues in a single afternoon."

"All right," he said; "but they don't start these shows till five o'clock and it won't take more than an hour to get there."

"Oh, there's not a scrap of hurry if you want to work."

"I've only this letter to finish," said he, "and an envelope to address. Take that chair."

"I'm not in the way?"

"You are not."

"May I look at this?"

He glanced round and saw she had picked up Roger Winslowe's log book, which an hour before he had taken from his uniform case with the vague intention of reading. He thought he had put it away and was surprised to see it in her hands.

He hesitated a second before answering. "I'm afraid you'll find it very dull."

She turned a page and screwed up her face at the writing.

"Whatever is it?"

He told her; there was no point in concealing the truth.

"The book I found, in company with the map, when I was a boy."

Averil's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"How marvelous!" she cried, and down went her head over the closely written pages.

Vernon wound up his letter to Ralph in an unexpectedly cheerful vein, which to one unacquainted with its cause must have seemed remarkable. It was as though an orchestra, after favoring an audience with a fugue in a minor key, suddenly cast melancholy aside and rounded off the entertainment with a few bright major chords.

He was in the act of addressing the envelope when a sharp exclamation arrested him.

"I say, here are the very words Willie Carpenter read from the map!"

He had overlooked the possibility that she would find the entry which he had copied on the calico chart of Trefusis Island. That she had done so for the moment deprived him of the power to reply. He did not turn his head, but continued to write, while a sickening sense of having been found out enveloped him.

"Yes," he said; "yes. So you've come across that."

"They're the very words," she continued excitedly. "Did you know they were here?"

"Yes, I knew."

She brought over the book and laid it on the table before him. The light from the low porthole struck across the surface of the paper, sharply defining the deep, scratchy writing which floundered across the middle of an otherwise blank page.

"Needle Rock meridian. Point of shadow 15 paces due north, 3 west and under," ran the words.

"How frightfully exciting!" she went on. "Is the writing on the map in the same hand?"

He hesitated, determined not to lie to her. Then, "Judge for yourself."

A moment later Averil was comparing the entry on the map with that in the log book.

"They're exactly alike. But it seems so funny he should have written only this and nothing to signify what it meant."

"I don't know," said Vernon. "They were wild days, remember. He didn't want to leave clews lying about, I expect."

"No; no, of course not."

She was on her knees now, staring at the page as though by sheer concentration she would wring a secret from its blankness. Suddenly she gave a start and pointed.

"I say, look! When the light strikes across it looks as if the surface of this page has been scraped or rubbed or something—just as if there once were other words which have been erased. Do look! No, don't move it."

He knelt beside her, his eyes level with hers and their two heads almost touching. She was right; the page had been tampered with. It reflected the light unevenly when foreshortened. Also, the page appeared to be slightly corrugated, as though some sharp instrument had scraped across it in parallel lines to erase some written matter.

"I believe you're right," he exclaimed.

His hands were shaking and sweat had started from his forehead. Averil drummed her fists on the blotting pad.

(Continued on Page 149)

Firestone
SERVICE DEALERS
Frankly Answer 20 Questions Motorists Are Asking About
BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

Much confusion has been caused by manufacturers offering oversized cord tires announced as "Balloons" or "Balloon-Type" which are in reality, semi-balloons.

The true Balloon was pioneered and perfected by Firestone. We, the Firestone Service Dealers throughout the United States, after talking with hundreds of interested motorists have prepared the following answers to twenty questions, so that you may be fully acquainted with the situation, and authentically informed about the construction features and advantages of the genuine Balloon Tire.

You, no doubt, have either asked these same questions—or, at least have had them in mind. Now—you have them frankly and truthfully answered.

1. What is a real Balloon Tire?

The true Balloon is a super-size Gum-Dipped Cord that is specially designed and constructed. It has twice the air capacity and operates successfully with only half the pressure of regular tires. Firestone Dealers believe it to be the most important contribution to motoring comfort, safety and economy since the invention of the pneumatic tire.

2. How does it differ from the interchangeable, or "Semi-Balloon"?

The so-called "balloons" that are interchangeable with present wheel and rim equipment are merely 10% to 20% oversized cord tires, with fewer plies. They are little better than your present regular cords. The true balloon has double the air capacity of the regular tire it replaces, has its thinner side wall made extra strong and is mounted on a smaller diameter wheel, so that the gear ratio of the car is unchanged, and the proper fender clearance is provided.

3. Can a real Balloon Tire be applied to present wheels?

NO. To provide sufficient tire section to carry the load on low air pressure it is necessary to have a larger tire than can be applied to wheels and rims now on cars using high pressure tires.

4. Why are the smaller wheels necessary?

Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords do not change the present operation of your car. For instance, a 7.30 Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord replaces a 33x5 standard size tire. It is mounted on a wheel 20 inches in diameter. This makes the outside diameter actually no greater than the standard tire it replaces. Firestone Service Dealers have special service wheels built by Firestone, with spokes offset three-quarters of an inch. This readily takes care of fender and body clearances. And it is a fact that you can not replace a regular 33x5 tire with a semi-balloon without wheel changes.

5. Who is responsible for the real balloon tire?

Firestone made the low air pressure idea practical and developed the Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord to its present point of utility.

6. What made the real Balloon Tire practical?

GUM-DIPPING. Low pressure tires require thin side walls that flex easily as road shocks are encountered. Firestone found the way to combine extreme flexibility with toughness and strength. The Firestone Gum-Dipping process impregnates each cord with special rubber compound.

7. Has the real Balloon Tire been tested?

YES. Before announcing Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords to the public, Firestone submitted them to more than two million miles of test driving, and millions of additional miles of actual service have strongly emphasized their wonderful advantages.

8. Do automobile manufacturers offer real Balloons as original equipment?

YES. Many leading car manufacturers today offer Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords as original or optional equipment. They put Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords to their own tests before offering them to the public.

9. Do Automobile manufacturers offer semi-balloons to fit present wheels as original equipment?

NO. No automobile manufacturer uses semi-balloons to fit present wheels either as original or optional equipment, as they would change gear ratios, interfere with fender and body clearances, and cause other mechanical difficulties.

10. Do real Balloons make riding more comfortable?

YES. They do what tires from the first were intended to do—cushion the car on air. Bumps, holes and irregularities are completely absorbed making even the worst road smooth to travel. If you have never ridden on real Balloon Tires, you cannot conceive the luxurious riding comfort, the wonderful feeling of safety and complete relaxation they make possible.

11. Are true Balloon Cords safer?

YES. Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords virtually eliminate skidding, and give you both wheel and braking control of your car, never before experienced. Their broad, flexible treads have twice the contact area with the road. Multiplied crosses, squares, and deep grooves cling to slippery surfaces and increase the traction.

12. Do they add to the life of your car?

YES. By cushioning jolts and vibration below the hubs. Wear and tear on the motor, gears and bearings, from the pounding of the road, is reduced. Crystallization of chassis parts is slowed down and body squeaks and rattles are minimized.

13. Do genuine Balloons cut down power or increase fuel consumption?

NO. Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords do not change the gear ratio of your car—do not increase gasoline consumption—do not decrease tire mileage—do not decrease acceleration—do not affect the car's hill climbing ability.

14. What happens when a real Balloon Tire is punctured?

NOTHING. In the first place, they do not puncture as easily as ordinary tires due to the fact that they yield rather than be pierced by the puncturing object. Secondly, when a puncture does occur the air escapes slowly because of the low pressure.

15. Do they make steering harder?

NO. Steering is actually easier when car is in motion and long distance runs are made with much less fatigue to driver as car holds a steadier course. When maneuvering into a cramped parking space more of an effort is required at the wheel.

16. Do real Balloon Tires "shimmy"?

NO. Not when wheels and tires are correctly balanced. Due to Firestone's unusual method of balancing tube and carcass, with proper relation to valve, splice, bead and other parts, vibration and steering mechanism is practically nil.

17. Do real Balloon Tires improve the car's appearance?

YES. Real Balloon Cords give an effect of power, speed and sturdiness. Unusually attractive themselves, with their broad, massive treads, they lend distinction, bigness and beauty that never fail to attract favorable comment.

18. Are real Balloon Tires standardized?

Automotive authorities have approved the Balloon Tire as applied to 20- and 21-inch wheels in the sizes offered by Firestone 4.40 and 5.25 on the 21-inch wheel, 6.20 on both 20- and 21-inch wheels and 7.10 on 20-inch wheel.

19. Are Real Balloon Tires made for all cars?

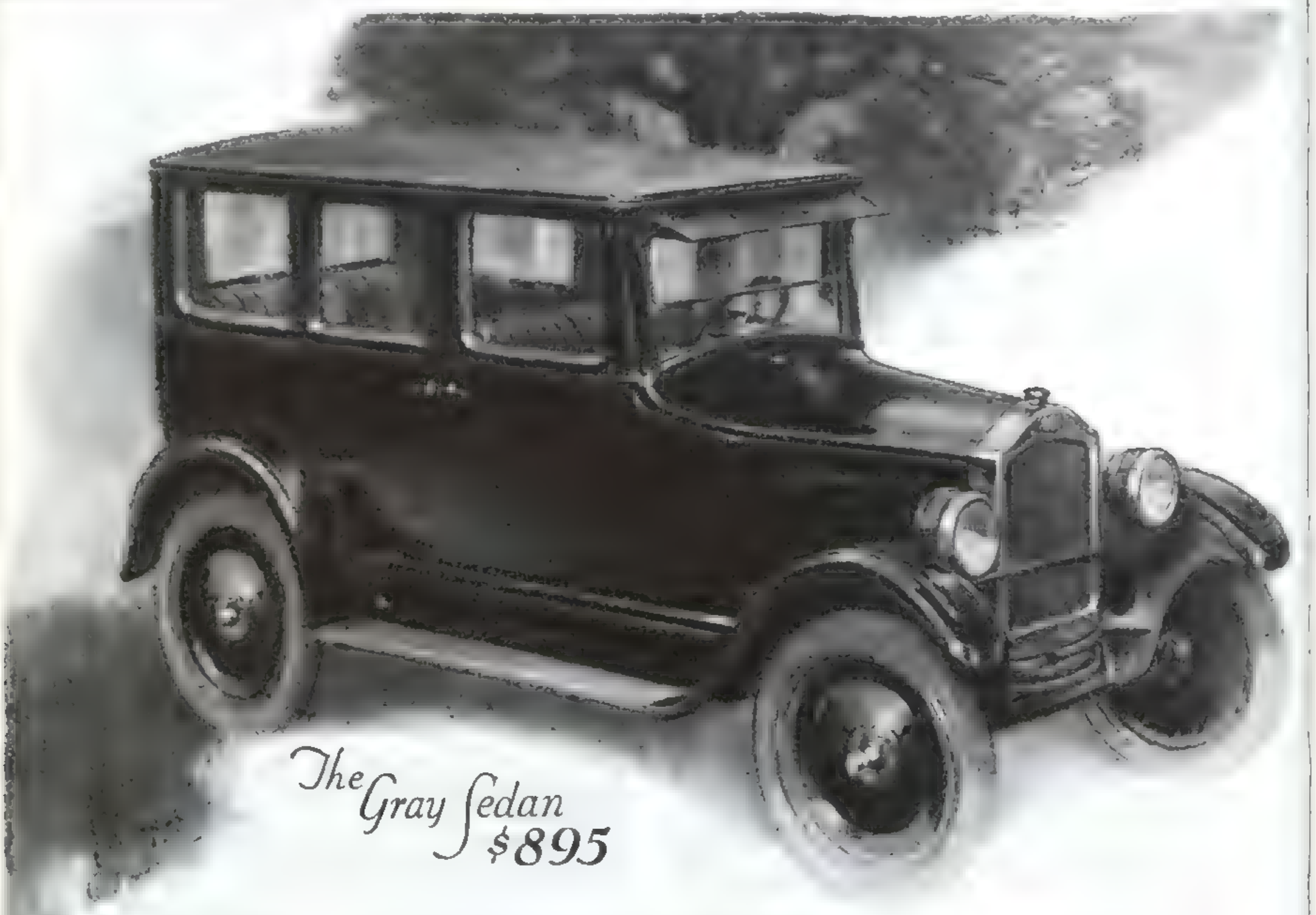
YES. The genuine Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord can be had in sizes for all cars. For instance, a 7.30 Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord replaces a 33x5 standard size Firestone, and a 4.40 Balloon replaces a 30x3½-inch tire, used by light car owners. Dealers have the wheels and rims built by Firestone which make Balloons applicable to all makes and models.

20. Who will make the changeover to real Balloons for me?

Any Firestone Service Dealer. And do it quickly, too, because he is supplied with the Firestone Special Service Wheel for Balloon equipment. He will explain this feature to you in detail and answer any other questions you may have in mind regarding this wonderful tire. Drive around, any time, and let him arrange to take you for a demonstration. A ride on Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords—on any street—will amaze you.

Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords—the Original Low Pressure Tires

The Firestone Service Dealer will give you complete information regarding Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords and their application to your car.



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This year Gray bodies are exceptional examples of fine coach work, with unusually beautiful lines, comfortable seats, and durable upholstery. Attractively painted with a multiple coat finish which up to this time has characterized only the higher priced cars.

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All Prices at Detroit

MORE FOR THE MONEY THAN THE PRICE SUGGESTS

Gray

(Continued from Page 146)

"Oh, oh, oh! How perfectly maddening!" she wailed. "I dare say something frightfully important was written there. Hold it up to the light."

He did, and the experiment instantly proved the accuracy of their theory, for the page was more translucent in some places than in others. In one particular spot there was a definite perforation where the point of the knife had pierced the paper. But this was not the only fact revealed. Whoever had been responsible for scraping out the lines had been far more thorough at the center of the page than at the edges. In the center the lines were scraped deeply, but at the edges the thickness of the paper was almost the same as the untampered-with portions.

Vernon was breathing hard when he laid the book on the table again.

"Isn't it a fearful shame?" said Averil.

He did not reply, he was busy unscrewing the lens from a pair of powerful binoculars, an operation considerably delayed by excitement. At last, "That's got it," he exclaimed, and bent to a fresh examination of the edges of the page. After a minute he stood back, shook his head with a kind of savage disappointment

"I can make out nothing. Whoever did the job must have polished the surface afterwards with a finger nail."

Averil held out her hand for the glass.

"Do let me see."

Women have marvelous nerves. They can be excited without tingling. Averil's hand was steady as a rock while she focused the glass.

After what seemed an age, she laid a finger on a particular spot and said, "Look there! I'm not sure, but aren't there some scratches?"

He did as she bade him with a sense of returning hope, and sure enough detected some faint scratches covering about three-quarters of an inch in the polished trough left by the knife and the finger nail.

"You're right. Here, wait a bit. Ring that bell."

"What for?"

"I want a piece of bread."

"I'll fetch it. I couldn't bear a steward to come in now."

When she returned with a slice of crumby bread she found Vernon scraping the lead of a hard pencil with a razor blade.

"I believe the real nuts use graphite for this job," he observed. "For all I know we may dish the whole business, but nothing venture ——"

"What's the idea?"

"I'm going to blow this stuff over those scratches and pray that some of it will stick."

"And the bread?"

"To clean up afterwards. What's in the scratches ought to be the last to go."

"Sounds pretty forlorn," she said.

"Shall we risk it?"

"Of course risk it."

"Here goes then!"

He puffed a small enveloping cloud of the fine lead dust over the spot, then lightly smeared it with a forefinger.

"All or nothing," he said. "Give me the bread."

Their excitement was intense as he rubbed it across the gray mark on the page, and their heads bumped as they bent forward simultaneously to examine the result. To the naked eye nothing was detectable. It was a triumph of chivalry that he should have handed her the lens instead of using it himself. Even Averil was shaking then.

"Well?"

"I don't —— Half a second, though. There's —— It looks like numbers."

"Numbers? Go on."

"There's a little 'h,' then a '1' and, yes, a '5,' then a space and a capital 'W'; another space, room for about five letters and—well, it might be a '3.'"

"And that's all?"

She turned despondently.

"That's all."

"Give me the lens." The excitement had died out of his voice. It sounded dull to the point of despair. After he had looked for a while he wrote this on the blotting paper:

"—h 15 W 3."

"It means nothing."

"Nothing," he repeated.

"Oh, well," she said with an effort to be cheerful, "it doesn't matter, does it? We've got the map."

"Yes, we've the map."

He colored as he spoke and looked across at it shamefacedly. In the top left-hand corner under the arrow of orientation was written, "Trefusis Island. North 159. West 23." Crash came his fist on the desk and he sprang to his feet, a wild excitement in his eyes. Averil stared at him in amazement.

"What do you mean?"

The little cabin fairly rang with the sound of his voice.

"North 159. West 23."

"I don't understand."

"There, look!" pointing at the map. "And here! Fill in these gaps. Trefusis Island. Don't you see? Longitude and latitude and they're both the same."

"Oh, now I see; but"—she looked at him mystified—"but how's that help? It doesn't. We knew it already."

Vernon's hands dropped to his sides.

"Yes," he answered lamely; "of course—stupid of me."

"It tells us nothing."

"No, only a verification—that's all."

"Well, if we're going to the fight I'd better change," said Averil.

"Right! I'll put this stuff away and meet you on deck."

As she turned to go a sudden impulse drove Vernon to throw out a hand and seize one of hers. She did not withdraw it, but looked up to ask, "Yes—why?"

"I don't know. I just felt rather wonderful about you, that's all."

"Rather wonderful?"

"Um! Togetherish. I don't know but as if you'd done something tremendous for me and I'd a great wave of gratitude."

"What, those few scratches?"

"Ah, don't underrate them," he pleaded, "because we found them together—you and I—kneeling there—our heads almost touching"

She looked at him half smiling, half puzzled.

"I may seem to be talking rot, but all through this business I've felt a bit lonely isolated—and these few minutes we've spent together—our discovery —— "

"We haven't discovered much."

"I have," he said, and tightened his grasp on her hand.

She gave a little laugh and her cheeks colored. Then, "H'm!" she said. "Have you?" And drawing away her hand ran quickly from the cabin.

For a long while he stood watching the door through which she had passed, until slowly his thoughts reverted to that other, that lesser discovery he had made. He turned and picked up the log book.

"Roger, Roger, old man, am I right does this entry mean that there's a clean way out—that the treasure's there? Is the lie I told going to turn into a truth?"

It had been Mr. Isinglass' idea that there should be a parrot on board. He had argued that no treasure hunt was complete without one. During the last few days the old man had busied himself trying to teach the unwilling bird the proper slogan for such an adventure. From the deck above its voice rang out in a croaking falsetto:

"You're drunk, you fool, drunk! You're drunk!"

XIX

HOW often it happens in the early stages of something more than friendship that a sudden impulse of intimacy is followed by a mood of awkwardness.

Averil and Vernon had been very nearly lovers in the moment before she left his cabin to change. It was strange that ten minutes later when they met on deck it should have been shyly and almost as strangers. Intimacy builds up barriers to check its own advances. Those tentative hours and days before lovers come out into the light with their real feelings for one another are too precious, too unrepeatable for Nature to allow her children to scamper through them with hurrying feet. Who does not remember that acute morning bashfulness which follows the first clean kiss given and returned beneath the overnight moon? For every forward step a lover takes there is a half one backward in the direction of commonplace. Thus is preserved the mystery of the world's greatest gift, for love is too old and exquisite a wine to be drunk otherwise than in little sips. The man who swallows it at a gulp will find, even though it mounts to his head, it will not stay in his heart. Therefore as commonplace beings those two met, and Vernon's first remark was to bid her beware of the step-up at the top of the accommodation ladder. His awkwardness, however, could not entirely override his sense of exuberance, and he showed more than a disposition to sing as the little dinghy bounced

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Besides, it is always ready to provide the accompaniment for a good old fashioned "sing" when "all join in the chorus." This, then, is an added joy which the Straube brings. It is the instrument which gives you the kind of music you want, when you want it.

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them toward the shore. Arrived at the landing stage, he must needs take her a long way out of the right direction for the purpose of buying a bunch of roses, which when bought proved far too large and cumbersome to carry on an expedition.

Accordingly he gave away the roses, all save two or three which Averil retained, to a knot of small children who, with that peculiar evidence of interest invariably excited by foreigners, were pattering along in their wake. Furthermore, he exchanged pleasantries with the children and added to their delight by vanishing a penny and producing it again from behind a small olive ear

Normally he would not have behaved in this fashion. Shyness was the cause—shyness and apprehension as to what he would say next unless he played the fool.

Meanwhile Averil watched him with a kind of perplexed wonder and half understanding. She, too, was glad of this respite—this breathing space in the travel of their affairs.

"For a man who has suffered a big disappointment," she said, "you seem absurdly high-spirited. I like that quality in you awfully."

"If there's anything in me you like awfully," he said, "I'm glad. But what quality?"

"I don't know—bounce, buoyance."

He laughed a little awkwardly. Like any other man, he was susceptible to praise; but praise from her, which he knew was unfairly earned, embarrassed him sorely.

"We'd better hurry, hadn't we?" he said. "It's latish."

They were walking slowly along a cobbled road, with balconies of *eau de Nil* hanging over them on either side.

"All right," she said, quickening her pace. "But you're a queer fellow, aren't you?"

There came to Vernon a mighty wish that that were all that could be leveled against him.

"Did I say thank you for the roses?"

"I hope not," he replied. "I would like you to regard them as a right."

She looked up.

"A right? Why?"

"Did I say that? Well, why not? You look as if you ought to have roses. You look ——"

A clumsy woman bumped between them, or perhaps it was Nature ordering, "One step to the rear, march!" They were back at the commonplace when they re-formed side by side.

A clock chimed. Clocks and dogs and clumsy pedestrians are sworn enemies of lovers, just as sunsets, moons, the smell of heather and wood fires and forests are their friends and coaxers.

"If we step out we shall just have time to meet the others at the Café Ronda," said Averil.

"Need we?" he asked. "Wouldn't it be fun to have this jaunt together? Better still, don't let's go to the bull fight. Let's ——"

But she shook her head.

"It would be cowardly not to go. Besides, we'd better join them."

"Of course, if you'd rather."

"No, it isn't that. Only—well, we're all together in this show, or supposed to be; if we begin splitting up things'll get cliquy and horrid."

"You're very public spirited," he said sadly.

"I'm not really; but I think we ought to try to make it a general success. Really, you know, I suppose I'm the selfishest person on board."

"What absolute nonsense!"

"You don't know."

Her voice was unnaturally grave. He looked at her in surprise. For a while they walked briskly in silence.

"I wonder," she said at last, "what you'd think of me if you knew the real reason why I came on this voyage."

"I think I do know."

She shook her head.

"No one knows."

"If it's a secret," said Vernon, "please keep it."

"Why? I rather want to tell."

"Please don't. Most of us have a secret that's best untold. If you confided in me I should feel ——"

She cut in quickly before he could finish the sentence.

"Ah, that's where men and women are different. When men give a confidence they expect one back."

"And women?"

"They just give."

Rather charmingly Vernon replied, "I suppose that's why a man stands up when a woman comes into the room."

"Thank you," she said. "That was nice. You are nice, you know, and somehow I feel I owe you my confidence."

"You owe me nothing."

"But I do. It would have been simple enough to have refused to let me come on the cruise. It was pretty beastly the way I sneaked in and you were awfully sporting about it."

"Awfully selfish," he replied.

"Ah, that's easy to say! But you would have refused if you'd known my real motive."

"I'm afraid you're wrong, but I won't contradict; it's so terribly rude."

"I'm going to tell you my real motive now and you can judge for yourself."

It being evident she had made up her mind, he shrugged his shoulders and waited in silence.

"You remember our talk that night?"

"Every word of it."

"You spoke about my engagement, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I wasn't ——"

"That didn't matter. I was -was very fond of him, you know."

"Edward Sullivan," replied Vernon bitterly, "was rather clever at getting away with things."

"He got away with my stupid heart all right."

Vernon mastered the wish to ask her if the wound was still open. A glance at the deep color of her cheeks seemed to answer the question.

"Well?" was all he said.

"I heard he had gone—on the day of your supper party. Someone told me in the afternoon."

"Yes?"

"I had written him rather a nice letter in the morning. You see, he hadn't told me he was going away."

"Maybe he had reasons for going quickly," said Vernon, "and there was no time to tell you."

Averil took no notice of the interruption.

"Quite a nice letter, it was. We'd seen little enough of each other lately, but we were still engaged—at least I thought so."

"Then he never hinted ——"

"Not a word. He just went. I would like to have seen him before he went, but I wasn't given the chance."

"Wasn't that—perhaps as well?"

"No," said Averil with unexpected force. "No, because I want to see him again even now."

Vernon smothered what he felt, in silence.

"You see this ring—this platinum ring?"

He nodded—with scarcely a glance at it.

"It has 'Faithful unto Death' written inside."

"Has it?" He hesitated. "Then you still believe?"

"Believe!" said Averil. "I know!"

They had arrived at the Café Ronda. A waiter hurried out to greet them.

"The party? Ah, they leave two minutes already. But there is here a motor car if the señor ——"

Vernon gave Averil a hand into a deplorably shabby old car that was shaking and coughing at the curb.

"Plaza del Toros, San Sebastian," he said, and took his place by the girl's side. Somehow the promise seemed to have gone out of life. He could find no words to speak to her. Presently he saw she was regarding him gravely.

"I was right, wasn't I?" she asked. "You wouldn't have taken me if you'd known?"

He forced himself to deny this.

"Why not? After all, what affair is it of mine?"

"No; but I didn't think you'd—well, I didn't think men liked revengeful women."

He repeated the word "revengeful."

"That's what it amounts to. Although—I don't know—because in a way I feel justified."

"It's stupid of me," he said, "but I don't think I understand quite. You came away for forgetfulness -I gather that—but the rest ——"

"Forgetfulness? No, no!"

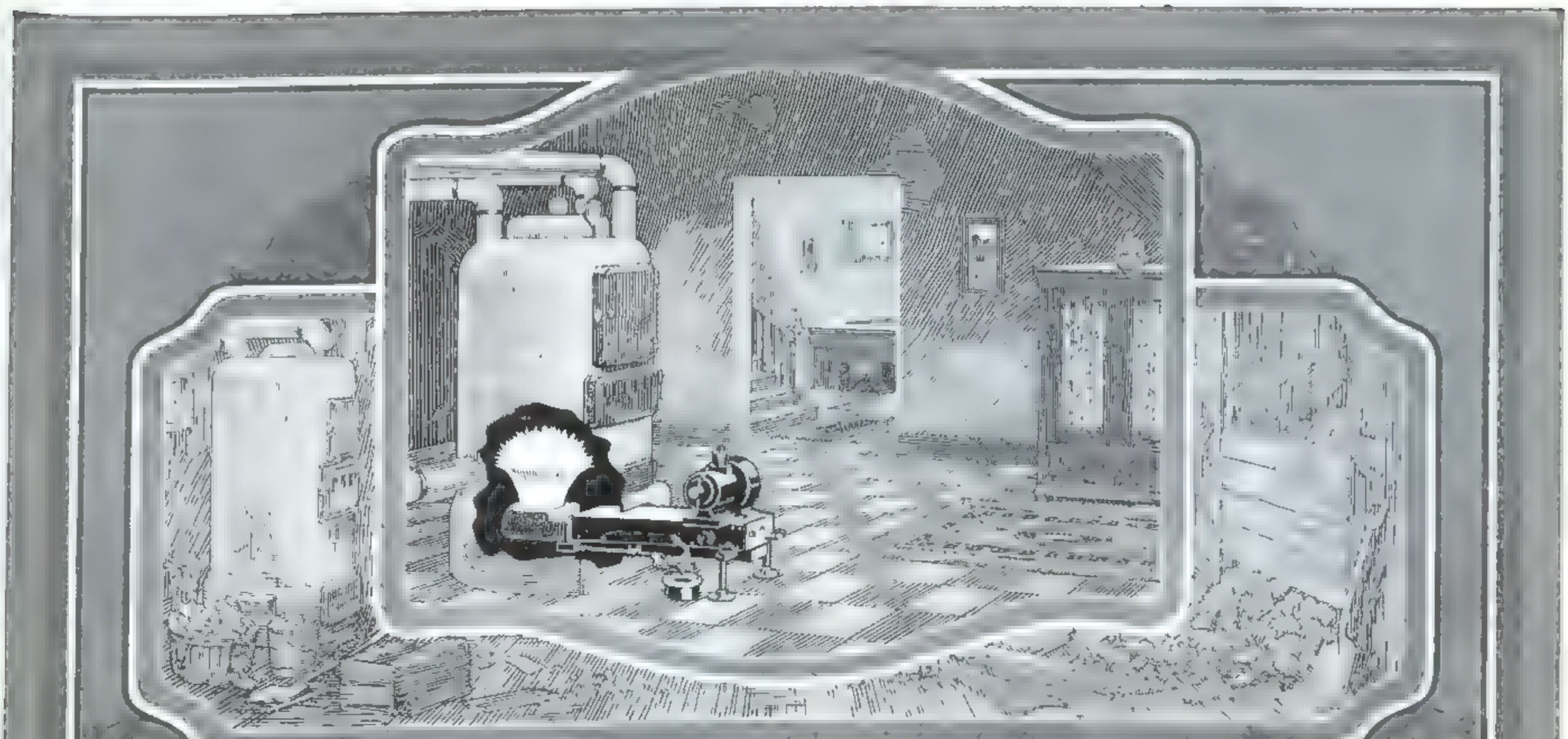
"I beg your pardon. I should have known that, of course, you couldn't forget."

"But you haven't seen. It was pride with me; vulgar pride, perhaps. You see, when I heard he'd gone away with that other ——"

Vernon started and looked at her sharply.

"Oh, he didn't go alone, you know."

(Continued on Page 153)



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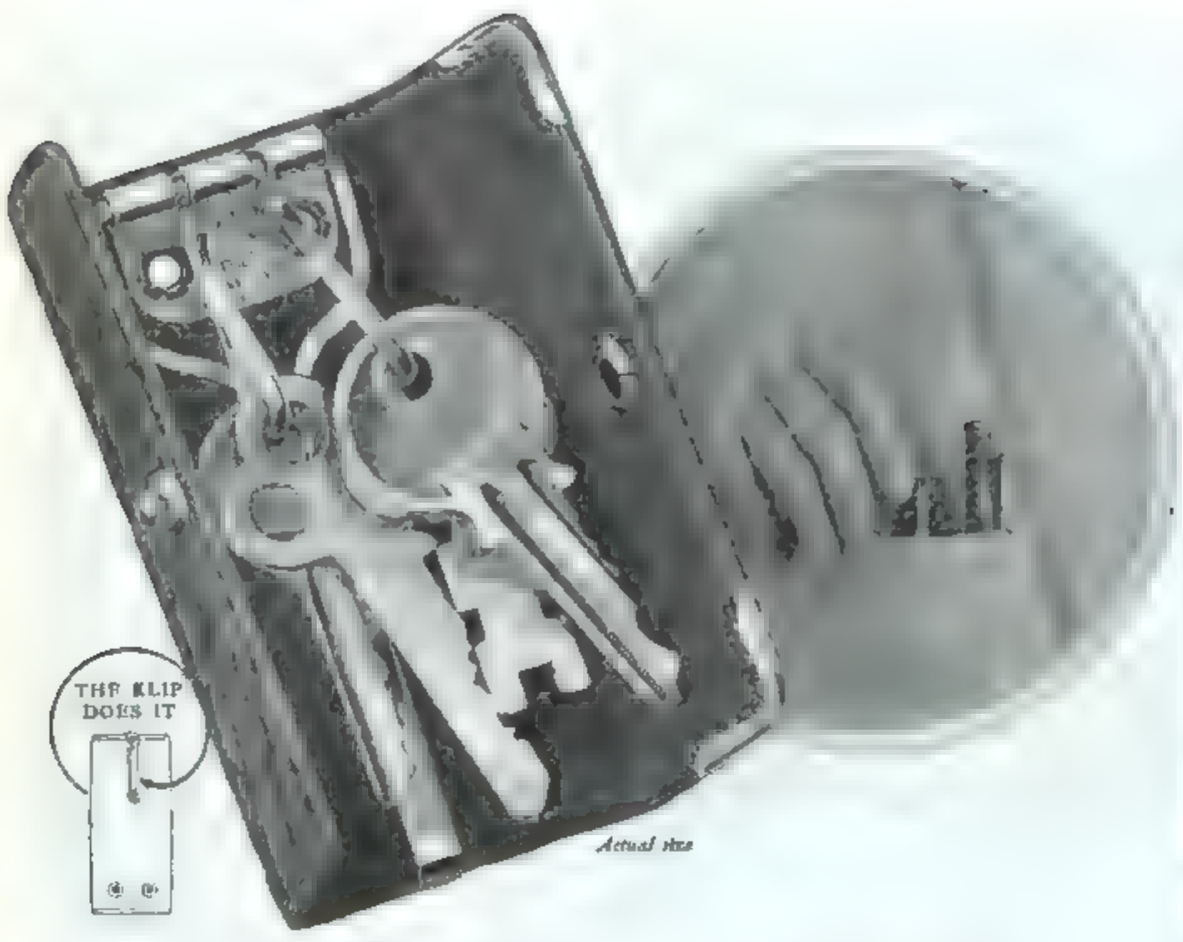

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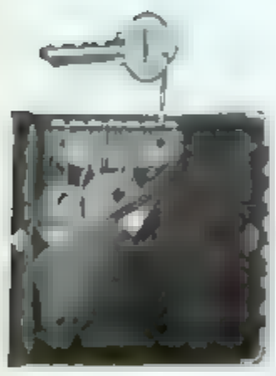

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MATCHED *in leather and fittings: the 2-hook with vest-pocket-klip for most used keys; 4, 6 or 8-hook for the other keys carried but not used so often. The set shown is* $13.25; *alligator grain;* $7; *No. 037-2K,* $6.25.

Keytainers now travel in pairs

FOR your own use—or as a gift—buy a *pair* of Keytainers; the 2-hook-with-klip for the most used keys and for your other keys a larger Keytainer carried in trousers pocket. The 2-hook model can be had without klip if desired and with or without identification pocket.

Jewelers, department, leather goods and stationery stores, haberdashers, hardware stores and druggists sell Buxton Keytainers—from plain types for less than a dollar to the De Luxe models in rich leather and fine gold up to $11.

Write for the book of Buxton Keytainers.

DEALERS: *Write for information on special introductory assortments.*

BUXTON, INC.

DEPT. S, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

MARBRIDGE BUILDING, NEW YORK

In Canada: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd., Winnipeg; Julian Sales Leather Goods Co., Toronto.

BUXTON KEY-TAINER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 150)

"Then you know that ——"

"Of course; but how did you?"

"Go on," he insisted. "What were you going to say? Go on."

"That revengeful pride in me was wakened. He had never told me a word or given me a hint. He just went and I was left with the ring he gave me, 'Faithful unto Death.'"

"Well?"

"They were going to Honolulu, he and that other ——"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; someone broke a confidence to tell me so. When I knew that, a great surge of desire swept over me to go to Honolulu, too—to get there at any price."

"In heaven's name, what for?"

"Don't you see? I wanted to return his ring. I wanted to go across half the world just for the satisfaction of saying 'Here is something you forgot to collect before you went away.'"

Vernon leaned back against the shabby cushions and gasped. A fierce ecstasy was driving away the gloom into which he had descended.

"Then ——"

"So, you see, I wasn't coming on a treasure hunt at all. It was an accident of my work brought me to your party that night. It was another accident that the cruise was going to the South Sea. In those two accidents I seemed to see fate giving me the chance I needed."

"Not going on the treasure hunt?" he repeated.

"No, I should have left the ship at the islands and just done what I'd set my mind on doing and then come back somehow."

It was hard enough to put the question.

"And that's still your intention?"

She hesitated.

"Partly—I don't know."

"But I don't understand," he said. "It's all so crazy. You could have booked a return passage on an ordinary steamer for half what you are spending now."

"Yes, I know. And I don't understand that, either. But it seemed to me—it's difficult to describe—as if I had to come this way, as if I must, as if there was destiny in this cruise—some sort of compulsion."

"So you've felt that too?"

"All the time. I still want to give back the ring; but it's ceased to be the end of a wish—if you know what I mean. From having been everything, it's become only a small part that every day gets less and less."

"Averil," he said, "shall we call each other by our Christian names?"

"Yes, Vernon."

"You'll see this through with the rest of us?"

"D'you know," she answered, "I believe I shall have to, because from that very first instant it's been driving every other thought out of me."

"Anger, pride, resentment?"

"All three. They were giants once and now they're pygmies almost."

The voice of Henry Julius hailed them enthusiastically from a car in front which they had overtaken.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried. "Capital fellow, Winslowe! Was afraid you weren't going to join us."

**

INTO the dazzling sunlit arena of the San Sebastian bull ring came the passengers of the steam yacht Mascot. For the occasion, Henry Julius was in command, Mr. Isinglass having declared this particular form of entertainment had neither novelty nor charm for him.

"I am well aware that cruelty exists," he said, "without being reminded of it. Do not, however, allow an old man's prejudice to be your dissuader. There is a lot to be learned at a bull fight—especially about oneself."

With which he shuffled off to spend the afternoon with a book in a little *patio* he knew of where the air was heavy with the scent of myrtle and orange blossom. Mary Ottery would gladly have joined him there but for the fact that Lydia had suggested her doing so.

"Why should I?" she asked with a new courage.

"You'll never be able to stand a bull fight with your funny gray nature."

Mary pulled down her upper lip and her nostrils distended.

"We shall see," was her reply.

With the characteristic talent of his race for learning foreign languages, Henry Julius had picked up quite a lot of Spanish during his few days ashore. He was competent to ask simple questions and understood simple answers. He could be absolutely relied upon in all matters concerning the paying of bills and of foreign exchange. With rare generosity, he insisted on the privilege of buying tickets for everyone—an insistence that greatly astonished Joshua Morgan until he realized that the most expensive seats only cost about ten pence halfpenny in English money. As matter of fact, he was doing Henry an injustice in assuming that his charitable impulse owed its origin to this cause. Henry could be very lavish, indeed, when the opportunity arose for spending money in a spectacular way. He would buy a man a stall for the opera, but he would take precious good care not to pay his guest's tube fare as well. If entrance to the bull fight had cost ten times what it did, his note would have been first to touch the cash desk. Their seats were the best obtainable, being in the second row and on the shady side of the ring.

Although this particular occasion was but a small affair, equivalent in interest to a scratched-up game of cricket on a village green, it had attracted a great number of people. A ceaseless avalanche of arrivals poured in through the narrow entrances and flooded the tiers of stone seats, rudely pushing each other and edging and crushing their way into the already crowded front rows: people of every class and condition—townsmen, sailors; hatless girls with bright shawls and marvelous dark eyes; full-breasted women in funereal black; soldiers in all the infinite variety of uniforms supplied by the Spanish Government; workers from the fields and salt marshes; boatmen; big children, little children and children in arms, and a whole regiment of ragged barefooted street arabs with little mince-pie hats and cunning, angry faces. There was no pretense of order or any machinery for maintaining discipline. Good places were gained by squabblings and thrustings.

As Henry Julius remarked, "What a providence we came early. I say, look there! I call that smart."

His admiration was inspired by a small band of youths who, having paid the cheaper price which only privileged them to sit in the sun, were skillfully and unobtrusively sidling along the back of a circular gallery toward the more expensive shade. Having reached their objective, they split up and divided among the crowd. Julius was highly delighted.

"First signs of a business intelligence I've seen in this country," he said.

Presently it became apparent that the practice was a usual one. The leakage from sunlight into the shadow from this modest beginning became general. Indeed, several hundreds of the audience dropped brazenly into the arena and poured across from one side to the other, greatly increasing the discomfort and congestion of those who had already found seats. Henry was not so enthusiastic when a leery-mouthed lout of a fellow made an unwelcome appearance in their midst and disposed himself against the rail immediately in his line of sight. In his best Spanish he invited the fellow to be off, an invitation which was wholly ignored. It was William Carpenter who cleared away this obstacle in a wholly unexpected manner.

"Are you going to move?" he asked without a vestige of his accustomed nervousness.

The young Spaniard did not even look his way. Whereupon William rose slowly from his seat, and taking the youth by the collar of a very shabby coat and by the seat of a pair of very perforated pants, he picked him up and cast him away like a bag of mail. And although there followed a rapid drum fire and highly expert swearing, the intruder showed no disposition to return. William must have been surprised at his own strength and daring, for when he returned to his seat he was blushing and apologetic.

"My word!" said Henry Julius, and even Lydia threw a glance at him that for once was not tempered with contempt.

"Good for you!" said Vernon. "You're a handy sort of chap to have about the place. So you chuck people about that way?"

"Never before. I don't know what made me do it, quite." Then in a lower voice, "Was it very bad manners?"

"No, you silly ass," came the hearty rejoinder, which to William was like receiving a present of pearls.

High above the shouting and murmuring of the audience rose the cries of hawkers of fruits, cakes, water and wine; of sweetmeats and pink bull's-eyes on little sticks. Of the latter Mary bought several to present to some children in the row behind. Tiny children they were, dressed in starchy overalls and nothing else—very starchy overalls; so starchy that they provided little or no protection, and it was therefore upon their own uncovered selves they sat upon the cold stone seats.

"To bring them here at all!" said Mrs. Morgan, favoring the mother of this small quartet with a soul-blistering glance.

"Well, let's hope," Mary wished, "they just suck those bull's-eyes and don't look."

"So long as they don't mess me up with the sticky things, I don't care what they do," said Lydia. She was wearing rather an attractive frock—much too attractive to be spoiled. "Children with sweets are too awful."

"Well, if you think so, I shouldn't say it," said William.

Heaven knows where he got the courage from. Mr. Isinglass was right—a bull fight reveals surprising qualities in those who witness it.

Lydia made no reply. Perhaps her attention had been diverted by a feeble brass band which had suddenly begun to play.

A length of dirty bunting fluttered from the president's box, a bugle croaked and the main doors of the arena were flung open.

It could not be said that the procession of matadors and banderilleros was an impressive one. Viewed æsthetically, it was a tawdry affair, being composed of rather grubby-looking men appareled in cheap silks and satins and embroidered cloaks. Their was neither majesty nor grace in their bearing, nor any hint of athletic quality. Indeed, a shortsighted person, or one unacquainted with the perilous work that lay before them, might have been excused for entertaining the belief that here were eight gentlemen whose business in life was not unconnected with the sale of onions.

After rather an offhand salutation to the president, each man divested himself of his embroidered cloak, handing it to individual members of the audience as a mascot. Then, rearming themselves with cloaks of baser quality, they went to their stations. Once more the bugle croaked, and the eyes of the audience turned by common consent to focus on a single doorway, to the accompaniment of a hiss of indrawn breath.

"Now for it," said Henry Julius over an uplifted shoulder.

Mrs. Morgan had out her salts and was sniffing them furiously.

"I only pray," said Mary Ottery, "that I shan't scream."

The door was flung back on its hinges and into the sunlit arena came the bull. Black and shiny as a silk hat, light built, spirited and debonair, he entered with a rush, a toss of the head and a caper.

But out of this rapture came quick irritation. He was not allowed to caper as he would, for here before him was a fellow flapping a vilely colored cloak and mocking him with derisive sounds. Here was something that might not be endured by a proud descendant of a proud race. The ancient Andalusian blood in his veins boiled instantly to avenge the affront. Head down he charged, the black, sharpened horns breast high. With the force of a battering ram he charged—and charged into nothing. The cloak fluttered beside, below and above him, while his tormentor stepped this way and that, pirouetting like a dancer and avoiding death by the barest margin. So ran the game until at last, tired of the sport, the man insolently turned his back and strolled away to gather plaudits from the audience, while another leaped forward to engage the bull in similar wise.

For perhaps ten minutes, punctuated with bursts of applause, this frolic pursued its course, until from behind one of the many hidy holes in the sides of the arena came a youth bearing six long darts with paper-covered shafts and cruel barbed points. At the sight of him, the heads of the spectators craned forward and hands gripped thighs eagerly. Even the littlest children forbore to suck at their sweetmeats. A man on a seat in front of Mary Ottery passed the back of a hand across his mouth and smacked his lips with a foretaste of the relish to come. Mary remembered it against him and turned her head with a snort. Two from where she sat was Lydia La Rue, watching with the stillness of a sphinx. Her lids were drooping and a smile had begun to curl her short, full upper lip. Mary could not understand that smile. She only knew she hated it—and hated, too, the languor and stillness and the seeming of some exquisite age-old pleasure that she could not share or comprehend. It was good to turn from it to the angry flush on the face of William Carpenter.

"They're not going to stick those things in the poor beast?" he said.

Averil Chester was saying, apparently to her knees, "Beastly, beastly, beastly!"

Mary took a firm grip on her umbrella and her bag and faced the arena again. It was an unhappy moment she chose, being the exact time that the first two darts were plunged home into the hump at the back of the bull's neck. That the fellow who did this thing was brave there could be no two opinions. He met a full-tilt charge head on, drove in his darts and twisted out of the maw of death by a miracle of neatness. Then the crowd roared, the bull bellowed and the blood ran. The pace had quickened. Came charge after charge, and at each more darts were plunged into the great black body, more yells were raised to the sky and more blood was spilled upon the sand. And every dart that sank into the hot, angry flesh of the bull reflected its agony in the quivering soul of Mary Ottery.

Up and down charged the bull, and round and round the wooden sides of the arena, over which the arms of blood-lusting men and women hung to snatch at the darts and tear them from the bleeding flesh and stab them back again. And some spat at the creature, as he passed beneath them, and lashed out with umbrellas and cursed and shook their fists at him as though he were the common agony of mankind or the very devil himself.

"Ta-ta," from the bugle.

Another youth had rushed forward to hand a scarlet cloak to the matador and a long *espada* with a blood-red hilt.

The supreme moment was at hand.

The matador smiled, bowed; and, stepping like a tight-rope walker, approached the bull. What followed was pretty enough in its insolence and its cool disregard of danger. He teased the bull to fresh fury with his capers, until at last, dizzy and baffled and despairing, he stood with head slightly lowered, as it were, contemplating a charge such as should obliterate all mankind. But the charge was never made, or rather was frustrated at its bare beginning. Coolly the matador took a sight along his sword, with its blade cradled on the crook of his left arm. As the bull moved forward, out went the point to meet him. Dead center between the mighty span of his horns, flashing for an instant over his eyes, three feet of cold steel driven hilt up through heart and lungs. The matador had gone ere the lumbering, stricken creature reached the spot whereon he stood. What followed seemed so little after what had gone before. Like a drunken man, the bull tottered a little distance to lean limply against the arena side, with a lolling tongue and eyes in which were written wonder and pain and great surprise.

It happened that he chose to die immediately beneath the spot where the party from the Mascot were seated. When the death stroke was struck the curved archaic smile upon Lydia's mouth reached its zenith, as though only by something so exquisitely simple and final as death could the jest be completed. A second later she had her fingers through her copper-colored hair and was in hysterics. Reflexes were at work with a vengeance. The audience was stamping and screaming their delight and already a team of gayly caparisoned mules were galloping into the arena to tow out the carcass. But life was not quite extinct. There was still a thrill left in the creature's nerves, still an agony untasted and, that it might know all of suffering before the spirit and flesh were divided, the man who had smacked his lips flung himself half over the low rail, and seizing the bull by the tail drove the point of a stick at his glazing eye.

What happened was as sudden as it was unexpected. "Devil!" said Mary Ottery.

The crook of her umbrella circled the man's craning neck and brought his body back with a jerk. Something whizzed in the air, then—crash! There were opera glasses in Mary Ottery's bag, to say nothing of a number of silver douros and other odds and ends. The bag and its contents weighed at least a pound and a half. Add to a pound and half the venom with which the blow was struck and you shall have insensibility.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Each Day is A Glorious Adventure

in this perfect summer-land

DO you know a vacation land where the days bring endless variety—where no day's activities are like those of the next? Here is such a section. In Southern California each hour, if you choose, will provide new sights and new activities. Not a moment of monotony. Complete change—that's what makes a real vacation.

And the days are made for sport, the nights for sleep. Note the average mean temperatures for forty-seven years as recorded by the U. S Weather Bureau in a central city of this district:

47 June . . . . . 66 degrees
47 July . . . . . 70 degrees
47 August . . . . . 71 degrees
47 September . . . . . 69 degrees

It's *rainless*, too, in summer. You spend your waking hours in outdoor sports, the finest you have ever known.

Fish for hundred-pound fighters of the sea or for game trout in mountain brooks. Sun yourself for hours on a sandy beach with frequent swims in the white-topped breakers. Play golf on sporty courses. Tennis courts are everywhere.

Bridle paths lead up the mountain sides, into canyons or through the rolling meadows.

Hike where you will. Camp in a wilderness. Sail before a fresh sea breeze. Or just loaf. 4,000 miles of paved boulevards lead to a thousand wonders in this land. Strange sights, rare beauties like those you've heard about in foreign lands.

There's a crescent beach, encircled by mountains, at Santa Barbara. There's a desert like Sahara. Great groves of oranges, walnuts and olives are strange and interesting. Giant trees, vast wildernesses, lofty peaks, snow-clad in June—each holds untold charm.

There are palm-lined drives with palatial homes, deep set in velvet lawns. Gardens are filled with gorgeous blossoms from many lands.

Mile-high mountain lakes are like jewels in green forest settings. Spanish missions join our day with those of heroic padres who first brought civilization to this land. Everything is new and unusual. This summer-land is unlike any place you've ever known. Come now and see it. You'll find your greatest vacation in this section. And its cost will be just what you choose to make it.

Special summer round trip railroad rates from May to October offer an extra inducement for you can make the complete journey for little more than one way usually costs. So you can come. You can realize the ambition you have always had to see this land. Plan now for your finest summer

Ask your railroad ticket agent or send the coupon for additional information Then spend two weeks or two months in this wonderland and return with new vigor, new energy, rested and eager for another year's activities

All-Year Club of Southern California

Nearby sources of raw material, an unmatched year-round climate, the cheapest hydro-electric power in America and contented labor have brought an amazing industrial growth here with untold opportunities for manufacturers and investors

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Please send me full information about the summer and year-around vacation possibilities in Southern California.

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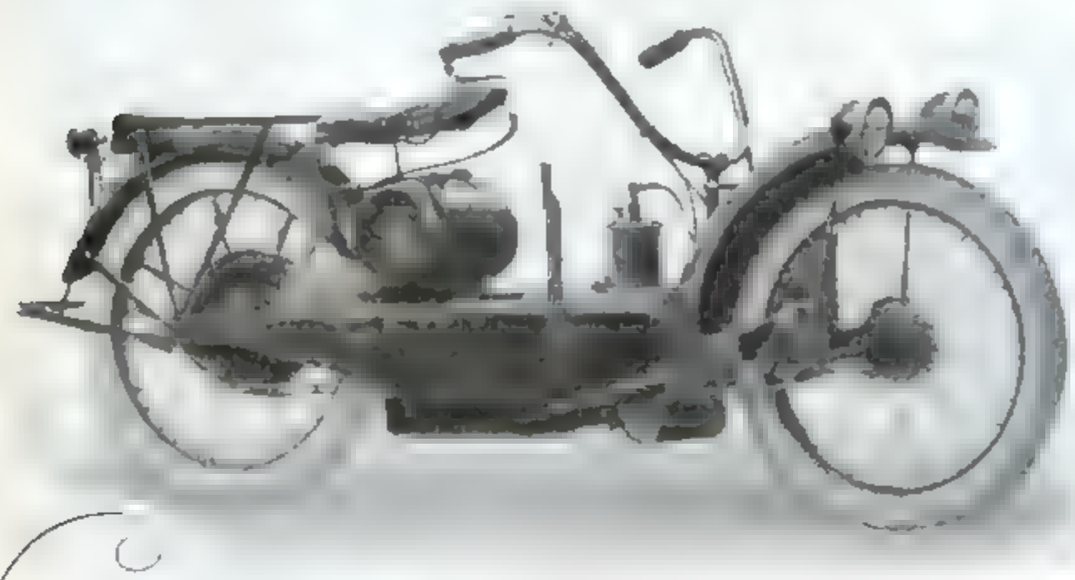

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EMPLOYERS! Have you salesmen, service men, collectors, messengers? You need the Neracar—it is quicker, better, cheaper, as proven by fleets. Reduces employe-turnover.

EMPLOYES! Help your bank account, better your living conditions, your efficiency—to you, Neracar is a necessity, not a luxury.

"CHEAPER than shoe leather." Neracar pays for itself in dollars saved. Adds comfort, pleasure, health. Saves hours. Breakfast in leisure, then a clean, quick, safe ride from *your door* to your *office door*. Noon and night it repeats these benefits.

CLEAN, COMFORTABLE, SAFE. Ride in good clothes. Neracar's fenders keep away grease and dust. Driving is surprisingly easy—natural—learned in a few minutes by young or old. Driver has *sure* control. Neracar is light, smooth running on easy springs and balloon-like tires. Fairly guides itself because its centre of gravity is close to the ground. "Sure-footed." Requires no experience to drive.

SIMPLE, STURDY, CAPABLE. Anybody, with a look under the hood, sees how it works. Wearing parts few, durable—repair cost low. 5-speed drive—no gears—simpler than autos, takes all hills with easy assurance.

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ATTRACTIVE in appearance, smart in action. Ideal to reach your golf or tennis game. Neracar is a dignified vehicle—a satisfaction to its owner.

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If no dealer in your town—write us.

NER-A-CAR CORPORATION,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Dealers! Write for plan

THE REALTY BROKER

(Continued from Page 15)

the fundamentals of value which, once learned, remain the same, while your man, whoever he may be, changes.

Make your client realize that a most important part of his problem is to make his investment safe by selecting a style of building which will not easily change. Where that condition occurs—an apartment house, for instance, with its large rooms will become old-fashioned—it will be impossible to obtain, for the space, a proportionate amount of income predicated upon the cubic or square foot cost basis of the structure. This loss, of course, extends down to the lot, and means inadequate income for the ground.

Now the rule I have mentioned above doesn't apply exclusively to apartment houses, but on the contrary is applicable to every form of structure. Don't accept standards because they are standards. Use your brain and look well into the future to avoid the pitfalls of possible changes which may affect any building, no matter what its age. Determine whether it will be useful enough to enable you to protect your investment in the structure.

A bidder should always have the aid of competent and experienced direction at all auction sales. No one should ever bid at a public auction unless he knows where the bid preceding his comes from; if he doesn't see the bid, let him ask where it is. It is his legal right. The public is generally carried away, not only by the atmosphere of a public auction sale but in many cases by the persuasiveness of auctioneers and the great skill with which they handle their audiences. Remember, when you go to a public auction sale, you are there to buy real estate, not language. If you are not competent to refrain from buying language, you should have someone with you who will be able to keep you within the bounds of reason.

Auction sales are very necessary and very important to the growth of communities. They serve to distribute to the public, in the case of lot sales, property held wholesale, and thus place it in the much larger field of retail use. The result should be profitable for all concerned. The land is sold at wholesale, but the purchaser buys at retail. Naturally the auctioneer wants to get all he can, and you ought to try to get the property for as little as you can. If the auctioneer uses every method to accomplish his result, you have the same right, in a legal and moral manner, to attain yours.

Getting Free Advice

Your client should be taught that he can easily obtain whatever information is necessary to safeguard his investment if he will avoid the fallacious idea that the broker is making it all. I have had so many people say to me from time to time that a realty broker is very much like a stock broker. That isn't so. One wastes more time in the real-estate business than in any other professional calling. Everyone feels that he may go to a real-estate broker for advice without paying for it. Ninety per cent of a broker's time is taken up without payment, and even in his private life it is almost impossible for a man of standing in the real-estate business to escape being buttonholed on numerous occasions by persons wanting free advice. They either have some scheme to unfold, seeking constructive criticism, or desire space for some undertaking; but in the main they want to find out how they can compel their landlord to furnish more steam heat or where one can keep a dog. People will pay well for a surgical operation which takes no more time and no more mental capacity than sound advice on a proposed realty investment which may save or make for them thousands of dollars. If a broker sent a bill for more than fifty dollars they would never speak to him again.

So obvious is the need for expert advice on realty, however, that a man with professional qualifications must override the public's desire for free advice, and create, at least among his own clients, the appreciation necessary for placing at their disposal his utmost service. In other words he can do what the critics said the poet Wordsworth did—create the taste by which his work was to be judged. The realty broker who knows his business loves and honors the calling; a poet could do no more. "What are they laughing at?" said the astonished child to his teacher after the pupils had ridiculed his penmanship. "I have done my best."

A man who has learned to divide and define, in a realty sense, sees many opportunities; he has no side lines; he prefers to remain a professional man. As a first step in that direction he will give up the collection of rents. In cities where there are numerous apartment houses, however, this side line is looked upon by many realty brokers as necessary, even though burdensome. Responsibility for all the details that go with collection of rents proves to the broker almost invariably a losing venture. It is better for you to employ an agent who will treat the owner fairly, and save your energy for enterprises worthy of your talent. If he gives honest attention to repairs and takes no rake-off—and no self-respecting agent will—procures the best and most responsible bidder, sees that the work is properly done, guards your property against mistreatment, keeps the insurance rates down, sees that rents are collected properly and that your place is occupied as near twelve months in the year as is humanly possible, has the attendants properly uniformed, courteous and respectful, sees that the elevator service is good and heat properly supplied, that the proper appliances are in use so as to reduce the cost of fuel as much as possible, that the halls and vestibules are kept properly clean, that the juice isn't wasted, and a few other and then some more things which can never be anticipated—by the time he pays his help and his own expenses, he loses money on your rent collections. I know. Were it not that a broker feels compelled to see that an owner who makes an investment through him is not only protected but receives the highest possible return on that investment, I doubt very much whether there is any self-respecting broker who would ever collect rent or manage a property.

How Brokers Lose Time

Mister Broker, too many of us waste time. You see too many opportunities and chase too many rainbows. The vast majority of you are always concluding a proposition up to the breaking point, which generally means more than 90 per cent of your work brings no return. What I mean by this statement is that you will say to someone that you think a certain property can be purchased for so much money. True—you are trying to put a proposition through which you cannot handle in any other way, but so few transactions of this kind actually go through. The one that finally succeeds doesn't pay the cost of running an office during the time consumed in completing one successful transaction and a dozen failures.

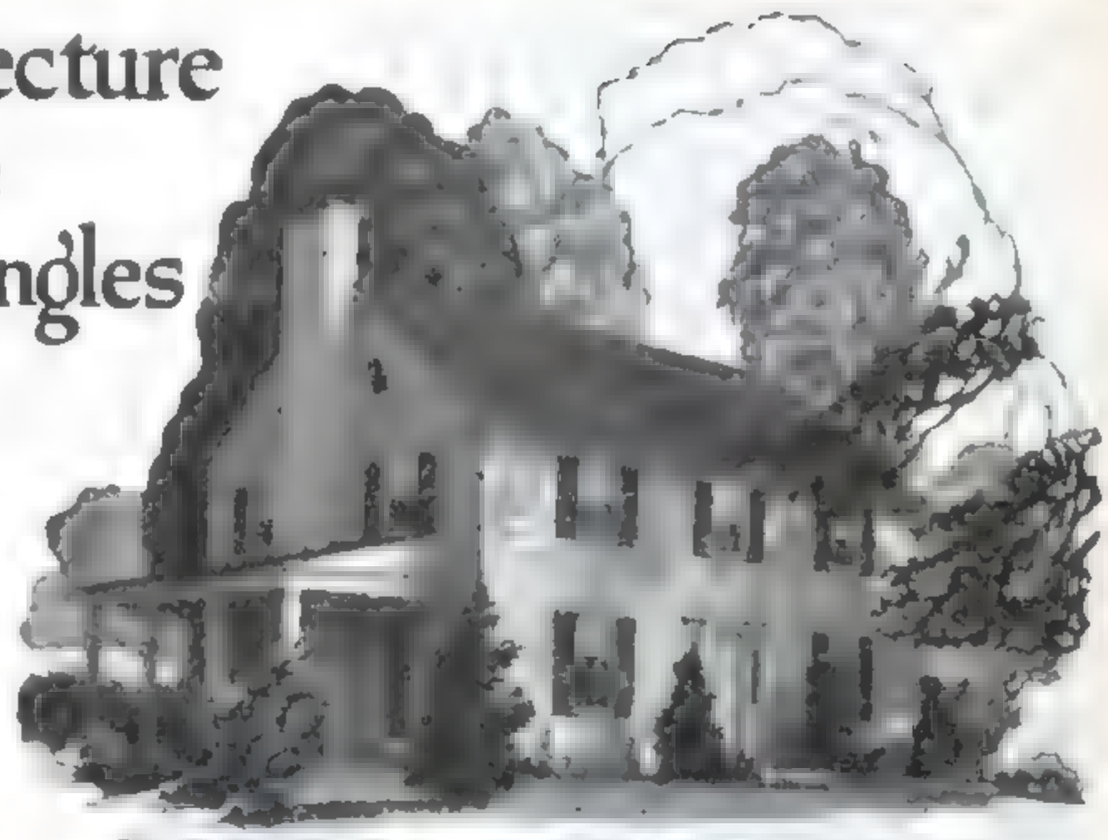
Last year I had a proposition before me of a well-known hotel man who wanted to rent a lot at a seaside resort, provided the owner would advance a certain amount of money to enable him, the prospective tenant, to build a first-class hotel. I arranged the lease satisfactorily to the proposed tenant, I procured the mortgage money, I even went so far as to have the plans drawn, on a gamble, by a well-known architect. They proved satisfactory both to the prospective tenant and to the owner. I arranged with a very well-known construction company—in fact, one of the largest in the world—to erect the building upon the insurance-cost plan. I even raised the amount of capital necessary to finance the undertaking to the extent of about 60 per cent of the entire investment, including the furniture. The transaction had been left by the prospective tenant in the hands of his representative and relative, he having gone to Europe, and the latter left me one evening highly jubilant over the closing of the entire transaction to his supreme satisfaction.

The next day I received a telegram from him stating that he had heard from his principal, who had instructed him to drop the matter. All that I had left for my three months' work was a possible lawsuit. Had I started one I might have lost even that.

When paying a broker's commission, few, if any, realize the amount of effort they have caused to be expended on other projects which didn't go through; but all these must be taken into consideration in the fixing of any one commission. Neither does the general public understand how much time, thought and energy are expended in

(Continued on Page 156)

Three Popular Styles of Architecture Made More Distinctive With "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles



This Old Colonial residence is made charmingly distinctive with long 24-inch "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles on side-walls as well as roofs. Dixie White and 18-inch Moss Green on roof. Architect Dwight James Baum, Riverdale, N. Y.

THEY are to be seen in every city, suburban town and village. Especially in the newer sections, such homes with "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles on side-walls as well as roofs are giving these popular styles of architecture new charm and extra values. They attract the eye to their delightfully colored roofs and walls. "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles cost less than other building materials because they need no painting or repairs.

Your home offers the only sure retreat from wearying activities of life. Make it a place of restful beauty. Insure it with "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles. It will endure longer than the life of the owner, always attractive, always fresh.

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(Continued from Page 154)

obtaining and analyzing information before a project is brought to the attention of a prospective investor.

"I can sell you," says Mister Realty Broker, "Number —— on Blank Street"—giving the size of the lot—"with a building"—here follows description—"for so much money." And then he tells all the details. This takes three minutes. The chances are he has been working on that project for fully three months, on and off, so as to get the proposition in proper shape for presentation. Also the chances are a thousand to one that during those three months he has analyzed and turned down fully two hundred propositions which did not meet with his approval and which he would not offer to anyone, fearing the investments would not be profitable or the kind he could honestly recommend to his clients.

Always remember that the keystone of successful real-estate investments is the knowledge of what real estate to go by and what real estate to go buy. If one wishes to avoid the pitfalls and snares of those who remain awake during his normal sleeping hours to concoct a scheme for parting him from at least a portion of his saving account; if one desires to profit by the experiences—not all successful—of an operator who has been actively engaged in the realty field for thirty years during the time when the cities of the United States were in the making; if one desires to study the science of defense, then seek the basic laws fixing value. The author has always contended that profits in realty dealing will take care of themselves. It is fairly simple to know and find what you want; one's entire thought should then be given to but one question—namely, How much can I lose? That answer, successfully obtained, is the greatest factor for insurance and enables the investor to engage successfully in realty dealing.

Don't let your clients bite off more than they are sure they can chew. Don't let their cupidity take the place of their eyes; the more proficient one becomes in the art of realty dealing the more opportunities he sees. Too many good propositions create indigestion. Overextension is fatal. Don't let clients part with the money they have made unless you weigh every transaction as carefully as though it were the first one in which they engaged. Treat every dollar as though it were the first money they had ever invested. Don't let them do anything because the other fellow has done it. If you see some land which has been purchased at one hundred dollars per acre and sold for one thousand dollars a lot through certain methods not unknown to many realty operators, your first and only thought in the transaction should be, "Is the ground worth one hundred dollars per acre, and is it readily salable at an advance above this price under every condition?" In short, there is only one guide to a safe investment at all times in real estate—namely, value.

Investing or Gambling

In observing this rule you will miss many opportunities, as it is not given to every broker to be able to determine the value of many different varieties and descriptions of property in all sections. Knowing the bases of value, you are bound, on investigation, to find much more than you need for safe and profitable investment of all the money you or your clients may have for that purpose. This statement applies from the most powerful oil magnate down to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. In short, always have a definite no until investigation or knowledge shows you, after due reflection, the possible loss as well as the potential value. Your definite yes involves your professional judgment. Don't be afraid of losing opportunities. You will get another and another and another, *ad infinitum.* Of course, when you're sure, sure, absolutely sure—don't wait—act! But oh, be very sure you're sure.

Don't take anyone's word for any statement of fact. If someone tells you that some factor not actually in being will enter into a transaction, wait! Pay more for the proposition after the fact has been insured. It is better to pay twice the amount for property with certitude than to gamble on something uncertain. I am speaking now in the main of the average real-estate investor—not the speculator who goes into a gamble as a gamble—not exactly the same way as though you were betting on a horse race, but gambling, nevertheless. There are many forms, however, of realty gambling. Speculators, according to their mental equipment in the realty field, and elsewhere, are able to obtain a large gamble from small investments, so that their average may ultimately make them considerable money. This class, however, knows it is gambling. The general public doesn't know whether it is investing or gambling, but the expert realty broker must be able to divide and define. Not only through experience but by deductions and analysis of his own as well as other persons' experiences, the professional broker must obtain knowledge of the conditions which distinguish speculation from investment.

Again, don't follow the crowds! "If Mister So-and-So can pay so much for so-and-so, I can afford to pay a little bit more" has caused more losses in realty dealing than any other blind practice in which the public indulges.

Be careful at all times of the percentage rule. Because a property pays 99 per cent more or less on the investment, has nothing at all to do with the transaction. Again, the one and only rule is value. How much is the land worth? How much is the building on the land worth? Is the building suited to the requirements? What of its surroundings and the thousand and one facts which tend to create stability in value? These are the determining qualifications for investment. There is only one great factor, outside of patience, which tends to create safety in realty investments, and that is—more patience.

Theater Properties

The ideal time to make sure investments in real estate is when values are flat on their back. By that statement I mean looking upward. Not looking upward, however, on account of any other condition than that values are at their lowest point and the element of safety is perfect—the chance of loss practically, if not wholly, nil. As I have explained in the introduction, this system is by far the best to follow in making realty investments.

The heavy emphasis I have placed upon caution and consideration of possible loss might be construed as a counsel of hopeless inaction; therefore I want to carry forward my theory of analyzing the bases of value into fields where it becomes more optimistic than the orthodox realty judgment of the present time. Real-estate investment has its moss-grown traditions, like banking and other ancient businesses which keep alive an aphorism or wise saying long after the conditions out of which it grew have disappeared.

Not many years ago a ramshackle firetrap with a wide sagging veranda creaking in the wind and something which resembled skin disease more than paint was called a seashore hotel. It attracted a doubtful and impecunious trade for a few weeks in the summer. After a few seasons the widow whose cooking made it popular and more or less profitable, remarried and sold the establishment to someone who couldn't cook. One unprofitable season left it a permanent wreck. Population was sparse in those days and our seacoast was long. Meanwhile population has increased enormously and our seacoast has gained not one inch of length. But the tradition against seashore property remains.

Not many years ago bedraggled dramatic art wandered from barn to livery stable across this country imploring our citizens to squander ten, twenty or thirty cents for entertainment—usually spiced with tears. The stranded actor walking back to Broadway was one of the standard sources of crude humor. Local managers of theaters in those days have since been recognized as a comic type. The opry house where Uncle Tom's Cabin made its fame was successful one season, and sold under foreclosure the next. As an investment it was not highly regarded. Conditions have changed, but the tradition has not.

Where one has absolutely certain knowledge of the facts and figures, these properties—and many others like them—which the public and ultraconservative investors will not consider, may offer great opportunities. I confess frankly that I am obsessed by the possibilities of seashore property. Much of it offers sound investment coupled with unusual profit, for the very reason that so many persons will have nothing to do with it. Under present conditions—and considering the future outlook to the best of my ability—I am also highly in favor of investments in land and buildings to be used as

theaters, always provided that the facts and figures are all right. The generality I am attacking is the thought that none of these properties are safe investments. I would not seek to build up an equally absurd generality that all of them are.

There was a day when the American public relied upon pills and bottles to cure its ills. Health could be purchased at the drug store or from an eloquent and gifted entertainer using a wagon for lecture platform and shop. That condition has gone, never to return. The American public now obtains both health and recreation in God's sunshine and fresh air. That condition has come slowly through education. I believe it is so sound it will never be upset. If I am right it has permanently altered the basis of value for all suitable seashore property. We take better care of our health than formerly. More of our population enjoys a vacation during the summer. The seashore resort is no longer an accident but a necessity. Its trade returns year after year. Its hotels do not have to depend upon the fortuitous arrival of someone who can cook. Experts are hired. Permanent improvements are made along the water front. One of these is a boardwalk.

When one considers that boardwalk from the realty's broker's point of view it is rather a remarkable creator of values. The boardwalk is an unusual factor, deserving special analysis. There is an axiom in the real-estate business that only the first floor is a monopoly—that is to say, you can have all the upper floors your foundation will stand, but even the Woolworth Building has only one ground floor. Now the boardwalk makes hash of that axiom because it creates two ground floors, as anyone who has ever seen a boardwalk will at once realize without further explanation. There is a boardwalk level and a ground level, with the upper one the more valuable of the two. But you actually have two ground-floor monopolies with a boardwalk, and they pay well in all kinds of years. People no longer look askance at healthful and instructing entertainment in this country. They regard it as health insurance. You can depend upon their consuming it, even when steel production sags.

Now let us consider some of the revenue-earning property back of that boardwalk. Seashore projects offer the great advantage of a full year's income from a three months' occupancy without heat. The landlord has to pay very little for light or upkeep such as cleaning or elevator service. And the rents obtained, in proportion to the investment, far exceed the same return on a like sum in the nonseashore districts.

The American Riviera

Another reason for my favorable view of investment in seashore property is the example shown me by the late Henry M. Flagler. His investment in railroad property tending to the development of the Florida seashore section is one of the greatest pioneering exploits the world has ever known. It proved conclusively that Americans have at last arrived at a state of mind where they are willing to spend a portion of the money they possess, in the greatest of all investments—health.

Florida has become the Riviera of the United States. What Europe has been offering for many years with its so-called sanitariums, rest cures, watering resorts, mineral springs and faith cures, is now being supplied in the United States in the form of mental and physical relaxation, sunshine, air and natural salt-water bathing. One must arrive at another conclusion—namely, that there are many people here who are not completely absorbed in business, despite Europe's thought to the contrary.

There is also a tremendous factor tending to create value in theatrical property which probably no other form of building presents—namely, the appeal to the individual to put his whole being into an enterprise. Theatrical property is probably the only class of building which by its mere existence creates the business that will occupy it. No theater, no play. But build a theater and someone will find use for it. With it in your possession, the offers by successful and ambitious producers of theatrical productions become manifold. Even in the so-called off or summer season, one is nearly always in use. A stock company, a feature film, tryouts, concerts, lectures and a score of other uses appear. In addition, should the lessee happen to be a producer, he is always sure, should the theater be in a metropolitan district, of time for any of his own productions, which is a very valuable condition to him, because time is not always easy to obtain. To have it at the psychological moment often means the difference between a big success and failure. Success in theatrical ventures now runs into six or even seven figures. There you have a new basis of value which did not exist when the prejudice against such property was well founded.

But let us return to our broker. He should know that real-estate values are the last to be affected by any financial upheaval the country undergoes. Land is the last to go down and the last to go up. In both cases the changes come very suddenly, but the experienced, well-balanced operator, playing the game for everyone's protection, can sound the warning to retrench, with absolute accuracy, at the proper time. This is generally six months prior to a decline, and probably sixty to ninety days prior to an advance.

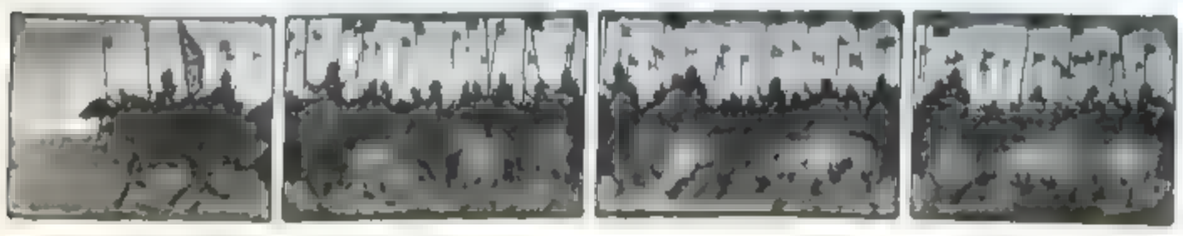
He makes enemies both ways when he does so. The public won't believe him because there is nothing on the surface of the realty market to indicate why he is predicting a decline, and his "I told you so," after many have refused to accept his prognostication regarding the advance, also causes irritability on the part of his clients.

When the Tide Turns

The signs, however, are unmistakable. There is more or less a general business depression. Operators are not selling their commodity, there isn't the same demand for renting space, tenants are not paying punctually, mortgages are being called in, interest rates are being advanced, and one familiar with the conditions which surround the realty market—through knowledge of the individuals owning property—senses that many will soon be unable to carry their pyramids. It may be, and generally is, the case that prices are not top-heavy, and that fact is what always deceives the inexperienced. My belief has always been that the reason real estate takes so long to react is on account of the decided advantage it has in long-term financing.

When advance is in the air, the signs are also unmistakable: the demand for space, particularly for new business establishments, is everywhere; successful merchants want to extend either by moving into larger quarters or procuring new establishments to add to their chain; money appears from nowhere for building purposes; rental values increase.

I saw a real-estate sign not so long ago which aptly describes to my mind general public opinion regarding financiering. The sign read A Little for a Lot—meaning, of course, the property. But a little for a lot seems to mean to the public's mind the amount of cash it is compelled to pay down, and not the amount it is compelled to pay in the final summary. The only advice needed, if one will observe it, is—don't be tempted to purchase any property unless you can see your way clear to meet all the payments; and in making up your mind whether you can do this most necessary thing, don't take into consideration what you expect to get out of the property unless you are absolutely certain the property is going to yield the results you calculate. Bad times come. Tenants meet with disappointments, taxes change, and a thousand and one things can occur to change the figures upon which you are depending to permit you to keep your contract. Take these and all other possible factors into respectful consideration, and remember that promoters and brokers cannot work without reimbursement and profit. They are worthy of their hire and should be paid well not only for their work but for the benefit of their experience, and a premium on their risk.



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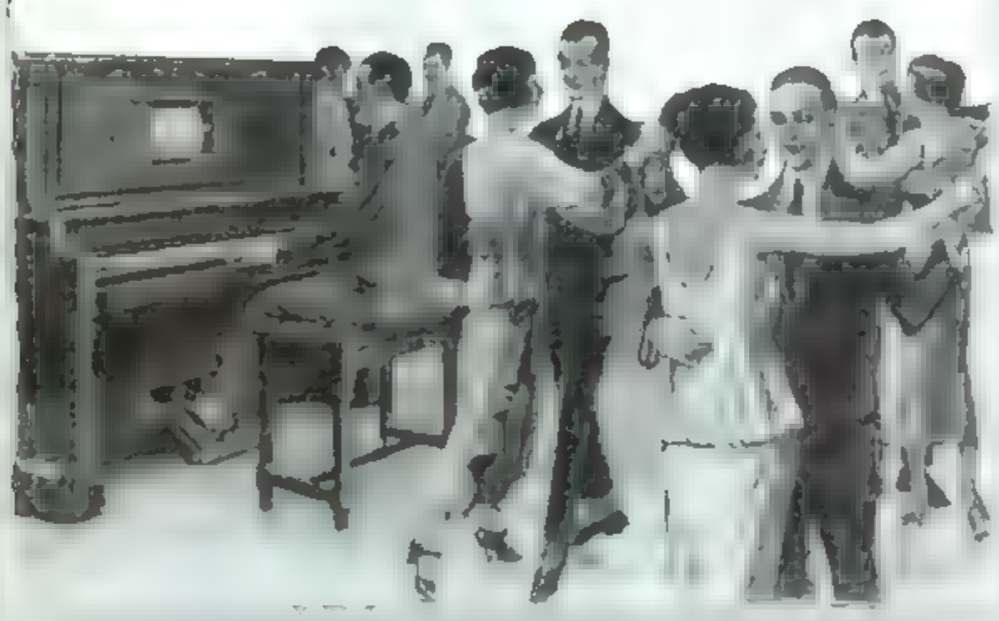

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THE CRUX OF THE WHEAT PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 25)

rise above the world price. If Federal-grade wheat were solely a domestic commodity, the home price might rise to a point equal to the import price, the sum of the world price and the duty on wheat. It would probably rise to a point somewhat lower than this figure. For some time the prices of domestic and Canadian hard spring wheats, quality considered, have been practically on a parity at Minneapolis. A comparison of the price of corn in 1922, when the United States was a heavy exporter of corn, with the price of corn in the fall of 1923, with the United States practically on a domestic basis, gives an illustration—perhaps too good an illustration—of what might be expected in the case of wheat if the United States were to withdraw from the world market.

6. One must distinguish between export of Federal-grade wheat and export of special wheats and wheaten products. There are good reasons for believing that we shall continue to remain an exporter of soft white and soft red Pacific wheat, durum wheat, high-grade patent flour and clear flour after we have ceased to be an active exporter of Federal-grade wheats. As a matter of fact, applied to bulk wheat, "our exportable surplus consists of inferior varieties and inferior grades of better varieties not in demand by domestic millers and other manufacturers of wheaten products," as stated by Sydney Anderson, Chairman of the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry. According to present experiences the sum of these special exports might correspond to more than 50 million bushels per annum. Some of the soft white wheats go to special markets in Europe that demand very white soft flour and white bran. Some of the Pacific wheats and clear flours go to the markets of the Orient. Durum wheat is used for alimentary pastes in Europe, and the United States and Algeria are practically the sole sources until durum production in Russia returns. Some clear flours go as a by-product to cheap European markets. Patent flours go to special markets in Europe and in tropical countries.

Competition in Export Markets

7. The export wheats of the competing surplus-producing countries are representative of their best grades of wheats. Karachi soft wheat has particular qualities desired by European millers. Australia offers high-grade soft wheat. Argentina exports high-grade semi-soft, semi-hard, and hard wheats. Canada exports high-grade hard high-protein wheat. In Canada, Argentina and Australia the wheat crop is large, the population low; therefore the best and representative wheats go to the world market, the crops are raised primarily for export. In the United States the population is large and the wheat crop relatively low, the export has become an incident. American bakers and housewives insist on high specifications in flour. To meet these specifications American mills grind the best wheats produced and leave for export what is little more than the culls of the crop. In an average crop of 800 million bushels, our mills have to scurry about to find the wheats necessary to fill their needs. Therefore our "inferior varieties and inferior grades of better varieties" of wheat meet in the world's market the superior varieties and the better grades of those varieties. During the three fiscal years 1920–23, on the average, the combined export of hard red spring, hard red winter and soft red winter wheats was only 43 per cent of the total export, and much of this was No. 3 and under. During this season our exports, apart from durum and white Pacific wheats, have for the most part fallen far below our normal grades. European millers complain loudly of the poor milling qualities of the winter wheats imported from this country under Federal grading during the past three years. American export wheat has to meet at world price a better wheat than itself, broadly speaking. When it comes to wheat as mere wheat, the competitors can undersell us, and the average run of their wheats is better than our Federal-grade export wheat. When it comes to special wheats, we have little to offer except durum and soft white Pacific wheat, because our mills claim our best products.

8. The export of wheat cannot be properly compared with the export of a manufactured article. A phonograph factory may find it advantageous or necessary, for reasons of capacity operation and reduction of overhead expenses, to export a small fraction of the outturn at a price lower than the domestic price. This is not the case with the industry of wheat growing. The wheat-growing industry is not a unit. A larger acreage does not mean capacity operation with lower overhead expense. On the contrary, it means the inclusion of marginal acres, acres that cost more to farm or disrupt a scheme of rotation. It is unsound to urge a continuation of wheat exports for the same production reasons that may be used to advocate a continuation of exports of a machine. Wheat growing is not an organized industry that can maintain remunerative prices on the domestic market and dump the surplus in foreign markets at low prices. The dumping price reacts directly and heavily on the domestic price.

The Outlook Far From Bright

So far there is agreement. Divergence arises between those who believe that under the stated circumstances the export of Federal-grade wheat ought to cease and those who believe that it ought to continue. The proponents of continued export are under obligation to suggest methods by which export may be continued at the world price and a higher price be secured for the domestic crop. I do not believe that the methods proposed for the continuation of export of common Federal-grade wheat hold trustworthy promise for improvement in the position of the wheat grower. I am constrained to conclude that wheat growers must be prepared to see that the export of wheat—except for the special cases—cease if the position of the producer is to be materially improved.

The background of the world situation lies in the easy development of new wheat lands under modern facilities of transportation. Frontier farming in the Ohio Valley drove the New York wheat farmer out of frontier wheat growing into diversified farming. In turn, frontier farming west of the Mississippi imposed disastrous competition and corresponding diversification on the wheat grower of the Ohio Valley. The new wheat lands of Canada, Argentina and Australia, only partly developed, now apply the same pressure to the export wheat grower west of the Mississippi Valley. It is an error to assume that the present wheat production of Canada, Argentina and Australia was the peculiar result of the war. The war merely accelerated the development of these frontier lands. The lands are adapted to the growing of wheat, wheat is a cash crop, and the inevitable development represents largely, for a time, expansion in wheat growing. Viewing wheat growing from the standpoint of internal circumstances in these countries, we must expect to see the wheat crops of the prairie provinces of Canada, of Argentina and of Australia expand still further during the present decade, just as our hard-wheat acreage expanded several decades ago.

Since the world price of wheat is low in comparison with the general level of world prices, why should expansion of wheat growing in Canada, Argentina and Australia be expected to continue? For five reasons:

(a) New land prices are low and these countries represent the most available locations for prospective agricultural developments. The breaking in of new acreage will depend largely on the flow of immigration. Canada, Argentina and Australia are actively engaged in promoting immigration of agriculturists.

(b) Production costs are lower. I am advised by authorities in Canada, Argentina and Australia that estimates on the cost of growing wheat comparable to those developed in the United States Department of Agriculture do not exist. But it is possible to make comparisons of the several items. Land values are much higher in this country—the average wheat-land acre is probably priced twice as high in this country as in the three countries mentioned.

(Continued on Page 160)

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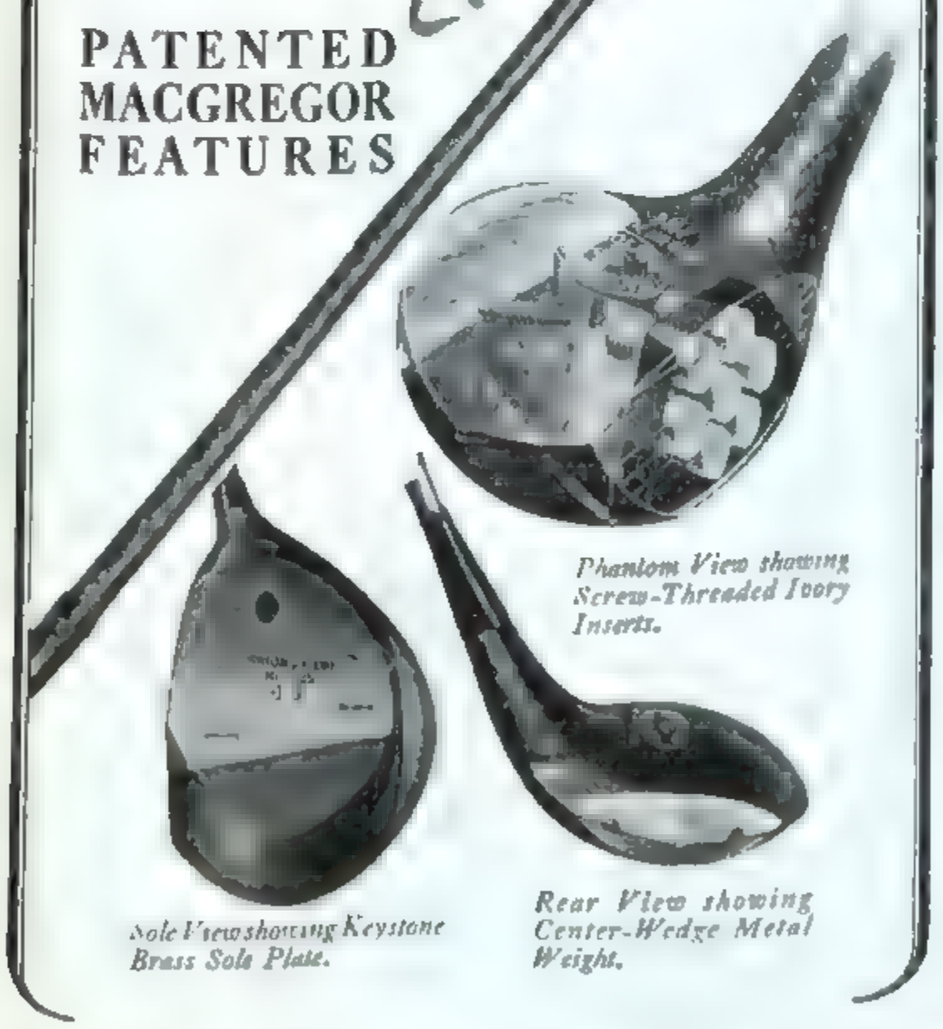

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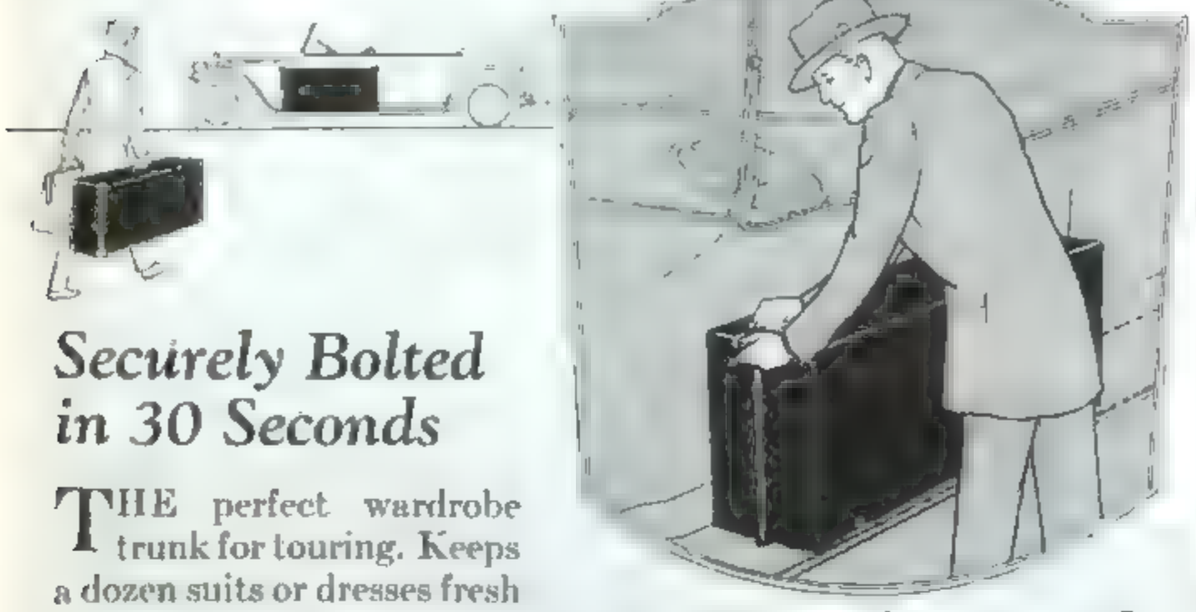

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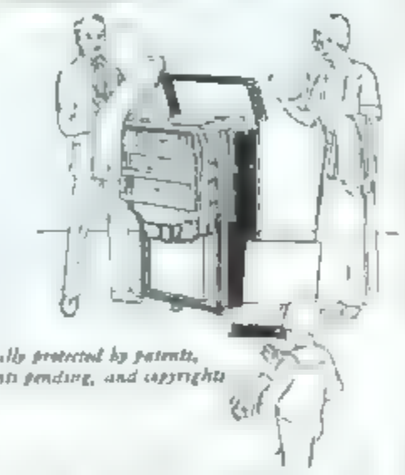

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(Continued from Page 158.)

Improvements are more substantial and elaborate in this country. The investment in implements is larger in this country, though the prices are probably lower here. Indebtedness of farms per acre is heavier in this country. The interest rate is probably comparable in all countries, but the amount annually payable per acre is higher here. Farm wages are high in Canada, Australia and the United States, low in Argentina. Average yields in the prairie provinces of Canada are considerably higher than in our hard-wheat belt, the yields in Argentina are about the same, those in Australia but little lower. Taxes are higher in this country, because our plane of public and social institutions is higher. Finally, the standard of living is higher in this country. The cumulative influences of these factors bring the weighted cost of raising the bushel of wheat much higher in this country than in the three countries named, possibly twice as high for some areas, half again as high in other instances. The wheat growers of Canada, Argentina and Australia would like to have their costs lower and the price higher. But their present advantages in costs of production are crucial in competition with our wheat. The Tariff Commission is now engaged in determining whether the duty of thirty cents a bushel is enough to cover the difference between cost of production in Canada and in the United States.

Ocean Freights

(c) The nearness of the United States to Europe represents now no advantage in transportation cost. The prewar relations of ocean freight rates were about as follows a bushel:

North Atlantic Range, 8 cents;
Buenos Aires, 10 cents;
Karachi, 12 cents;
Australia, 20 cents.

The land freight charges are much lower in Argentina and Australia because the average haul of export wheat is much shorter. The Canadian wheat freight rates are practically down to the prewar basis. At present it costs more to ship wheat from Kansas to Liverpool than from Saskatchewan, in Canada, or Santa Fé, in Argentina. Transportation from the wheat farm in Australia to Liverpool costs but little more than from Kansas. Without undertaking any appraisal of the rates from the standpoint of costs and service, the fact remains that the land rates in Canada and the ocean rates from Canada, Argentina and Australia encourage wheat growing in those countries.

(d) The wheat growers in Canada, Argentina and Australia look forward to increase in land values as deferred compensation in wheat growing, precisely as was the case west of the Mississippi decades ago. The wheat grower in the United States realizes that his remuneration from now on must come from operations and not from increases of land values, whereas in the competing surplus-producing countries the wheat grower looks forward to increase in land values as a material item in the returns.

(e) An important reason for continued expansion in wheat growing in Canada, Argentina and Australia lies in the fact that these countries are debtor countries. The international obligations of Canada, Argentina and Australia are heavy; the countries have been developed largely on borrowed foreign capital. Each year these three countries must pay several hundred millions of dollars in interest charges to foreign creditors in terms of foreign exchange. Apart from the possession of invisible items of modest dimensions and the production of new gold in Australia, these countries must balance their international accounts and make their annual payments with goods. Of these goods, wheat is one of the most prominent. Last year the value of the wheat exports of Canada was one-quarter of her total exports. In a word, these three countries must pay international interest charges with wheat or default on interest on their foreign obligations. The United States is a creditor country; we have no foreign obligations to pay with wheat, and our balance of exports of goods has been declining heavily.

A continuation of expansion in wheat growing in Canada, Argentina and Australia is inevitable for the same reason that expansion in wheat growing west of the Mississippi was inevitable forty years ago. The development of cheap virgin land under immigration, made easy through modern facilities of transportation, is favored by abnormal and unsatisfactory social conditions in the Old World and by the policies of the British Empire. In Canada, Argentina and Australia railways and public improvements have been developed in advance of their populations. Settlers are needed to extract from the soil the resources with which to pay foreign debts, raise taxes for public improvements and provide traffic for railways.

Interpreted in the light of historic precedent in this country and elsewhere, continued development of the semideveloped countries of Canada, Argentina and Australia is not only possible and probable but inevitable. The only questions are the rapidity of development and the direction taken by the new agriculture in these countries. Wheat is a cash crop. The new lands of these countries are adapted to the growing of high-grade wheat. Under these circumstances we must expect wheat to represent the principal crop in the early exploitative stages of the continuing agricultural development of Canada, Argentina and Australia. The development may be expected to be as rapid as the stream of immigration is large. Some of the drift from our farms is to Canadian farms, not to our cities. We must be prepared to see the normal wheat crop of Canada pass the 500-million-bushel mark, that of Argentina pass the 300-million mark and that of Australia pass the 200-million mark. That would mean, barring crop failure, a billion bushels of wheat for a combined population of less than 50 million people. At the high figure of ten bushels' gross wheat use per capita, the three countries would be able to export a half billion bushels of wheat a year—practically the full demands of Europe. Anticipating the possible progress of development of the new wheat tracts in foreign lands, there is little reason to expect the world price of wheat during the next few years to rise to the plane of remunerative price for the average wheat grower in the United States.

When Russia Comes Back

Russia must not be overlooked. Russia will come back as a wheat exporter, slowly but inevitably. And Russia is a low-cost producer. The population of the present Russia is possibly only three-quarters of that of the same area before the war. That means a reduction in wheat needs. The domesticated animals of the country are greatly reduced in numbers. This means for the next few years a lowered domestic need for feed grains. The present Russia before the war had an average wheat crop of 600 million bushels, a rye crop of 520 million bushels. The wheat crop this year is supposed to be some 400 million bushels, the rye crop 300 million bushels. The productivity is low, the expression of worn-out equipment, scarcity of work animals and precarious transport. The prewar exports of wheat and rye were about 200 million bushels annually. The Russian peasant is in desperate need of goods of many kinds. The manufactures of the country have been nearly exterminated under Bolshevism. During the next few years the peasant must look largely to the outside world for the goods he needs. These goods he must pay for with grains largely. Russia is now trying to export wheat and rye in excess of the crops, judged in the light of the wants of the people, an expression of Russian need of foreign goods.

This emphasis on exports must be expected to continue, transportation permitting. No wheat grower in the world has such a pressure to export as the peasant in Russia, because nowhere else is the need for commodities so pressing. It will be years, probably, before the wheat exports of Russia return to the prewar figure. But year after year, barring unusual crop failure, we must expect to see wheat exported from Russia at prices low in correspondence with the standard of living of the country.

The present situation with respect to wheat export from Russia stands about as follows: The export is largely in the hands of government agencies. The peasant has been receiving from fifteen to thirty cents a bushel for wheat, some of which is mixed with volunteer rye and can go only to countries willing to grind the two together, while other lots are good enough to go to the United Kingdom. Charters from South Russian ports are freely available at moderate price. The handling of the transactions by the export agencies, however, has

been so wasteful and inefficient—possibly including grafting operations—that by the time the wheat reached the world market it has cost more than the world price. Sold at the world price, the money has been partly invested in goods that have been promised to the peasant. These goods have been transported into the interior of Russia in a wasteful and inefficient manner—possibly again including grafting operations—and in the final figure of sale the loss attending the outbound transfer of the wheat has been included.

When these goods were offered to the peasant he found the prices extortionately high, in terms of the wheat he had delivered. A peasant turned in so-and-so many bushels of wheat; months later he was offered boots, each pair of which represented an unbelievable number of bushels of wheat.

Fluctuating Supplies

During recent months peasants have refused to accept commodities of various kinds, in rebellion against excessive prices. These goods, remaining in the hands of the governmental trading agencies, have led to insolvency.

Of the three limiting factors in the export of wheat—quantity of wheat available, condition of transport, and inefficiency of export trading operations—the latter would appear for the present season to be the most important. If the export of wheat from Russia is to expand, trading operations must be so developed that the peasant does not receive one-third the world price for wheat, and pay three times the world price for finished goods.

Is the Federal-grade wheat of the United States indispensable to the importing countries? Not at present. The import wheat figure of the world has never been above 700 million bushels a year. For the present in Europe, not including Russia, the largest recorded imports, including flour, have not been more than 600 million bushels.

Taking Continental Europe as a unit, excluding Russia, the average prewar annual import from Russia and overseas was about 400 million bushels of wheat, of which some 165 million came from Russia and some 235 million came from overseas, and 70 million of these from the United States.

The wheat needs of the other importing countries are seldom in excess of 100 million bushels, though these demands are on the increase. During the past three years, with Russia contributing almost nothing, wheat imports from overseas have averaged about 555 million bushels, more than double the prewar import from the same sources. While the American wheat grower has hoped to see this volume of oversea imports upheld, and at high prices, Europe proposes by increase of production and restoration of Russian exports to bring the figure for wheat import from overseas back to the prewar figure as rapidly as possible.

The present continent of Europe, not including Russia, has a proved normal wheat production of about 1360 million bushels, and a rye production of about 1020 million bushels. Adding to these a net Continental wheat import of 400 million bushels and a net rye import of 30 million bushels, we have 2800 million bushels as the largest known annual consumption of bread grains in Europe.

European supply of wheat is not a fixed annual quantity, there is considerable fluctuation, due largely to adaptations in the country districts. The following table illustrates this, for the four largest countries combined, by the figures, in millions of bushels, for the average, the highest and the lowest annual supply in the five years before the war.

	AVERAGE SUPPLY	HIGHEST SUPPLY	LOWEST SUPPLY
United Kingdom, Germany, France, Italy	1097	1179	1025

Europe can easily adapt herself to a plus or minus of 100 million bushels of bread grains in a particular year. We must also recall that the bread supply of Europe was considerably larger in 1909–14 than in 1904–09, and other things being equal, Europe—with practically the same population as before the war—could descend from the higher to the lower level of consumption without serious hardship to consumers.

The average crop of bread grains during the past three years has been about 1960 million bushels. The average import of bread grains has been about 590 million bushels, giving the average supply during the last three years as about 2550 million bushels. In view of the uncertainty of agricultural figures in Europe, this total figure may be 50 million bushels too high or too low. In my opinion it is probably 50 million bushels too low, because of the conviction that the bread-grain crops of Europe have been underestimated. This figure say, 2600 million bushels—was 200 million bushels a year less than the consumption in the period of high prosperity before the war. This does not mean that the fraction of the breadstuff supply used by human beings during the past three years was reduced by 200 million bushels. The loss has fallen largely on the livestock. Less wheat and rye has been fed to animals than before the war, when 25 per cent of rye went to seed and feed; less has gone into alcohol; and the average extraction of the grains in milling has been higher than before the war. Thus, only a small part of the difference between bread-grain supplies now and before the war has fallen on the flour ration of human beings.

Restoration of Herds

The 1923 crops of wheat and rye in Europe, outside of Russia, were 1285 million bushels of wheat and 880 million bushels of rye, together some 2165 million bushels. This is the largest crop Europe has gathered since 1914. The 1923 agriculture of Europe displayed notable advance in technic of cultivation and use of fertilizers. If to the reported crop this season Europe adds imports of 550 million bushels of wheat and 50 million of rye, this would furnish a gross bread-grain supply for the population of 2765 million bushels, practically the prewar figure, equal to 474 pounds per capita a year for 350 million inhabitants. This is a large gross bread-grain supply.

The trend in prices of cereals in Europe suggests that further expansion of acreage in bread grains may not eventuate. The decline in home prices of bread grains has been such as to make the cultivation appear much less profitable to the peasant than was the case a year or two ago. This may have the effect of leading the peasant to suspend further expansion in growing of bread grains and devote himself to the restoration of his herds, if there is no other cash crop more advantageous. With the established psychology of the European peasant he can always fall back on a restoration of his herds. The check on further expansion of acreage of bread grains in Europe, or even a contraction, must not, however, be interpreted as opening an opportunity for wheat growers in the United States. If peasants in Europe reduce their acreage of wheat because the price is not satisfactory to them, with all transportation costs in their favor, the American wheat grower can hardly find in this situation an

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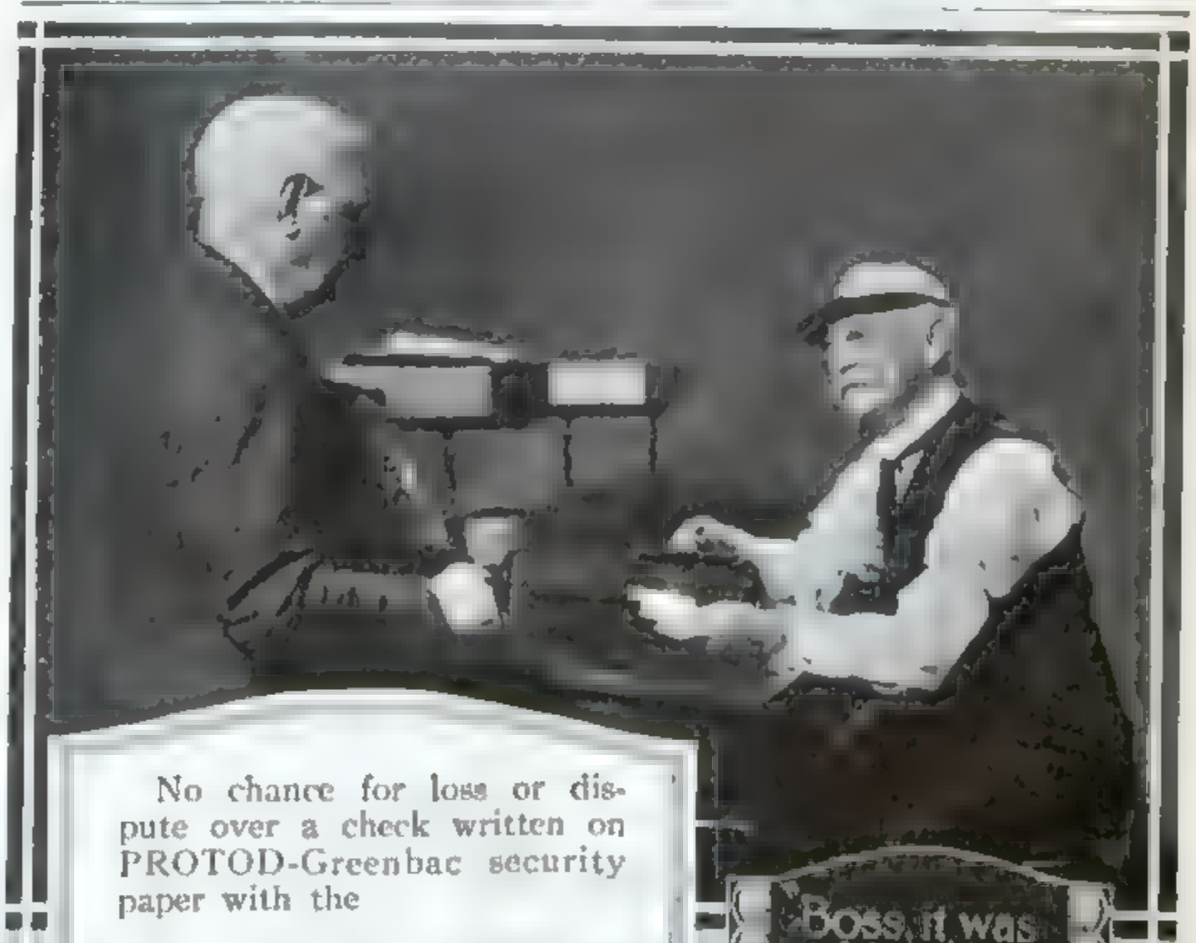

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opportunity for remunerative employment. Barring crop failure of unusual occurrence, Europe as a continent will not need annually more than 500 million bushels of imported wheat, and it may be as little as or less than 460 million bushels, including flour. This quantity she could secure this year, independent of Federal-grade wheat from the United States, from the other surplus-producing countries. Before the war, Europe, outside of Russia, considered as a unit, imported from Russia and the oversea world an average, roughly, of 400 million bushels of wheat, including flour, and of this the United States furnished about 70 million bushels. For the three years 1920–1923, the corresponding figures were as follows, the prewar figures given as comparison, in millions of bushels.

	EUROPEAN IMPORTS FROM RUSSIA AND OVERSEAS	FROM THE UNITED STATES
Prewar	400	70
1920–21	565	300
1921–22	535	185
1922–23	545	140
1923–24 (first 7 mos. provisional)	280	55

Our exports to Europe decline, those of the other oversea countries increase. Despite the large domestic crop, Europe is this year expected to import 560 million bushels, of which 500 are expected from overseas. It now seems doubtful if our wheat export to Europe this season will exceed the prewar figure. Apart from soft Pacific and durum wheats, our present wheat imports from Canada about equal our exports, since our flour mills—like the state mill of North Dakota—have to import hard wheat to make flour conformable to trade-mark brand grades. Our sales to ex-Europe, especially the Orient, have supported the market more this season than sales to Europe. While our exports lag, we have a large visible supply of wheat.

Barring crop failure, during the next few years at least, the other surplus-producing countries can produce the wheat required by Europe at a lower price than is possible in the United States. We shall go far afield if we try to solve the present wheat problem of the American farmer on the basis of doubt of the producing capacities of competing countries. Our wheat growers need feel no concern over the requirements of Europe.

Europe, despite her difficulties, does not import wheat merely as wheat alone, but to a considerable extent lays stress on particular wheats. Though the bread standards of European countries are not so particularized, from the standpoint of flour qualities, as is the case in this country, nevertheless, particular preferences find expression in insistent demand and higher price. The white wheat of the Pacific Coast, the durum of the Dakotas, the dry soft wheat of Australia, the typical soft wheats of India, the hard wheat of Argentina, and in particular the hard wheat of the prairie provinces of Canada—make especial appeals to certain markets in Europe. Our common export wheats have largely lost their repute. One will search in vain for any European market to which a special appeal can be made on behalf of the wheat of the United States that remains for export after our mills have retained the best of the crop. There are also natural buying connections to be taken into consideration. The United Kingdom and France prefer to buy of their dominions and colonies; Germany looks first to Russia and the Balkan States; Italy has preferences for trading with Argentina for flour wheat, since she must buy durum wheat from us. Finally, the currency relations give the competing surplus-producing countries advantages over the dollar. Practically every European currency declined in dollar value during 1923. We export wheat uphill, so to speak; competing countries export it downhill.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Professor Taylor. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

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Table of Contents

March 29, 1924

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SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Commencement—*Holworthy Hall*	8
Counterfeit Shoddy—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	10
Only Three Hundred Dollars—*Richard Connell*	12
What is Right?—*Sophie Kerr*	16
The Outcast—*Hugh Wiley*	18

ARTICLES

Last Talks With Woodrow Wilson—*James Kerney*	3
Could You Sell Out?—*J. R. Sprague*	14
The Realty Broker—*Felix Isman*	15
The Diary of a Dude Wrangler—*Struthers Burt*	20
The Crux of the Wheat Problem—*Alonzo Englebert Taylor*	25
The Wild Ass and the Tame—*Hal G. Evarts*	34
Grover Cleveland's One Business Venture—*George F. Parker*	36
Money-Making Management—*Floyd W. Parsons*	40

SERIALS

The Rational Hind (In four parts)—*Ben Ames Williams*	5
Manhandled (Conclusion)—*Arthur Stringer*	22
A South Sea Bubble (Fourth part)—*Roland Pertwee*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26

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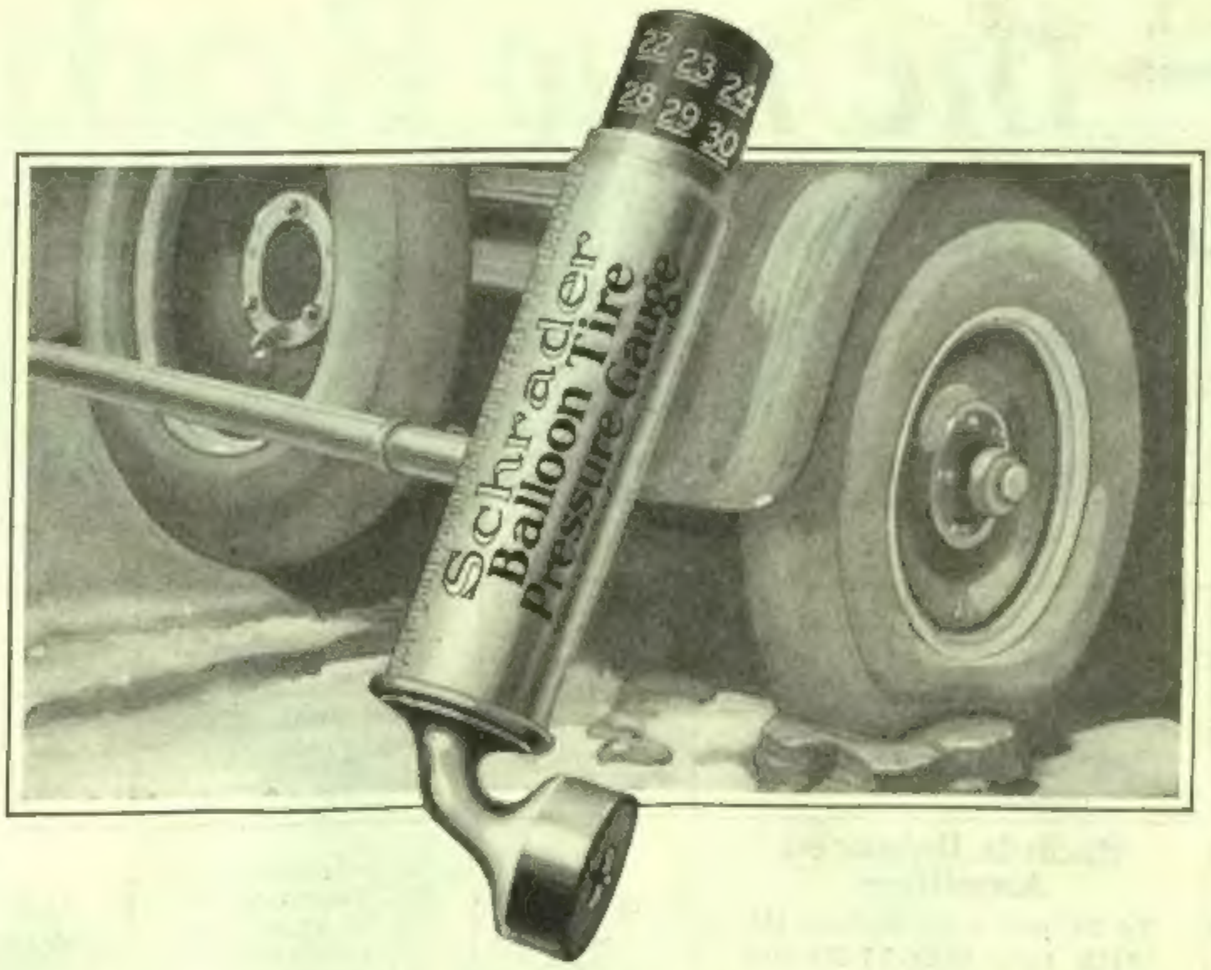

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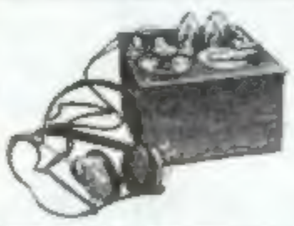	**Radiola III** With two WD-11 Radiotrons* and head telephones.	$35	Up to 1500 miles with headphones. Local stations on Loudspeaker.	Outdoor or indoor antenna.	Improved selectivity. Minimum radiation.
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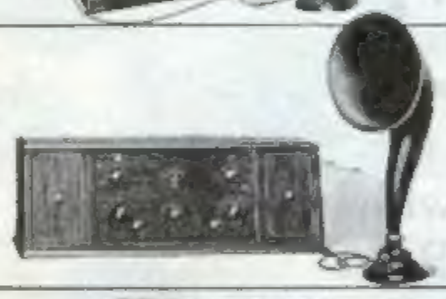	**Radiola Regenoflex** With four WD-11 Radiotrons* and Radiola Loudspeaker.	$206	Loudspeaker operation up to 2000 miles under favorable conditions.	Outdoor or indoor antenna.	Extraordinary selectivity. Non-radiating.
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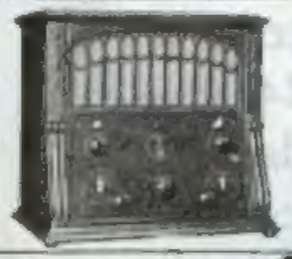	**Radiola X** With four WD-11 Radiotrons.* Loudspeaker built-in.	$245	Loudspeaker operation up to 2000 miles under favorable conditions.	Outdoor or indoor antenna.	Extraordinary selectivity. Non-radiating.
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We will send on request, infant feeding booklet. Address Pet Milk Company, (originators of Evaporated Milk) 836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

John B. Frimm, general manager of the "pust" office at Bradley's Corners, and dealer in dry goods, hardware, horehound candy, and tonics for man and beast, allowed that he would rather have a tooth pulled any time than get his photograph taken.

Mr. Frimm made no claims to pulchritudinous preëminence. He was not a man of exquisite tendencies. No one ever caught him wearing spats or gold suspender buckles.

He liked to let it be known that he was "plain and above board," but there was one dark secret in his life. He never explained why he wore that kind of whiskers.

If they had come upon him surreptitiously overnight he might have been exonerated, but it was difficult to attribute exalted motives to a man who would let such things develop while he was conscious.

What, if anything, was back of that bunch of timothy? The question need not be pressed, for it is certain that if J. B. Frimm could have lathered with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream his whiskers would have ceased to precede him when he turned a corner.

Colgate's makes shaving so easy that no man, after lathering with it, is willing to prevent one half of his face from finding out what the other half looks like.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton Street
New York

Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better, *easier* shaving.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.

COLGATE'S
Rapid-Shave Cream

**softens the beard *at the base*—
where the razor's work is done.**

It makes shaving so much easier and puts so much more comfort into it that you will be surprised at the wonderful difference.

With hot water or cold, soft water or hard, Colgate's quickly nullifies the resistance of the heaviest beard. You will notice, too, that it leaves the face delightfully soothed and velvety.

Let us send you a generous trial tube free. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* NEW YORK

NOTE—Our long experience and great facilities enable us to make marvelous shaving preparations, including cream, powder, and the "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick which is the last word in shaving economy.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture